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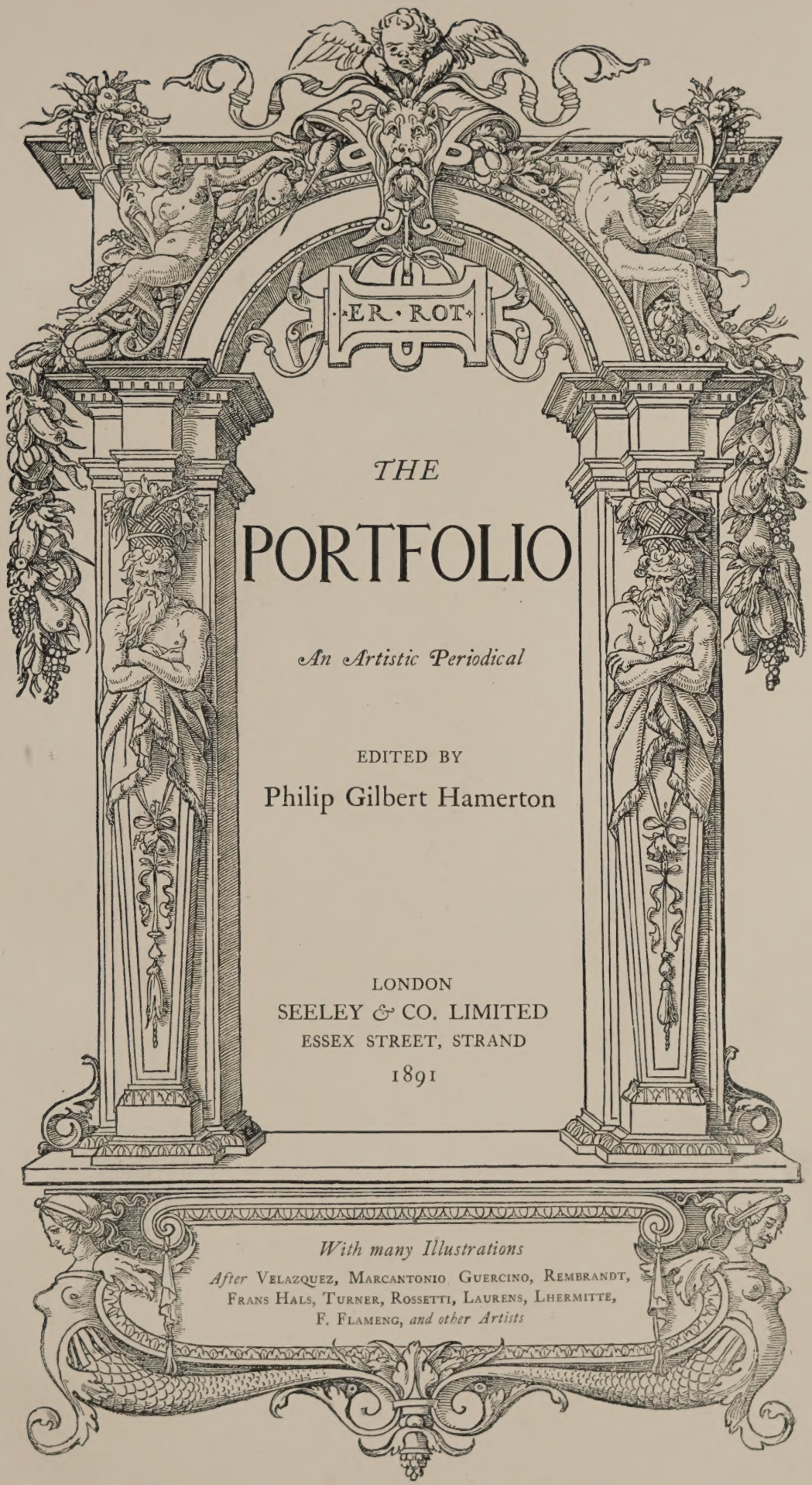

THE

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After VELAZQUEZ, MARCANTONIO, GUERCINO, REMBRANDT, FRANS HALS, TURNER, ROSSETTI, LAURENS, LHERMITTE, F. FLAMENG, *and other Artists*

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CONTENTS

PAGE

ADMIRAL ADRIAN PULIDO-PAREJA. *By Walter Armstrong* 1

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE. *By P. G. Hamerton.*

1. THE CALM AFTER WORN-OUT CONTROVERSIES (p. 3).—2. PAINTING; THE OBSERVATION OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE (p. 34).—3. VARIOUS EFFECTS OF MODERN OBSERVATION (p. 55).—4. IMPRESSIONISM (p. 68).—5. THE SURVIVAL OF CLASSICAL SENTIMENT (p. 94).—6. HISTORICAL GENRE (p. 118).—7. THE RUSTIC SCHOOL (p. 131).—8. SOME CARICATURISTS (p. 162).—9. PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE (p. 176).—10. SCULPTURE (p. 197).—11. ARCHITECTURE (p. 219).—12. ENGRAVING (p. 241).

WILLIAM HUNT. *By F. G. Stephens* 9

A CORNER OF PARIS. *By G. Grahame* 16, 41

THE CITY CROSS, WINCHESTER 19

MR. GEORGE REID'S DRAWINGS OF EDINBURGH 20

JOHANNES VERMEER OF DELFT. *By Walter Armstrong* 23

ARTICLES ON DERBYSHIRE. *By J. Leyland.*

1. HADDON HALL (p. 28).—2. HADDON HALL (p. 61).—3. CHATSWORTH AND THE DERWENT (p. 74).—4. DOVEDALE (p. 105).—5. THE PEAK CASTLE (p. 129).

BEATA BEATRIX. *By F. G. Stephens* 45

CLEANING A FRESCO. *By A. H. Church* 48

PORTRAIT OF A MAN. *By W. A.* 52

THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA, TOLEDO 61

THE SHEPHERDS AT BETHLEHEM. *By P. G. H.* 68

THE MASTERS OF WOOD ENGRAVING. *By Cosmo Monkhouse* 80

ELIZABETH LOUISE VIGEE-LE BRUN. *By Sophia Beale* 86, 89

THE HOP-GATHERER 89

PAY-TIME IN HARVEST 94

MR. VARLEY'S PICTURES FROM JAPAN. *By A. H. Church* 101

THE DUTCH KITCHEN. *By Walter Armstrong* 111

SOME RECENT WALL PAPERS 112

A FISHERMAN'S WIFE 123

MUNTZ'S RENAISSANCE 124

231318

PAGE

HEAD OF A LION 138

AN INVENTORY OF THE CHURCH PLATE OF LEICESTERSHIRE 139

THOMAS ROWLANDSON, THE HUMOURIST. *By F. G. Stephens* 141

INNSBRUCK 148

THE LAGO DI GARDA. *By E. Martinengo Cesaresco* 149, 169, 184

GUERCINO. *By Claude Phillips* 153

SYMMETRY IN JAPANESE ORNAMENT. *By A. H. Church* 157

CARTING SEAWEED ON THE COAST OF GUERNSEY 169

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN. *By W. A.* 175

THE CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, CAEN 187

THE PALACES OF NAPLES. *By Edith Marget* 187, 209

THIRSTY COMRADES 192

THE NEW EDITION OF FERGUSSON'S 'MODERN ARCHITECTURE.' *By Walter Armstrong* 192

MAGDALEN BRIDGE AND TOWER, OXFORD 197

THE SCULPTURE OF PHEIDIAS. *By W. Watkiss Lloyd* 205

THE VAULT OF STEEL. *By P. G. H.* 215

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON COMPETITION. *By W. A.* 216

THE JEWISH BRIDE 218

THE SLEEP OF THE CHILD JESUS 219

THE COMPANY OF ST. LUKE, FLORENCE. *By Dominic E. Colnaghi* 228

COBLENTZ, WITH THE BRIDGE OVER THE MOSELLE 233

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND THE EARLY JESUITS. *By A. J. Church* 233

LUCRETIA 238

THE SALONS OF BAUDELAIRE. *By Garnet Smith* 238

IN BRUGES CATHEDRAL 241

ACHAEAN ART. *By A. J. Church* 246

A SURREY COMMON 249

GUSTAVE DORE. *By Claude Phillips* 249

STORM-CLOUDS. *By P. G. Hamerton* 255

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL PALMER. *By F. G. Stephens* 255

ART CHRONICLE . . . . . I TO XXVI

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Page

ADMIRAL PULIDO-PAREJA. After *Velazquez*. *Frontispiece.*

BORDER OF THE PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS. By *Holbein*. *Title-page.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE:

THE CHORISTERS. Etched by *H. P. Manesse* after *A. P. Dawant* 8

CHILL PENURY. Etched by *B. Damman*, after *Geoffroy* 38

THE SHEPHERDS AT BETHLEHEM. Etched by *H. Manesse*, after *H. Lerolle* . . 67

PAY-TIME IN HARVEST. After *Léon Lhermitte* 96

THE CHESS PLAYERS. After *François Flameng* 118

THE HAYFIELD. Etched by *H. Toussaint*, after *Julien Dupré* 131

A MONK'S FUN. Etched by *B. Damman*, after *Garnier* 164

THE VAULT OF STEEL. After *J. P. Laurens* 215

THE SLEEP OF THE CHILD JESUS. From the Sculpture by *Antoine Gardet* . . 219

STORM CLOUDS. After *Nozal* . . . 255

THE EXPRESS. *Ferré* (p. 35).—STEEL ROLLING. *Rixens* (p. 36).—LE PAIN DE MUNITION. *Chaperon* (p. 36).—AFTER THE OPERATION. *Bisson* (p. 37).—A WEDDING FEAST AT YPORT. *Fourié* (p. 39).—VISITING DAY AT THE HOSPITAL. *Geoffroy* (p. 40).—UN NID DE MISÈRE. *Pelez* (p. 41),—COFFEE GRINDING. *Pomey* (p. 58).—READY ABOUT! *Vail* (p. 59).—THE MALAQUAIS EMBANKMENT. *Darien* (p. 60).—AVENUE DE LA DEFENSE: NIGHTFALL. *Durst* (p. 60).—THE HIGHWAY. *Raught* (p. 61). A VILLAGE BY THE SEINE. *Monet* (p. 68).—A COASTGUARDSMAN'S HUT. *Monet* (p. 69).—THE BANKS OF THE SEINE. *Montenard* (p. 71).—WOMAN SEWING. *Pissarro* (p. 72).—HAYMAKING. *Sisley* (p. 73).—MURAL PAINTING. *Chavannes* (p. 95).—THE END OF SUMMER. *Collin* (p. 97).—ADOLESCENCE. *Collin* (p. 98).—MORNING GLORY. *Lefebvre* (p. 99).—BROTHER AND SISTER. *Roux* (p. 100).—SPRING. *Mangeant* (p. 101).—AT THE LECTERN. *Flameng* (p. 119).—THE EDICT. *Toudouze* (p. 120).—A DECADI IN FLOREAL. *Bligney* (p. 121).—A BAPTISM AT ST. MARK'S IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. *Wagrez* (p. 122).—THE DUCHESS OF MAINE. *Girardet* (p. 123).—WEED BURNERS. *Adan* (p. 132).—THE LAUNDRESS. *Breton* (p. 133).—THE YOUNG OXEN. *Debat-Ponsan* (p. 135).—DRAUGHT HORSES. *Helie* (p. 136).—A WAGGON OF WHEAT. *Didier* (p. 137).—IN AUTUMN. *De Thoren* (p. 138).—THE WEDDING. *Robida* (p. 163).—COSTUME FOR A VARNISHING DAY. *Robida* (p. 165).—'TU T'ES TROMPÉ, JOSEPH.' *Draner* (p. 166). THE ARCHITECT'S VISIT. *Guillaume* (p. 167).—THE GOOD BOTTLE. (*Godefroy* (p. 167).—ASSIGNING THEATRICAL PARTS. *Vignola* (p. 168).—PORTRAIT OF MÈRE STE. URSULE. *Gorguet* (p. 176).—PORTRAIT OF MADAME N. DE LA T. *Verdier* (p. 177).—PORTRAIT OF M. CÉSAR FRANCK. *Rongier* (p. 178).—PORTRAIT OF M. CROZIER. *Galliac* (p. 179).—ON THE MOORLAND. *Dainville* (p. 180).—THE SOURCE OF THE OISELLE. *Abraham* (p. 182).

Page

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE—*continued*:

EVENING AT DRUILLAT. *Rapin* (p. 183).—EMBARKATION OF M. CARNOT ON THE 'FORMIDABLE.' *Brun* (p. 184).—DANISH DOG. *Gardet* (p. 198).—ALSATIA AND LORRAINE. *Bartholdi* (p. 199).—AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ WHEN A BOY. *Rambaud* (p. 200).—MONUMENT TO DANTON. *Paris* (p. 201).—THE SEWER MAN. *Mathieu-Meusnier* (p. 202). PORTRAIT OF M. SOISSON. *D'Illzach* (p. 202).—ARLEQUINE. *Fossé* (p. 203).—THE CAT OF THE REGIMENT. *Touzin* (p. 203).—JUPILLE THE SHEPHERD AND THE MAD DOG. *Truffot* (p. 204).—DOGS TIED UP. *Cain* (p. 204).—HOUSE IN THE RUE DE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS. *Bousson* (p. 220). CONSOLES AND BALCONY ON THE FOURTH STORY. *Bousson* (p. 221).—VILLA, BOULEVARD DE BOULOGNE, SEINE. *Magne* (p. 222).—CHURCH AT SOUVERAIN-MOULIN. *Duthoit* (p. 223).—CHURCH, SOUVERAIN-MOULIN. *Duthoit* (p. 224).—HOTEL DE VILLE AT LA FERTÉ-SOUS-JOUARRE. *Héneuz* (p. 225).—GALLERY AND LIBRARY AT TOULON. *Allar* (p. 226).—A SMALL HOUSE. *Deverin* (p. 227).—A HOUSE IN THE RUE DUMONT-DURVILLE. *Gaillard* (p. 227).

THE DOUBTFUL COIN. After *W. H. Hunt* . 11

SKETCH OF JAMES HOLLAND, THE PAINTER. After *W. H. Hunt* 12

A BROWN STUDY. After *W. H. Hunt* . 15

THE CROSS, WINCHESTER. By *Herbert Railton* 16

CORNER OF PARIS. Sketches by *G. Grahame*:

RUE ST. SEVERIN (p. 17).—INTERIOR OF ST. SEVERIN (p. 18).—CORNER OF ST. SEVERIN (p. 19).—THE HOTEL COLBERT (p. 42).—THE COURTYARD, HOTEL COLBERT (p. 43).—STAIRCASE IN THE HOTEL COLBERT (p. 44).—PLACE MAUBERT (p. 53).—ST. JULIEN LE PAUVRE (p. 54).

QUEEN MARY'S BATH. By *George Reid* . 20

HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT. By *George Reid* 21

LINLITHGOW PALACE. By *George Reid* . 21

THE SOLDIER AND THE LAUGHING GIRL. After *Vermeer* 23

THE ARTIST IN THE STUDIO. By *Vermeer* . 25

GIRL WITH A WINEGLASS. By *Vermeer* . 27

ARTICLES ON DERBYSHIRE AND HADDON HALL:

THE DRAWING ROOM, HADDON HALL. By *Herbert Railton* 30

THE EAST FRONT, HADDON HALL. By *Herbert Railton* 30

HIGH TOR, MATLOCK. Etched by *Alfred Dawson* 74

CHATSWORTH. Etched by *Alfred Dawson* . 74

HADDON HALL FROM THE RIVER. *Railton* (p. 28).—NORTH FRONT, HADDON HALL. *Railton* (p. 29).—THE UPPER COURTYARD. *Railton* (p. 31).—THE EAGLE TOWER. *Railton* (p. 33).—GALLERY TO BOWMAN'S ROOM. *Railton* (p. 62).—BANQUETING HALL. *Railton* (p. 64).—THE CHAPEL. *Railton* (p. 65).—THE POSTERN. *Railton* (p. 66).—CHATSWORTH (p. 77).—THORPE CLOUD, DOVEDALE (p. 106).—DOVEDALE. *Alfred Dawson* (p. 107).—PEVERIL CASTLE. *Alfred Dawson* (p. 130).

Page

BEATA BEATRIX. Etched by *G. W. Rhead*, after *Rossetti* 45

STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF SERVIUS TULLIUS. By *G. F. Watts, R.A.* 48

STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR THE FIGURE OF SERVIUS TULLIUS. By *G. F. Watts, R.A.* 49

STUDY OF ARMS. By *G. F. Watts, R.A.* . 50

STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF CHARLEMAGNE. By *G. F. Watts, R.A.* 51

PORTRAIT OF A MAN. After *Frans Hals* . 52

THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA, TOLEDO. Etched by *H. Macbeth-Raeburn* . . . 60

GROUP FROM DURER'S ARCH OF MAXIMILIAN 81

DER FORMSCHNEIDER. By *Jost Amman* . 82

INITIAL FROM DURER'S ARCH OF MAXIMILIAN 83

FROM THE BIBLIA PAUPERUM . . . 85

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER. By *Herself* 86

LA FEMME AU MANCHON. By *Madame Le Brun* 88

THE HOP-GATHERER. Etched by *C. O. Murray*, after *T. Uwins, R.A.* 89

MADAME LE BRUN AND CHILD. By *Herself* 91

LOUIS XVII. By *Madame Le Brun* . . 93

TOMB OF SHOGUN IYEMITSU AT NIKKO. By *John Varley* 103

THE GREAT TORII OF MIYAJIMA, JAPAN. By *John Varley* 104

THE DUTCH KITCHEN. After *Brekelenkam* . 111

DESIGNS FOR WALL PAPERS. 113, 114, 115, 116, 117

A FISHERMAN'S WIFE. Etched by *Mdlle. Poynot*, after *David Artz* 122

ANGELS. By *Verrochio* 125

STUDY by *Mantegna* 126

LISTENERS TO ANTICHRIST. By *Signorelli* . 127

BELL OF LEO X. By *Raphael* 128

HEAD OF A LION. Etched by *Herbert Dicksee* . 138

A SILVER-GILT EWER WITH AGATE SIDES . 139

SILVER-GILT CUP 140

THE INDIGNANT HUSBAND. By *Thomas Rowlandson* 142

TAKING THE HORSE FROM A CHAISE. By *Thomas Rowlandson* 143

LORD SALISBURY, THE PRINCE OF WURTEMBERG, AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. By *Thomas Rowlandson* 144

Page

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR. By *Thomas Rowlandson* 145

INNSBRUCK. After *Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.* . 148

SKETCHES OF THE LAGO DI GARDA: TREMOSINE (p. 150).—SAN VIGILIO (p. 172).—THE CASTLE OF MALCESINE (p. 174).—THE LAKE (p. 186).

ANGELS WEEPING OVER THE DEAD CHRIST. By *Guercino* 153

JAPANESE DESIGNS . . 158, 159, 160, 161

CARTING SEAWEED ON THE COAST OF GUERNSEY. Etched by *C. O. Murray*, after *Edward Duncan* 169

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN. After *Rembrandt* . 175

THE CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, CAEN. Etched by *A. Brunet-Debaines* . . . 187

PALACES OF NAPLES: THE CASTEL DELL' OVO (p. 188).—THE PORTA CAPUANA (p. 190).—THE CASTEL NUOVO (p. 211).—THE TRIONFO ARAGONA (p. 212).

THIRSTY COMRADES. Etched by *A. E. Coombe*, after *Birket Foster* 192

THE SCHOOLS, OXFORD 193

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, BRUSSELS . . 194

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK 196

MAGDALEN BRIDGE AND TOWER. After *Turner* 197

THE JEWISH BRIDE. From the Etching by *Rembrandt* 216

FROM EHRENBREITSTEIN TO COBLENTZ. Etched by *Frank Short*, after *Turner* . . 230

THE BASILICA, PAMPLONA 234

INTERIOR OF THE CAVE SACRA CUEVA, MANRESA 235

BASILICA OF IL SANTO ST. ANTONY, PADUA . 236

THE OLD AND NEW CATHEDRALS, SALAMANCA 237

LUCRETIA. From the Engraving by *Marcantonio* 238

IN BRUGES CATHEDRAL. By *Joseph Nash* . 241

GOLD CUPS FROM VAPHEIO 247

OXHEAD OF SILVER 248

A SURREY COMMON. Etched by *F. Slocombe* . 248

THE APOSTLE JOHN, 'ORLANDO FURIOSO' . 251

'ORLANDO FURIOSO' 253

STORM-CLOUDS. By *Alexander Nozal* . . 256

IN LULLINGSTONE PARK. By *Samuel Palmer* . 256

DESIGN AT SHOREHAM. By *Samuel Palmer* . 257

A CHURCHYARD YEW. By *Samuel Palmer* . 259

THE PORTFOLIO

ADMIRAL DON ADRIAN PULIDO-PAREJA

BY VELAZQUEZ

AT page 492 of the third volume* of Palomino's 'Museo Pictórico,' we read:—'In the year 1639 Velazquez made the portrait of Don Adrian Pulido-Pareja, a native of Madrid, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Captain-General of the Armada and of the Fleet of New Spain. . . . . The portrait is life-size, and one of the most celebrated works of the artist, and is, by exception, signed; it was executed with brushes of unusual length, which he used that he might paint at a distance, and with great force, so that if we observe it closely it is not easily comprehended, but far off it is a marvel. It is signed, "*Didacus Velazquez fecit, Philip IV. à cubiculo, eiusque Pictor, anno* 1639." The King one day paying his accustomed visit to the painter, mistook the portrait for the admiral himself, and reproached him with remaining in Madrid when he had been ordered away. Discovering his mistake, he turned to Velazquez and said:—"I assure you I was deceived." The picture now belongs to the Duke of Arcos.' That the portrait recently added to the National Gallery is the one described by Palomino seems to admit of little doubt. The inscription is not textually identical with that given by the writer, but the differences are unimportant, and otherwise all that he says fits the case exactly. The inscription on the canvas in Trafalgar Square (it can be read on our reproduction with the aid of a glass) runs as follows:—'*Did. Velasq, Philip IV. a cubiculo eiusq' pictor*, 1639.'

The 'ADRIAN PULIDO-PAREJA,' in Roman capitals, seem to have been added later. A replica at Woburn Abbey (it was at the 'Old Masters' last winter) is inferior in quality to the Radnor picture. In the Duke of Bedford's portrait the figure may possibly be from the hand of the master himself, but certainly not the background as it now exists. This, no doubt, was added after Pareja's death, which is recorded in the following inscription:—'*Adrian Pulido-Pareja, Capitan-General de la Armada y flota de Nueva España, Fallecio en la Ciudad de la Nueva Vera Cruz*, 1660.' (Stirling reads it erroneously as 1664). Sir William Stirling-Maxwell ('Artists of Spain,' vol. ii. new ed., 1891, p. 730), writes as though a third example of the work, with even better claims than Lord Radnor's, might still exist. He

* El Parnaso Español, Pintoresco Laureado; con las Vidas de los Pintores y Estatuarios eminentes Españoles, &c. (Madrid, 1796.)

does so, probably, that he may avoid discussion as to which of the two known versions had the better claim to priority. For no third 'Pareja' has yet come to light.

At the siege of Fontarabia by the French, in 1638, a certain Captain Don Adrian Pulido, a native of Madrid, had behaved with conspicuous valour. He had been wounded in a sortie on August 8th, when the commander, Miguel Perez, was killed; when, on September 1st, one of the chief bastions was blown up, he had stood in the breach and led the defence for six mortal hours; and five days later, when the last and most determined assault was repulsed, he had received a wound in the head.* It is not, perhaps going too far to conjecture that this captain received the Cross of Santiago and the rank of Admiral for his exploits, and was identical with the officer who sat to Velazquez. The portrait certainly bears out this idea. It represents a resolute and surly fighter, a man who would win honour and promotion by hard hitting rather than by tactical skill or strategical combinations. Truculent in every line of his countenance, and even in the carriage of his person, Velazquez has painted him in a style that exactly suits him. Ferocity is the note. The painter has wielded his yard of brush as if it were a rapier, and every touch seems a stab to lay bare the vitals of his sitter. The result is a portrait not to be excelled for reality, for unity, for presence—for all those qualities, in fact, which mean grip and insight on the part of an artist. In refinement of technique there are plenty of things even this side the Pyrenees which leave it far behind. The small *Philip IV.* in the National Gallery and the two children at Vienna (the Infant Prosper and Infanta Maria), to name but these, display a subtlety of colour and design which the 'Pareja' cannot parallel. But within its own limits the latter need fear comparison with no work of the master. Unfortunately it has not come to us uninjured. Its general condition is fine enough, but in the region of the throat the admiral has had an accident. The canvas seems to have been torn across for nearly a third of its width. The tear has been mended with judicious skill, but to the careful eye it is still apparent.

Velazquez has yet to be submitted to that process of thorough critical study which so many painters of less importance have already undergone. His period of activity extended over about forty years, during a considerable portion of which he had court duties to perform which must have demanded a considerable share of his time. Among his pupils he numbered Juan de Pareja, Juan Bautista del Mazo-Martinez, and Carreño de Miranda, all three of whom were capable of excellent work when painting under the master's eye. It is on record that Philip IV., who was a good critic and a fair painter himself, confessed that he was frequently at a loss to distinguish between the hand of the master and that of his assistants. Now, when we remember that there are nearly three hundred pictures ascribed to Velazquez in various European collections, and not half that number given to all his pupils put together, it becomes difficult to resist the belief that studio replicas swell the lists to a degree hitherto unsuspected. Spain owns about 75 pictures which bear the name of Velasquez; most of these are probably by his own hand. In Great Britain there are about 120, in France 13, in Italy 10, in Germany 15, in Russia 7, in America about 10, in Holland 2, and in Sweden 2. It is my belief that if all these were subjected to such an examination as that to which the work of Rembrandt has had to submit, the great majority would be found without the more intimate characteristics of Velazquez. Of eight pictures ascribed to the master in the last winter exhibition at Burlington House, only three showed unmistakable evidence of his own personal authorship, and that, I fancy, will be found about the real proportion of personal to studio work when his *œuvre* has been finally sifted.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

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* Justi, 'Life of Velazquez,' p. 296 (English Edition, 1889).

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

I.—*The Calm after Worn-out Controversies*

IT is more than twenty years since I wrote two little volumes on 'Contemporary French Painters' and 'Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism,' and my first attempt in art criticism was an article for a quarterly review on the Salon of 1863. Since those days events have taken place of such enormous political importance that the movement of the French school might have been greatly perturbed by them; yet it does not appear that either the war which reduced France to a secondary place in Europe, or the revolution which substituted a republic for an empire, prevented the school from following its own natural course of development. The war has been, no doubt, productive of military illustrations, all the more truthful because the artists observed warlike incidents with their own eyes; but as French battles in 1870 were almost exclusively a series of defeats, people do not greatly desire to be reminded of them, and it is only the professed military painters who have dwelt on them very much. The practical effect of the war was to suspend artistic productiveness for a time, and there was lamentable misery amongst the poor or the improvident members of the artistic profession. Then came the Commune, in which a great painter and a great sculptor were implicated; but one of these soon afterwards found rest in the grave, and the other, Dalou, more active than ever, has found refuge from anxiety in success. The principal effect of the war upon the fine arts has been, therefore, simply to increase the veracity of military painting and drawing of all kinds. For example, there are the etchings by Lançon, published under the title 'La Troisième Invasion.' Their author was so strongly impressed by those terrible realities which he had witnessed that he made no attempt to please the eye by elegant artistic arrangements, but drew just what he had seen, giving nothing of art but truth. It happened that when the war broke out there were two military painters of first-rate ability, De Neuville and Detaille, both of whom had powers of observation and of memory far surpassing the average, even amongst artists, and a sense of grace and elegance that was wanting in Lançon. They gave their own record of the war in pictures of incidents, chiefly of combats on a small scale, better within the powers of art than the battle pictures of former times, and there can be no doubt that the works of these artists and their followers will convey to future generations an extremely accurate idea of the military life of 1870.

The revolution of that year and its consequences had less influence on the fine arts than preceding revolutions. It was suddenly accomplished, with few dramatic incidents except those attending upon the flight of the Empress, and although it may fill two or three interesting pages of written history, it is not nearly so attractive to artists as the terrible events of a hundred years ago. The establishment of the Republic has had no influence upon the fine arts of a direct nature except by continuing the usual degree of governmental patronage. The plain costume worn by the President on official occasions and the comparative paucity of display have made the few ceremonial pictures that are still painted less imposing than their predecessors; but pictures of this class count for little comparatively with the immense productiveness of France. The real influence of the Republic on art has been in the preservation of order and peace, and in a sort of friendliness to art which, without being energetic or meddlesome, is still favourable; as, for example, in the annual and universal exhibitions and in the honours awarded to distinguished artists. The truth is that the productivity of the fine arts in France is too vast in the present day for royal patronage to have any appreciable effect upon it, so that the most desirable state of things is simply the independence of artists secured to them by a government that protects their peace. The direct influence of all

French governments on painting has been more or less unfortunate, by encouraging young men to produce very ambitious historical works, often beyond their mental capacity and without any charm as art. Young painters sometimes make out for themselves a sort of programme for their future career. One of them, who has succeeded, told me twelve years ago that his programme was as follows:—First, to paint very big pictures, to attract attention in the Salon; secondly, to choose his subjects with an eye to purchase by the government for provincial museums; thirdly, to begin to think about attractive pictures to win customers amongst private lovers of art. In this programme the patronage of the government intervenes to encourage a young painter in producing a kind of art, often coarse and without charm, for which there is no real demand.

During the last twelve or fifteen years mural painting has been encouraged both by the French Government and by municipal bodies, especially by the Parisian *conseil municipal* and the *arrondissements* of Paris. There has also been a good deal of mural painting for provincial churches, museums, and municipal buildings. Here the intervention of the government and of other public bodies is much more necessary than in ordering or purchasing gallery pictures, and the result has been in isolated cases entirely satisfactory; but the difficulty is, when several painters are employed upon one building, to give commissions in such wise that the works of different men may, in their association, produce a harmonious whole. For example, in the Pantheon, the architecture is absolutely harmonious, there is not a discordant note; but it was decided to give commissions for mural paintings, and artists of the most opposite character were employed, who have introduced into the building an element of incongruousness that is a distinct injury to its artistic unity. So it is with the noble staircase of the museum at Amiens, admirably decorated, as to the walls, with paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, but spoiled in its unity by a ceiling painted on entirely different principles. The plain fact is that men invested with political or municipal authority very rarely understand painting well enough to employ different talents on the same building However, if mural painting is to be practised on a scale of any importance it must be through the encouragement of public authorities. The same may be said of sculpture, even more strongly, as there is room for mural painting in some of the larger private houses and cafés, where sculpture, except in the form of statuettes or bas-reliefs, is too much in the way. The present important school of French sculpture exists almost entirely by State patronage. This opens the whole question whether it is right to maintain any fine art without regard to natural supply and demand. French State patronage maintains ceramic art in the porcelain factory at Sèvres, it supports tapestry-weaving at the Gobelins, and if it did not help to maintain dramatic art at the Théâtre Français it is certain that the most refined and learned French acting could not be long preserved as a tradition of past excellence. I allude to dramatic art merely as an example, for these pages are not the place where its condition might be examined, and the subject lies quite outside of my competence. Mural painting is dependent either on the patronage of the State or upon that of public corporations. Sculpture, on a scale of any importance, would perish without State help, yet it is an art for which many Frenchmen have a remarkable natural aptitude. Now, when the natural aptitude exists, ought the State to encourage it in spite of the absence of a demand? The answer may be that there *is* a demand in the national, though hardly in the personal and individual sense. The Frenchman does not desire to encumber his narrow *appartement* with statues, but he may agree with all his cultured countrymen in thinking it right that the national gift for sculpture should be nationally encouraged. And in a case like that of France, where the gift is so unquestionably real, the excuse for national interference is that, without it, a genuine talent would lie dormant. Here is a case in point. I knew Gautherin, the sculptor, when he was poor, ill, and without reputation; but he was a man of genius, and his genius was strictly that of a sculptor—it never could have found adequate expression in painting. His only hope, in

those days,' was in Government patronage, and what a wild hope it seemed! He was so poor that he could not afford to pay a workman for even the roughest hewing of his marble: he worked by himself all day, and most of the night too, that he might have a marble statue in the Salon. Well, it was finished in time, and the artist and I were visiting the Salon on successive days together. One morning he came looking so bright and happy that I said, 'Some piece of good luck has happened to you: what is it?' The Government had bought his statue for rather a handsome price—eight hundred pounds if my memory serves me. That sum of money was for Gautherin the possibility of going on with his art in peace, and he cared for nothing else. He died prematurely after all, but not before he had done great things.

If any one asks, 'What is the good?' the answer must be that gifts which exist in the race are worth cultivating. In England there is often a natural aptitude for scholarship, and although ancient Greek is not useful in the vulgar sense, the study of it is encouraged by University endowments. There is also a secondary kind of utility in great studies. The encouragement of sculpture by the French State has indirectly served to maintain a high quality in carving, and classical studies in literature have done something for the better class of English journalism.

The interest of the present condition of French art lies in the definite and complete triumph of modernism or, to imitate the French word, modernity. Neither one nor the other of these words is above criticism, but they are both in use, and it might be difficult to invent a better. One may imagine the objection that as the taste of each epoch is modern whilst it lasts, all the epochs of art must have witnessed the triumph of that which, for the time, was modernism. The objection would be erroneous, in this way: former epochs have been governed by some kind of tradition, but modernism in art is especially marked by liberty of the most complete kind—so complete, indeed, that the modern spirit considers itself free to accept, and free to reject, everything that the past has to offer by way of instruction or example. Observe that in a settled conventional state of things men are not free to reject the past, and in a revolutionary state they are not free to accept it. Modernism has got beyond both these stages; its liberty is much more complete than that of the revolutionist, because it has left revolutions behind. Nobody now calls himself a 'romantic' or a 'realist,' though every one is perfectly free to take what seems good to him in the romance or realism of the past. So there are no professed mediaevalists now, though the Middle Ages are better understood than ever they were before, and in all matters of archaeological detail more faithfully represented. The bigoted and exclusive classical school is now like a dead religion—it is gone, and it cannot be set up again; yet the fruit of classical studies is still visible whenever a Greek or Roman subject is attempted, and a genuine interest is proved by serious endeavours to represent the past as it must have been. The most recent war-cry has been Impressionism, or the doctrine that artists ought to paint ocular rather than material truth, what they see rather than what they know. This, however, is by no means a novelty, as visual suggestion and selection are the principles of all effective sketching. What is somewhat new in the commonest impressionist pictures is the audacity with which false relations of colour and tone are presented as superior to the usual methods of criticism, on the ground that whether true to nature or not they are faithful to the artist's impression, the only kind of fidelity which he professes to desire.

The reader sees how convenient this doctrine is as an escape from positive laws of truth. To employ a distinction common in Germany, it makes the truth of painting subjective rather than objective, and the painter can always answer that his brain receives impressions as he represents them. One does not see how the painter, to borrow a common phrase, can be 'brought to book.' It is useless to enter into any controversy with him about his own impressions, and if he tells us that his pictures are faithful to these, he may claim to be the

best authority. The only criticism to which a professed impressionist is amenable is the simple statement of dislike. We can say, 'No doubt your impression has been faithfully rendered, as you say so, and therefore the picture may be interesting to yourself as a record of mental experience, but it does not concern us.' An impressionist would thus be left with a collection of works of a private and personal value, but no more. It may, however, be doubted whether fidelity to the impression has always the completeness that is claimed for it. For example, the principle of work from nature, advocated by Georges Michel, that the artist ought to stop short when the effect changes, would be excellent if he could produce harmonies of colour as rapidly as Nature produces hers; but as, in fact, many important qualities of oil-painting cannot be obtained in a hurry, the attempt to copy Nature at her own speed usually leads to false or incomplete relations of tone and colour. The ideally best practice, if the memory were strong enough for it, would be that of Nazon, who gazed intently at nature so long as the effect lasted, and then went home to paint it.

I need not dwell upon impressionism any longer at the present time, as it is important only because all the other sectarian doctrines have ceased to be militant in France. Nobody thinks in these days of entering into controversy on the exhausted subjects of classicism, romanticism, or realism. In literature the case is not exactly the same, since under the name of realism a certain class of French novelists have found a pretext for pandering to the lowest instincts of human nature. The popular support for 'realism' in literature which has been obtained by this device has given it a prolonged importance; but in painting realism is dead as a separate doctrine, though it influences much art that does not bear its name. No country has been more divided into bitterly hostile sects than France—yet there, as elsewhere, time has proved that in the fine arts these divisions are not lasting, and a dispassionate criticism may show that they were never complete or profound. The well-known rustic painter, Jules Breton, showed lately in his autobiography that some of the most heretical painters of his time had continued a tradition of art from the old masters, so that their works, when hung in the Louvre, were neither discordant nor out of place there. The art of Millet, supposed to be rustic realism, is no doubt rustic and contains a good deal of reality, but beneath its apparent simplicity lies the unobtrusive study of the old artistic problems of line, light, mass, and composition. Any bigoted sectarianism in art is vain; for art, when it *is* art, is all one in reality. A new doctrine and practice may arise, and seem at first peculiar because excessive; then efforts are made to improve away defects, and with the defects go the peculiarities, and so we get back to something much resembling the old art again. There was plenty of realism before Courbet, and of classification before the *néo-Grecs*. Artists had painted in broad, out-of-doors daylight before the modern French invented the *plein air*. Still, there are changes of fashion, and there have certainly been some extensions of the domain of art; the old narrowness and intolerance have ceased to act as a restraint. A landscape painter may paint the greens of nature which were forbidden to him in the first quarter of this century, and a figure painter is at liberty to represent any costume that takes his fancy, if only it is authentic with regard to the epoch he has chosen. The only crime forbidden to a French artist in the present day is the *vieux jeu*. His style of painting must not be old-fashioned. It may be outrageous, it may sin against all artistic decorum, but it must never be behind the age. A member of the French school died lately after having survived his reputation. He went on painting as before with at least equal knowledge and increased experience, but his works became unsaleable. I asked a Parisian dealer if he could explain the case to me. 'Facilement,' he replied; 'son style est démodé, c'est vieux jeu.' His style had gone out; and yet there are other styles contemporary with his, for example, those of Corot and Millet, which have not gone out. The case would be more explicable if all artists fashionable at one time became unfashionable, ten years later, together, but that is not what happens. One man's style is condemned as *vieux jeu*, whilst

another, equally *vieux jeu* in reality, is never called so. The true explanation is that a style is condemned as old-fashioned when it comes to be out of favour; if it maintains or increases its popularity we hear nothing about its being old-fashioned. In the case of the French artist alluded to, the damnatory *vieux jeu* means simply 'not in demand at present.'

From an independent and philosophical point of view these changes of fashion are a subject of curiosity interesting as a revelation of the degree of knowledge or seriousness that there may be in the popular appreciation of art. The value of the *Angelus* of Millet was, when painted, *nothing*. His friend, Arthur Stevens, could not find a purchaser either for the *Woodcutter* or the *Angelus*. Meanwhile the artist and his family were literally starving; they had no wood for fire, they had no credit; how they managed to get a little food is a mystery. Millet was ill with anxiety, his wife was going to be confined, and he said, 'It is impossible to get what we need.' He was suffering from 'painter's poverty' in its worst form. Not a Frenchman would look at the *Angelus*. At last it was purchased by a Belgian for seventy-two pounds. It was sold in 1890 to a French tradesman for thirty thousand pounds. Now, this is what a change of fashion means. With fashion against him an artist is a miserable pauper, with fashion in his favour he may buy mansions and estates, his own merit being precisely the same in both cases. Had the quality of Millet's picture improved between 1859 and 1890? No, it had deteriorated; but at the first date the French did not care for Millet, and at the second they had elevated him to the rank of a *gloire nationale*. Just now, fifteen years after his death, Millet, so far from being *démodé*, has become *la mode* itself. A case of an opposite character, though not so excessive in the difference, is that of Toulmouche, who died last year. Toulmouche was at one time quite in the first rank of society painters; he was the painter of little insignificant incidents that may happen in elegant interiors; incidents which, in art, are merely an excuse for pretty arrangements of figures and furniture, with suitable backgrounds of panelled walls, looking-glasses, marble chimney-pieces with the ornaments on them, and so on. The public that left Millet to starve kept Toulmouche in great comfort until the day when he ceased to be fashionable, and then it deserted him. He bore the change like a philosopher, knowing that he had done good work of its kind, and that the reputation he formerly enjoyed had not been undeserved.

Just now the qualities most in favour in France are freshness and straightforwardness of workmanship, showing the work, and I should say that of all mental qualities sharpness of perception and sincerity go for most in the present day, whilst industry and polish, the laboured correction of slow intellects, count for much less than in the earlier part of the century. These tendencies have been connected with the increased favour shown to three other arts—etching, water-colour, and pastel. So far as French etching has been original, and not the interpretation of pictures, it has shown a tendency to free and sincere sketching rather than to finish. French water-colour is usually very direct in handling, showing the work plainly, and French pastel is as frank as it is rapid—so frank, indeed, that in some of the best-known examples beauty is less sought after than truth of character. The taste which is dominant just now may be made intelligible by saying that if Franz Hals were in existence he would stand in the first rank of contemporary artists, whereas if he had appeared in France in the generation preceding ours he would probably have failed to earn a living.

The increased practice of out-of-door study has done much to make conventional art unpopular. For example, there is the well-known picture of the *Martyrdom* (or the moment before martyrdom) *of St. Symphorien*, by Ingres, one of his most important and representative works. In the background there is the Roman gateway of Autun and a patch of sky. The lighting is so arbitrary that nobody can tell what time of day it is, and the tones of the distant gateway are so false that its masonry could not assume them under any circumstances. Modern study of open daylight makes painting of this kind look as if it belonged to the Dark Ages. Without being professed landscape painters, contemporary French artists do now,

in almost all cases, accept so far the teaching of external nature that they are not afraid of plain daylight, with the various greys of true shadows, sometimes almost blue by contrast, quite unlike the umbers that used to be the favourite shadow colours. Others go further, and attempt the study of full southern sunshine, with its glare when it falls on all light objects, its cool shadows, its powerful reflections, and its open skies, dark by contrast, and often almost leaden-hued with heat.

A very common characteristic of modern French painting is the dislike to artificial arrangements in composition, or to anything that looks like them. A carefully composed picture, in the present day, runs some risk of being condemned as *vieux jeu* unless the artifices of its arrangement have been very carefully concealed, and it is not easy to conceal them from the keen eye of professional artists. This subject of composition reminds me of a story told about a French artist who was setting out on a sketching tour. One of his brethren strongly dissuaded him from going where he intended. 'You must not sketch there,' he said, 'because the material is so good, so pictorial, and it comes together so well that people will accuse you of having composed;' a fate that actually befell the present writer on account of some sketches on the Saône which were said to be 'theatrical'—like the natural moon that the young lady declared to be 'so like the moon in "Norma."' There are, however, a considerable number of recent French pictures that would never, I should imagine, incur the imputation of having been composed, even from their worst enemies. In others there is some care about arrangement without any study of composition. In some, composition is laborious but studiously concealed. However this may be, it is certain that the old art of elaborate and toilsome composition, displaying itself obviously throughout the whole scheme of a picture, is now very little in favour, and I have met with instances of arrangements intentionally *contrariés* that they might not look too orderly. Besides this, the new school has (speaking generally) a strong tendency to the selection of commonplace subjects, relying for success on the skill with which the simple materials are represented. A painter is struck by the devotional attitude of some old woman in a church, so he paints her just as she is, with the plain bench she is sitting upon and the whitewashed wall behind her, not seeking for any adventitious interest or ornament. One great advantage of this taste for simple subjects is their unity. Certainly, French painters of the present day very frequently, and, I must say, very generally, keep this virtue of unity in their works. For example, the picture of M. Dawant which accompanies this paper has the quality in a very high degree. It is called *Une Maîtrise d'Enfants, Souvenir d'Italie.* The word *maîtrise*, in this sense, means a school for choristers.* The pupils have met for a rehearsal, not in their school, but in the cathedral itself, and they are in full costume, as for an impending function. Their scarlet and white give them a very brilliant appearance, and in this picture are relieved most effectually by the dark oak of the stalls, the greys of the columns and pavements, and the valuable intense black of the cassock worn by the chapel-master himself. The details of the interior are painted with great care and perfect truth, but they do not distract our attention from the master and his boys, all very characteristic of a *maîtrise* and all absorbed by one occupation. This picture may be taken as representative of a large class of works in the French school in its quietly truthful representation of observed reality. And if there is not much obvious composition, there is considerable judgment in the use of the materials, in the massing of them to the right and in the greater openness and space and light towards the left. The reader has only to imagine a dark wall or heavy close pillars in place of the grating with

* The word originally means simply 'mastery.' In a secondary sense it means the employment of an ecclesiastical music-master, and, again, the house in which he lives, or, by extension, the assemblage of scholars under his guidance, whether they meet in his house or elsewhere. In the picture before us they have met in the choir of some cathedral church; but there may be a *maîtrise* where there is no cathedral. A general as well as a musical education is given.

THE CHORISTERS

the cardinal's arms to perceive the value of that grating in its place: the light marble with its open work catching the sunshine and the gleam of sunshine on the pavement complete the luminous arrangement of that end of the picture as opposed to the gloom of the other.

P. G. Hamerton.

WILLIAM HENRY HUNT

THIS artist, who has been rightly called 'a great master in small,' because his original genius was exalted by a noble sense of style and his technical powers were of the first order, was born March 28th, 1790, in St. Giles's, erst in the Fields, London, which even then was one of the least artistic of places, and at that which, a century since, was No. 8 Old Belton Street, Long Acre, where his father, John Hunt, and, I believe, his grandfather, practised the craft of a tinplate worker, canister maker, and japanner. Old Belton Street is now Endell Street, and the whole of the original east side of it was destroyed to permit widening the road and the formation of a thoroughfare direct from the 'Elephant and Castle' to the Hampstead Road, *viâ* Waterloo Bridge, Bow Street, and Gower Street. In Hunt's time, and well within my own memory, Old Belton Street hardly allowed two carts to pass abreast, and this was of little consequence, because it debouched upon Broad Street, St. Giles's, through an opening which was only wide enough for one vehicle, and that one had to go under the first storey of a house. As you looked northwards in Old Belton Street the vista was closed by that first storey, which was, so to say, bestridden by the huge image of a pair of spectacles placed, as in nature, before a pair of eyes which glared at you from the distance, as if to insist on the virtues of 'Grimstone's Eye Snuff,' as emphasised in large letters of gold hanging overhead. Of the west side of the street not much remains as in Hunt's birth-time; the very house in which he was born has vanished. It was an exceedingly dingy, not to say squalid place, with many highly objectionable surroundings, the least ungraceful of which was a strong smell of hot grains and beer from the neighbouring brewery. St. Giles's was St. Giles's in those days, and amply justified any and everything reported of it by Hogarth and the social satirists from Rowlandson to Thomas Hood. The latter, desiring to express the *ne plus ultra* of deafness, signalised

> 'That post in particular
> That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
> And never hears a word of a row.'

Dyott Street was within pistol-shot of Old Belton Street, and from one standpoint the deafest of posts might have been seen as well as No. 8.

From this focus of brutal squabbling, sink of squalor, and haunt of vileness there is no describing, came the man who painted flowers as they had never been painted before in England or elsewhere, and as (except by M. Fantin only) they have never been painted since. Here was born one who was not only the most accomplished delineator of fruit, the very glory of the Hesperidean Garden, but the most fortunate, sincere, and happy of all the artists who have taken the English peasant, his wife, and his children, for their themes. The merit of Morland is, in this respect, as nothing to that of the son of the tinplate worker of St. Giles's.*

* It is noteworthy that still nearer than Belton Street to the Dyott Street post another great pastoral artist, being John Linnell, first saw the light; while within a quarter of a mile of that spot William Mulready, a third famous *genre* painter and delineator of rural life, spent the greater part of his childhood. Samuel Palmer, too, a

As he was born in one of the unlikeliest of places, so the man himself was very far indeed from being personally such as the fancy creates of a pastoral artist. He was not in the least like that other pastoral artist the poets and the decorators of Dresden and Sèvres china have set forth, that is to say, the innocent but stalwart, simple but elegant and rather pretty piper in a smockfrock or embroidered coat of pink or blue, who, in fine porcelain, calls to his sheep with mellifluous notes, sits under a tree in evening sunlight, and emits dainty music. There was nothing of the Corydon about Hunt or his upraising, as the Scotch call it. On the contrary, his father seems to have been a single-minded man of business, and his mother, whose first name was Judith, was never spoken of except as a kindly and 'thoroughly domesticated woman of the lower *bourgeoise* class, just above the level of the mechanical order.' Hunt *père* worked for the theatres, where tinmen are much in vogue, and he seems to have been an ingenious artisan much respected in his own way of life—thrifty, moderately prosperous, and above the average of his rank in that grimy district. Nor were the rest of Hunt's immediate surroundings of an inspiring sort; he had, as I am told, two sisters, 'small and odd like himself,' who were troubled with scrofula; besides a third sister who was better favoured and fortunately married. It was probably an inheritance of debility to which the painter owed his small stature, which, some say, did not exceed five feet two inches, and, as I remember him when he was far past the middle of life, certainly was a little less than that—probably about five feet; he was broad as well as round-shouldered, and his head was large beyond proportion to the rest of his figure, of which the torso was that of a taller man. His large and long frock coats and loose trousers, although favourable to him on other accounts, did not add to his outward graces. The real man was not recognisable till you saw his face and had an opportunity for studying its expression, which was acute and searching, with much gentleness, and his eyes were clear—strongly marked by that penetrating look which is characteristic of artists of ability and, of course, due to their habit of studying and closely examining the appearances of things. The portraits he took of himself, the best of which was in the possession of Mr. C. Maw, of Aldersgate Street, are intensely like, and they show a visage fine, intelligent, and energetic of look, but formed of irregular features without beauty of shape and a nose larger than usual.* He was low-spirited at times, and indeed not seldom, as one of his intimates wrote to me that, for Hunt, matrimony was shut out of his life. 'He could not get any one to have him,' he said, and added, mournfully, 'What a sad thing it is to be so deformed and miserable-looking!' Nevertheless, in later years he found a kindly partner in a country maiden—a cousin—of about eighteen years old, 'a plain girl,' daughter of a miller and farmer, somewhere in the Bramley region, where he was wont to stay while he painted those primrose banks and beautiful fruit which drove the dealers beside themselves with anxiety to possess them, because for nothing artistic was there a surer or a higher market. 'He was very fond of her, and she paid him great attention and made him very comfortable.' So writes my informant. Thus the homely artist found a homely bride, and thus help and companionship, such as he needed, were given to him.

Hunt's figure being thus, so to say, given in an outline, that silhouette may be filled,

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poet of the poets in pastoral art of the Virgillian strain, had the closest relationship with the Broad Street region of a hundred years ago. Of course, in those days you could get into green fields in a few minutes from where University College now stands and blackens in the sooty air. Morland himself was, by the way, brought up, or, rather, he scrambled up, if he was not born, in a turning out of Rathbone Place. It is impossible to forget that not a quarter of a mile south of Hunt's birthplace the greatest landscape painter, J. M. W. Turner, was born, at a little house hemmed in, like John Hunt's, by a narrow street and amid neighbours but slightly more bucolic and poetical than those of the 'great master in small' who entered the world just fifteen years later.

* I have been told that when living at Hastings, which place Hunt affected for its own sake as well as because he had many friends there, rude little boys mocked his manner of walking and ridiculed his carriage. There was magnanimity in the way he sometimes spoke of his ill-treatment: 'I turned round upon the rascals and shook my nose at them; they soon ran away, I can tell you!'

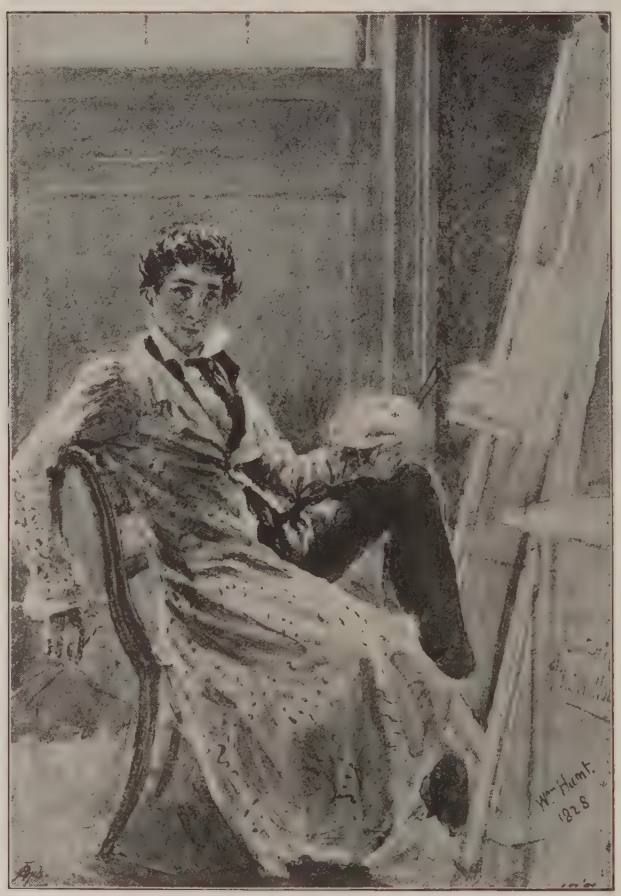
and some records of his character and career set forth by that help of friends of his which was afforded to me soon after his death, in February, 1864. For one who began life with the burthen of ill-health, and a frame which threatened to break ere it was half developed, and who was never strong enough to endure fatigue, and vigorous only in bearing pain, the painter lived long, on the whole happily, and at any rate industriously. He was from the beginning to the end endowed with that best of good fortunes, which is graced with the means of giving innocent and healthy pleasures to hosts of his fellow-men. What happiness his must have been, who made people more in love with flowers than ever, and, untouched by sentimentality, illustrated the simple piety and graces of rural life, as well as with abundance of kindly humour or pathos, as the case might be, painted the rustic girl and boy as those personages had never been painted before.

THE DOUBTFUL COIN. AFTER W. H. HUNT.

After he had passed an ordeal of sickness in infancy, and the seemingly puny mortal began, so to say, to pull himself together for life's struggle, the little Hunt, though only a child, showed strong artistic instincts, and was found drawing whatever he could get to draw, and painting 'anyhow,' as in after-life he was accustomed to call it. For schooling of the pedagogic sort he had the smallest inclination and the least aptitude. Yet, as to education of the artistic sort, he was an unflinching student, and a great scholar. That confusion of ideas concerning what is really education (which, thanks to our ignorance of art, is supposed to be concerned with letters only, and ignores all other mental training), would deny to Hunt the title of an educated man, because, forsooth, his ideas of grammar were strictly 'practical,' or due to practice in the narrowest sense, while any modern child of twelve, educated in a parish or Board school at the cost of the ratepayers, would beat him hollow before he reached that 'Fourth Standard' in which our youthful paupers find salvation.

A thorough Englishman of that day, Hunt's father had no idea of the life of an artist except as a series of scenes of poverty in a long vista, with starvation at the end. George Morland's wretched career was often used 'to point a moral and adorn a tale,' while John Hunt resisted his son's desire to become a painter. In due time the former gave way, but on the thoroughly British condition that the lad should be apprenticed for the legal term of seven years, including a premium. He stipulated that the boy should be

bound to a 'master-artist.' Such a one was found in John Varley, the best teacher of the time, who was willing enough to take a pupil who already drew and painted with considerable skill and spirit. A premium of two hundred pounds, which thrifty John Hunt was quite able to pay, pleased Varley, who, nevertheless, would have taken a likely lad and taught him well without a penny for his footing. Hunt was accustomed to chuckle while he described his reception at Varley's, where a little corps of pupils, with Mulready as their chief, worked hard and played harder. These students looked askance at the 'old-fashioned,' undemonstrative lad of sixteen, who, as a stranger, entered among them. But when it came to drawing—on which every pupil had to take his stand in that company—'*I*,' said Hunt, in after-life, '*astonished them rather*.'



SKETCH OF JAMES HOLLAND, THE PAINTER. AFTER W. H. HUNT.

Considering that the room contained Mulready, Linnell, and Copley Fielding, we may say that they were worth astonishing. It was fortunate for the new-comer that Mulready was the leader, and virtually the head teacher in Varley's school; hardly less happy was Hunt in the fact that his closest chum in that somewhat disorderly academy was John Linnell, who led the pupils into the country, which was then undefiled by smoke and ignorant of the 'cheap tripper.' When it was impossible to go further afield these worthies found amplitude of materials at Hammersmith, Richmond, or Kew, and were at no loss on the banks of the river at Battersea and Chelsea. This region was Hunt's rural schoolroom, until, and long after, he entered the Royal Academy as a student. Many a happy day was spent in rambles after the picturesque; many a study was made from trees, water, and hedgerows green. Of these studies John Linnell possessed several by Hunt, and they attest his own influence on his friend, and the exceeding felicity of that capital draughtsman.

So much for the academy of nature in which Hunt's boyish days were spent. Observers of human character will not be surprised on learning that a complementary, but seemingly antagonistic attraction, often ruled the evenings of those days. That attraction was the theatre, where at that time dramatic kings and queens abounded, and Kemble marched with Kean, while Macready was not, and Mrs. Siddons lived in her glory. We must remember that the association of John Hunt with the stage was close and constant. Accordingly, his son was surrounded by theatrical influences, and a little later than the time now in question the youthful artist, with Mulready and others, found a good deal of employment in scene-painting. He was an enthusiastic attendant in the pit, when funds allowed; in a loftier place when the purse was light. This complementary sort of taste obtained with Hunt even in his extreme age, and long after stage-enthusiasm has palled on most men. Even in his latest days, as in childhood,

he revelled in the drama, took special delight in melodrama, and was never happier than when letting

'gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by.'

In age, it may be with senses a little blunted, no man enjoyed a gorgeous 'spectacle,' a moving melodrama, a ballet, a sensational performance, or a pantomime, with greater zest than the artist of *The Attack*, *The Defeat*, of countless flowers and plums, of country girls as fresh as innocent, of louts as shy as they were strong, and of that exquisite idyll of rustic piety, the girl's head called *Devotion*, in which is poetry of the deepest and pathos of the sweetest and tenderest. In his later years, even when he was too infirm to paint—as Hunt loved to do—out of doors, and in the fashion of his youth and manhood, one of the most famous of his friends, no less a person than Mr. John Ruskin, must have found deep pleasure in sacrificing his own tastes to be the companion of my subject 'at the play.' Many have seen the old man absorbed with delight in splendid dresses, athletic dancing, and 'situations' of the appalling sort. This direction of his taste was startling in one so profoundly versed in and completely sympathetic with all things pastoral and homely. But none doubted its genuineness who saw the old man, his face by age made venerable beyond its wont, and, despite its lack of traces of high breeding, handsome—indeed, in its way, almost beautiful—lighted up with pleasure, its mouth rapidly moving, and all the muscles in play; when he would sit at the theatre with his lean, delicate, yet sinewy hands crossed before him on the top of a stick, his long white hair rolling on his shoulders, and all the man instinct with a child's delight. There was, of course, nothing unnatural in this apparently antithetical idiosyncrasy of Hunt's, and it seems to round off the character of a student—at heart the most unsophisticated of his kind—who was a lover of nature in her least 'dramatic' (or, rather, theatrical) ways, and who succeeded in depicting, with the subtlest charm of veracity and infinite pathos, many of her sweetest and most idyllic phases. Nevertheless, it is strange to think of Hunt, after painting all day long from Hesperidean fruit and flowers, or from a ploughboy in his 'rudest' mood, sitting at night with a noisy multitude of Londoners, basking in gaslight and moved by declamation, or, worse, touched by the tawdry sentimentality of the modern stage. Hunt, with a taste for tinsel, or listening with patience to the melodramatic rant of the poor mimes, is stranger to me than Hunt unable to resist the crackle of crisp bank notes—a sound which mastered his strongest reluctance to part with a drawing—when cunning dealers waved before him the ever-victorious tissues and insisted on buying the things he was loth to sell.

Because he liked to sell the drawings it was his business and delight to make; because he cared for no more of luxury than his father before him had enjoyed; because his ways and the manner of his life, the house he lived in, and the pleasures he allowed himself were one and all alike homely, sober, and somewhat narrow, those who forgot how deeply his ways were ruled by the state of his health and the defects of his frame—different as it was from what Keats called 'a man's fair form'—are, or, rather, were, eager to deplore his so-called 'miserly' habits. They actually found it difficult to forgive his manes, because the man, after an industrious life of seventy-four years (wanting two days) died worth more than sixty thousand pounds. Of course this was a good deal of money for one who began life with gladness to earn a shilling an hour, was well grown up before he attained to two and sixpence for the same space of time, and was quite aged ere he sold a masterpiece of the rarest kind of art—such art, in fact, as none other than he could produce or ever had produced—for a hundred pounds! I should, nevertheless, find no difficulty in proving that the dealers who bought and sold 'Hunts' by the dozen—including some who did not scruple to add backgrounds where the artist had painted none—had collectively gained

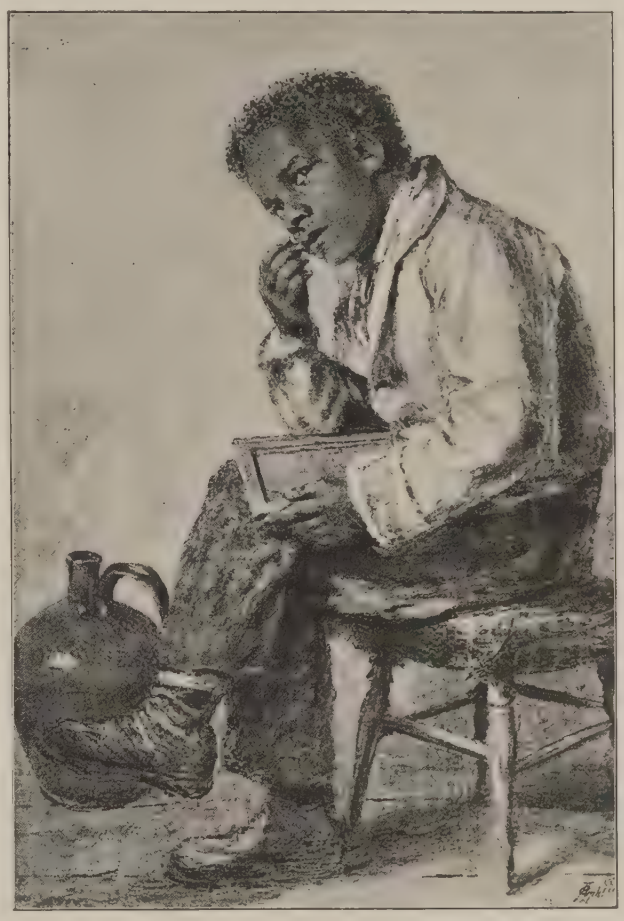
very much more than sixty thousand pounds in their chaffering, to say nothing of their cheating.

Before my limits warn me to close these scraps of memories concerning the great master in small, I may answer a question which his pictures suggest to many, 'How did Hunt paint?' From the beginning he painted with all his might, loyally to what he saw, making portraits of everything he selected as worth painting, and selecting wisely. Of a certain *Study of Hyacinths* he boasted that each of its leaves was a portrait, yet nothing can be less mechanical, less merely photographic, or less conventional than they are; the elegance of every petal and fold in this work attests the draughtsman's love and knowledge of nature and his art. Many have inquired how long these drawings occupied him; it appears from a previous record of my own that, taking an average drawing, and granting fine weather and long days, a fortnight's or eighteen days' full work is represented on it. Leading a strictly domestic life — in fact, seldom taking what most persons call pleasure, beyond an occasional jaunt to Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre, and with few temptations to enter society — Hunt was an indefatigable worker, beginning early in the morning, dining about one o'clock, and resuming study till dusk. Thus, with intervals of bad health, the painter laboured during his time of work. He was at the easel on the Saturday before his death; that death was caused by a cold caught while examining drawings sent by candidates for membership of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Although he began life as an oil-painter, was trained as such by Varley, Mulready, and the Royal Academy, Hunt is commonly supposed to have worked in water colours only. No mistake could be more natural than this for students unacquainted with the early life of the artist. He first exhibited as an oil-painter — it was in 1807, and at Somerset House — *A Scene near Hounslow*, and two other pictures proper; and he, with similar instances, appeared at the Academy till 1813, when the now 'Old Society' (it was then only seven years of age) being in a troubled condition, the majority of its members agreed to change the name of the body into 'The Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours,' and it so continued till 1821. Hunt, still working in oil, joined the altered association in 1814, and sent two views of Windsor Castle to its exhibition, then held at the Great Room in Spring Gardens. He did not become definitively a draughtsman in water colours till 1824, when, the Society having reverted to its original condition, Hunt was elected an Associate Exhibitor; in 1827 he became a full member.

It was said of him that he would not draw even a pin without a model. I could hardly expect him to paint one without reference to nature, and, although I will not admit this to be ignoble, I am sure he looked to nature in a nobler way than that. Not long ago I had in hand an, at first sight, commonplace-looking drawing by Hunt, the head of a demure and very commonplace-looking charity girl — such I suppose she was. The eyes of the child — she was barely adolescent — were brown, with a sort of slaty inner tint; her forehead was low and broad, while the hair, which was meekly divided there, was lustrous and silky, as young girls' hair is apt to be; the eyebrows were straight, softly defined, and darker than the hair, which had green sub-tints. The nose was by no means of a pure form, but tended strongly to a snub, thus telling of low breeding, and blood unredeemed by ancestral energy, virtue, or self-denial; the mouth was so idiosyncratic that one might call it biographical, and weak in its expression (thus indicating that self-redemption was not to be in the owner's power), pulpy and red of lip (bespeaking a sensuous time to come, and not a little animalism), but clear and clean in its lines, as well as rather small. The cheeks formed a long oval, pointing sharply to the sharply-moulded chin that, alas for her future! fell behind the lips, with a further evidence of weakness. The tale of the past of her race, and the prophecies of her own future, as related by all these signs, may be left to the reader's studies, and his

knowledge of the effects of breeding on the human face. The accidents of the girl's own existence were shown by the way in which the penury of her youth had worn down, without (the race being as yet unredeemed) ennobling the lines of the singularly modest or rather demure young visage. That penury had, nevertheless, purified those lines. Its existence was attested by the lack of blood-colouring in the poor child's carnations; her thin and delicate skin was ominous of a short life, and delicate or feeble offspring, if any. Here was ample evidence affirming lack of sufficient nutriment, as well as of air of the pure sort, such as might together have availed to fill the somewhat hollow lines of her form, enlarge the bones, round out the muscles, and give to the eyes the inner light of life.



A BROWN STUDY. AFTER W. H. HUNT.

Most of those characteristics Hunt found in his model, doubtless some poor child he picked up in the street, and paid with, for her, unheard-of wealth, for sitting. He might have heard the whole of her little biography while she sat, and this might have enabled him to repeat it to us, as he has done. What I think we owe to the painter of this head — which was executed in one of his tender and very loving moods, is the light of the delicate, diffident, much-abashed, and timid soul that lies in the child's eyes, the composure of patience and innocency that cannot be the offspring of ignorance of the world — I might style it piety, if that word has not too high a meaning, which sits so sweetly on the face. We owe him the purity of the cheek's flatness and fall, the too-sensitive chin, and all those suggestions of the squalorless misery of a poverty which was more powerful to chasten than to crush, and other signs Hunt, with poetic instinct, discovered in the visage of this, at first sight, commonplace-looking charity girl.

One more picture, as it appeared to other eyes than mine, and I have done. It evoked verses addressed

'To Mr. Hunt, on his picture of *Romish Devotion.*

'We do not ask to whom he prays,
Or what the form of creed he says;
Such reverence is a holy thing,
To whomsoever given;
Such adoration is the wing
Would lift a poorer soul to heaven.

'It matters not that he is poor—
We have no fear that want or care
Can make much havoc in the life
Whose boyhood hath such power of prayer.

'O Hunt! thy fancy oft hath charmed,
Thy wit oft warmed and never wounded,
But here thy skilful artist hand
A loftier feeling can command,
A deeper chord hath sounded.
That tender, rapt, confiding soul,
Up-breathing thro' the lips apart,
Fit comment gives on sacred words,
"God dwelleth in the human heart!"

R. A.'

The verses are not much better than the bellman's, but the writer, whoever he may have been, was evidently inspired by that which supplied me with a motive for writing these notes, and prompted this endeavour to remind a later generation that the real strength of William Hunt lay, not in his beautiful fruit, flower, and shell-pieces—not wholly in his humorous pictures, admirable as they are—not in his old churches, gamekeepers, cottages, and vistas of country roads—but in profoundly pathetic pieces, such as that in question, which justified the editor of the 'Athenaeum' (No. 915, May 10, 1845) in admitting these lines to a column which, to the dire exasperation of those worthies, was blandly assigned to 'Minor Poets.'*

F. G. Stephens.

A CORNER OF PARIS

ALL who know and love such quaint corners of old Paris as are still left, will regret to hear that one of the oldest and quaintest is destined soon to disappear. Those of us who knew Paris thirty years ago can well remember the immense change wrought in the aspect of the 'Quartier Latin' by the piercing of the Boulevard St. Germain and the construction of that 'long, unlovely street,' the Rue Monge. Now the often-mooted project for the continuation of the latter street is being realised. While we write the work of demolition is going on apace. Before long a whole group of old streets, intimately connected with the early history of the University of Paris, full of the souvenirs of the great men who came to teach or to be taught there—streets, too, which have witnessed more than one fierce scene of civil strife—will have disappeared, or at least been changed beyond recognition.

That such changes must come, and coming bring good, even the most ardent lover of the picturesque must admit. The stream of life as it widens and deepens can no longer flow along its former narrow bed. In its overflow it must cover many records of the past and sweep away many historic landmarks. When, however, as is the case in Paris, these records and landmarks are but too rare—albeit Paris, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has pointed out, is *the* historic city *par excellence*—the regret for their disappearance is intensified. It is for those who may share this regret of ours that we have endeavoured to trace with pen and pencil, ere they are improved away, the main features of this quaint little corner of old Paris. On the left or south side of the Seine, exactly opposite the Parvis and Church of Notre Dame, between the Quai Montebello and the Boulevard St. Germain, lies a labyrinth of narrow little streets whose names, if not their architecture, date back as far as the first years of the thirteenth century. Leaving the noise and bustle of the Boulevard St. Michel,

* *Romish Devotion* was at the exhibition of the 'Old Society,' 1845. As to the picture, the 'Athenaeum' art-critic of that day feared to be thought 'too extravagant in praising it,' a weakness to which the 'Athenaeum' reviewers are supposed rarely to be subject.

THE CROSS
WINCHESTER

the centre of the student life of to-day, let us strike to the left down the Rue St. Severin. For the first few hundred yards this street has nothing characteristic about it, the houses being as monotonously uniform as their neighbours of the Boulevard St. Michel. After crossing the Rue de la Harpe, however, the street narrows to a third of its original width, each house assumes an individual aspect, the roofs rise in a picturesque, confused mass of chimney stacks and gables, above which shoots up the spire of St. Severin. A few steps bring us to this church, one of the oldest and most beautiful in Paris. An oratory founded here, so tradition says, on the site of a hermitage where St. Severin lived in the sixth century, was sacked by the Normans in the ninth. Two hundred years later, on the ruins of the oratory, rose a church dedicated to the hermit St. Severin. Popular veneration, however, blended with this saint his namesake the Bishop of Agaune, who gave the monastic habit to St. Cloud and miraculously cured King Clovis. This church was in the twelfth and following centuries held in high repute. One of its chapels was dedicated to St. Martin, the special patron of travellers. Hither knights or merchants when about to ride on a long journey came to brand their horses' flanks with the church key made red hot in a censer, and on their return nailed up their horses' shoes on the doors as *exvotos*. On either side of the principal porch stood a stone lion, between which the town magistrates sat and administered justice, whence many judgments end with the formula 'inter dos leones.' The interior is most beautiful. The nave, with its elegant thirteenth-century triforium and lofty clerestory, ranks as one of the best bits of Gothic architecture in Paris. The general effect of the whole is enhanced by the rich stained-glass windows of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A peculiarity of this church is that the floor rises in a gently but perceptibly inclined plane towards the east. Almost all the old monuments which once adorned this church have perished. A rood-loft erected in 1414 by a bequest of Antonie de Compiègne has shared their fate. St. Severin was one of the first churches in Paris to possess an organ, which it did as early as 1358. On the south side are some remains of a cloister, the only one, with the exception of that of les Bilettes, now left in Paris. Adjoining the cloister there was formerly a cemetery. Here, in 1474, was performed on a soldier, who had been condemned to be hanged for theft, the first operation for stone. The operation was successful. The soldier was pardoned and rewarded. Over the gate which led from the cemetery to the adjoining Rue de la Parcheminerie was the inscription:—

RUE ST. SEVERIN.

'Passant, penses-tu passer par ce passage
Ou, passant, j'ai passé.
Si tu n'y penses pas, passant, tu n'es pas sage,
Car en n'y pensant pas tu te verras passé.'

Another inscription on the gate ran thus:—

'Tous ces morts ont vécus; toi qui vis tu mourras;
L'instant fatal approche et tu n'y penses pas.'

Cemetery, gate, and inscriptions, have all disappeared. Nowadays, to reach the Rue de la Parcheminerie we must take the narrow Rue des Prêtres St. Severin, vicus strictus Sancti Severini, as it is called in title-deeds of the thirteenth century. The Rue de la Parcheminerie is even narrower than the Rue des Prêtres St. Severin. Previous to 1287 this street bore the name of Rue des Escrivains, doubtless from being inhabited by the public writers. Their successors, the parchment-makers and vendors, were a large and important body, which was under the immediate control of the University. A special place, 'la halle des mathurins,' was set apart for the reception of all the parchment made in or brought to Paris. Here it was visited and marked by the Rector of the University, who received a fee of six 'deniers parisis' for his trouble. The Parchemineer who attempted to evade this regulation made himself liable to the confiscation of his parchment and to an arbitrary fine. Another privilege which the University enjoyed was the pick of all the parchment exposed for sale at the great Foire du Lendit, held every year in June on the plain of St. Denis. In 1549 the University, which claimed the right of inspecting all the parchment used in the king's courts, seized a quantity which Henry II. had bought for the Parliament and the Cour des Comptes. The Parliament refused to allow the claim of the University, and a separate body of Parcheminiers was instituted to supply the king and the courts.

INTERIOR OF ST. SEVERIN.

Retracing our steps by the way we came we regain the Rue St. Severin, and passing under the traceried windows and projecting gargoyles of the church, soon reach a point where four streets meet — the Rue St. Severin, the Rue Garlande, the Rue du Petit Pont, and the Rue St. Jacques. Here a triangular patch of ground, bare of houses, has been planted with five or six chestnut-trees, whose green foliage contrasts pleasantly with the grimy walls of the old houses. Here hucksters and fruit vendors draw up their barrows and cry their wares, women come to the pump for water, children play about, tired factory hands take their midday rest on the benches in the shade — all bespeaks the busy life of the lower orders in a prosperous capital. Looking at the scene now on a summer's day it is hard to realise those terrible days of June, 1848, when on this spot, and in hundreds of others all over Paris,

barricades sprang up as if by magic, and higher than the barricades rose the piles of the slain, while louder than the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon rang from the throats of a hundred thousand desperate starving men the terrible cry, 'Du pain ou du plomb.' Hard, indeed, to realise all this — nay, impossible, except for those who at a later date have seen the dregs of the populace let loose to work their will. Turning from this spot with its terrible *souvenirs* we enter the Rue Galande, one of the streets threatened with partial or total destruction by the projected improvement of the quarter. This street takes its name from the owners of the land on which it was built, the 'clos de Garlande,' or de Mauvoisin, as it was otherwise called. The family of Garlande was a rich and powerful one. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we find members of it occupying the highest offices in Church and State. In 1202 Mathieu de Montmorency and his wife Mathilde de Garlande let their vineyard, the *clos de Garlande*, to several persons on a building lease. On it were constructed the Rue Garlande or Galande, the Rue du Fouarre, the Rue des Trois Portes, and the Rue Jacinthe — streets which have preserved their original names down to our own day—and the Rue des Rats, now Rue de l'Hotel Colbert. A few steps along the Rue Galande on the left is the Rue St. Julian le Pauvre, so called from a now disused church, which is entered in our day by the Rue de la Bûcherie. Over the door of No. 42 Rue Galande is a little bit of bas-relief, apparently representing an incident in the life of St. Julian le Pauvre. This saint, so runs the legend, was a poor man who devoted himself and his wife to ferrying travellers night and day over an otherwise impassable river. One day they ferried over a poor leper, who, on reaching the opposite shore, revealed himself to be Christ, and promised them a reward in heaven.

CORNER OF ST. SEVERIN.

G. GRAHAME.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CITY CROSS, WINCHESTER

THIS Cross is one of the most interesting features of the picturesque High Street of Winchester. Its very beautiful design is Gothic of the later Decorated style. In the last century the Cross narrowly escaped demolition, having been actually sold in the year 1770; but, happily, the indignation of the citizens prevented its removal. It was restored by Sir Gilbert Scott some five-and-twenty years ago, and the statues are modern. One figure only remained before the restoration, and was conjectured to represent St. Laurence. A very small church dedicated to that saint stands close by, and the low tower is visible over the gable of a house in Mr. Railton's drawing. Another conjecture, however, made it a statue of St. Amphibalus, said to have been a martyr in the persecution of Diocletian, and to whom an early British church in Winchester was dedicated. It is difficult to imagine the aspect of the royal city in the Middle Ages, with its ninety churches and chapels, its monasteries and colleges. Scarcely a dozen of the ancient churches have escaped the fate which threatened the City Cross.

MR. GEORGE REID'S DRAWINGS OF EDINBURGH

MRS. OLIPHANT'S book on Edinburgh,* which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just published as a companion volume to 'The Makers of Florence' and 'The Makers of Venice,' by the same author, contains sixty woodcuts from drawings by Mr. George Reid, R.S.A. All who know the artist's work will recognise in them his usual skill in drawing and refined artistic feeling; but perhaps their most remarkable characteristic is the entire absence of exaggeration and affectation. It is rare indeed to find such absolute freedom from all tendency to self-display. The old ways of striving after effect by exaggerating spaces, heightening buildings and hills, and inventing picturesqueness for objects which have none, are now somewhat out of date; but other methods are fashionable. Texture is often exaggerated, as if the weather-stains on a noble building were its most important feature, and the decay of its architecture more interesting than the architecture itself; or simple unobtrusive execution is eschewed, and nothing thought worth drawing that does not afford opportunity for the display of dexterous technique; or originality in the choice of subjects is affected, and the chief features of a locality are neglected for the sake of nooks and corners discovered by the artist. Mr. Reid is superior to all these weaknesses. He has been content to draw what is best worth drawing in Edinburgh, or what best serves to illustrate Mrs. Oliphant's book, in a style so quiet and modest that people who look at his work hastily might sometimes be inclined to call it photographic; but to those who look closer the taste and knowledge of the refined artist are everywhere apparent, in the skilful choice of points of view, in the relation of tones, in the subordination of parts,

QUEEN MARY'S BATH.

* 'Royal Edinburgh: her Saints, Kings, Prophets, and Poets.' By Mrs. Oliphant. With illustrations by George Reid, R.S.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

in the unobtrusive composition, and in the groups of figures, so well drawn and well placed, so natural and yet so unaccidental. And though Mr. Reid has never cared to sacrifice interesting detail to effective light and shadow, his drawings comprise several

HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT.

admirable studies of effect. One of the engravings which we borrow shows Linlithgow Palace, with its picturesque masses and varied outline strongly relieved against a sunset

LINLITHGOW PALACE.

sky. The sketch of Queen Margaret's Chapel in Edinburgh Castle, at the head of the first chapter, is equally powerful, and there are several striking views of the city at night. One of these shows the Greyfriars' Churchyard, with the moon rising behind the church

spire, and lights in two or three windows of the houses near, rendered with remarkable truth of effect.

The impression which Mr. Reid is careful to convey through his whole series of drawings is that of 'the grey metropolis of the north.' If there is no artificial gloom, there is also no unnatural brilliancy. He shows Edinburgh under its own sky, and with its own rigours of climate—Arthur's Seat covered with snow, and Holyrood Palace as a black mass against the white; the lamps of Princes Street gleaming through the rain; Queen Mary's Bath with glistening reflections on the saturated roadway; the struggling daylight in the narrow closes; the Bass Rock dimly seen among murky clouds, and through air thickened with spray from the waves of the Forth. Those who know the extreme delicacy of Mr. Reid's drawings, and his peculiarly sensitive touch, will make allowance for inevitable loss in the process of engraving on wood. The list of illustrations does not mention the engravers, but the name of Mr. Lacour appears on many of the blocks. The book is excellently printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark, of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Oliphant's work is divided into four parts, the first of which is devoted to Queen Margaret; the second to 'the Stewards of Scotland,' or first five Jameses; the third to 'the Times of the Prophets,' that is to say, the era of the Reformation; and the fourth to the modern city, the subjects of its three chapters being Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, and Sir Walter Scott. The best pictures of Edinburgh, Mrs. Oliphant affirms, we still owe to the great novelist's 'illuminating presence in the midst of all the picturesque scenes of what he has fondly called "mine own romantic town."'

'From the High School Yards and "the kittle nine steps," from George Square, lying cosy but grey in the hollow amid the enlarged and beautiful openings of the Meadows, to the Parliament House, withdrawn in the square, once blocked by the old Tolbooth, now confronted solely by an embellished and restored cathedral, and to the sober street on the other side of the hollow, where to 39 North Castle Street he took his bride and set up his independent home, there is no corner of Edinburgh where his step and voice have not been. And some of the most characteristic scenes which we can call to mind in recent history rise before us in his narrative as if we had been there. The Porteous Mob riots in our ears, the flare of the sudden fire at the gates at the Tolbooth, the blinding smoke, the tramp of the crowd, the sudden concentrated force of that many-headed multitude stilled by stern resolve into unity and action, are as visible as if they had happened yesterday. And after ransacking all the serious volumes that tell the story and picture the aspect of old Edinburgh, we turn back to that tale, and for the first time see the tortuous passage between the church and the Tolbooth, the dark old prison with its lofty turrets, the Luckenbooths linked on to its dark shadow, oppressing the now wide thoroughfare of the High Street, where these buildings have left no trace. No topographical record or painstaking print comes within a hundred miles of that picture, dashed in boldly by the way, to the entrancing tale.'

Mrs. Oliphant quotes two passages from 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering,' which she has no doubt the artist himself 'will allow to surpass his best efforts, and which set the landscape before us with a distinct yet ideal and poetical grace which pencil and graver can very seldom equal.'

ART CHRONICLE

JANUARY 1.—Death was busy among the artists during the last weeks of 1890. The three men best known to Englishmen whose loss we have to lament were the sculptor, Sir Edgar Boehm; the painter, John Lewis Brown, English by extraction, but French by art and nationality; and the poet and aquafortist, William Bell Scott. Joseph Edgar Boehm was a Hungarian by descent, but was born in Vienna in 1834. His father was a medallist and a collector of works of art; his brother, who predeceased him by but a few weeks, filled a subordinate post in the Berlin Museum. Edgar Boehm's first visit to England took place in 1848, when he stayed here about three years. In 1859 he began a sojourn of equal length in Paris, after which he finally settled in London. He had not been here long before he attracted the attention of the Queen, and from about the year 1868 to the end of his life he may be said to have laboured in the unbroken sunshine of royal favour. At its best his art was free and pictorial rather than sculpturesque, and he had an unfortunate faculty for sinking as his subject rose. Perhaps the most commonplace things he ever conceived are the Wellington monument, at Hyde Park Corner, and the Queen's effigy for the Jubilee coinage. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1878, and a full Academician in 1882. In 1881 he was appointed sculptor-in-ordinary to Her Majesty, and in 1889 he was created a baronet. His death took place quite suddenly on the twelfth of last month.—John Lewis Brown was born at Bordeaux in 1829. His family was originally Scotch, but had been long settled in France. Like another well-known French artist of similar extraction, he affected an ultra-British appearance. His education as a painter was somewhat irregular, and it was not until about his thirty-fifth year that his work began to be noticed. For the last twenty years or thereabouts he has been reckoned among the *Impressionistes*, and few men have been more conspicuous at exhibitions. He received all the orthodox honours, and died in Paris on November the 15th, after a long and painful illness.—William Bell Scott was the brother of David Scott, the painter of *Vasco di Gama meeting the Spirit of the Cape*, and the son of Robert Scott, an excellent Scottish engraver. He is mainly known to the present generation as a writer. He was the author of a volume on the 'Little Masters' of Germany, and of a book of poems illustrated by Mr. Alma Tadema. But as a painter he made some stir in his time. He was one of the unsuccessful competitors in the famous tourney in Westminster Hall, and had afterwards an opportunity of making up for his disappointment by painting a series of wall-pictures at Wallington Hall, Sir Walter Trevelyan's house in Northumberland In his later years he decorated a staircase at Penkill Castle with subjects from 'The King's Quhair.' Between 1843 and 1858 Scott was master of the School of Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and between 1840 and 1869 he contributed with some regularity to the Royal Academy and to the Society of British Artists. He was a contributor to the 'Germ.' Millais introduced his portrait into his picture from Keats, the *Isabella* now at Liverpool; and he was an intimate friend of Rossetti and of all Rossetti's friends. He died at Penkill, the seat of his friend Miss Boyd, on the 22nd of November, aged seventy-nine years and six weeks. The deaths may also be recorded of the French historical painter, Théophile Gide (November 29th); and of the Swiss, Frank Buchser, who began life as a carpenter, then served for a time in the Swiss Guard at the Vatican, and afterwards drew himself into the regular ranks of art by study in England, Holland, and Spain. Later in life he became the intimate friend of Muley Edris, the Sultan of Morocco, who, *dit on*, helped him to some curious subjects.

THE obituary of the month must also include the name of Mr. Richard Fisher, who died at Midhurst on the third of December. Mr. Fisher was widely known for his proficiency as a connoisseur of Italian and German engravings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He was commissioned in 1881 by the Trustees of the British Museum to make a catalogue of their early Italian prints. Five years later the first volume—'An Introduction to a Catalogue,' &c.—was published. It is full of learning and of the results of intelligent research, but it is understood that the Trustees do not intend to print the remainder of the work as Mr. Fisher left it. Mr. Fisher was one of the trustees under the will of Mr. Felix Slade. He was in his eighty-first year at the time of his death.

THE first instalment of the Venetian pictures bought from the collection of Lord Darnley has been hung in the National Gallery. Altogether five pictures have been acquired, one by Tintoretto and four by Paul Veronese. The subject of the Tintoretto is the *Creation of the Milky Way*. Jupiter floats near the top of the canvas, his figure reminding us of the Apostle in the *Miracle of St. Mark*, at Venice. He holds the baby Hercules in his hands, and presses him to the breast of Juno, who turns away and distributes her favours over the waiting sky beneath. Finer in its harmony and nobler in its repose is the one Veronese yet in place. The subject is described by the Director as an *Allegory of Unfaithfulness*. A grandly-built young woman turns her nude back upon us, and gives a hand to each of two entreating lovers, while a pair of cupids preside over the whole performance. From the standpoint of pure decoration Veronese did nothing finer. The other three pictures belong to the same series. All four were at the 'Old Masters' in 1877. The Tintoretto and three of the Veroneses are purchases; the fourth is a gift from Lord Darnley.

A FEW days before Christmas the scaffolding was finally removed from the new front to the north transept of Westminster Abbey. The work has been in progress for many years. It was begun by the restoration of the triple porch from a design by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who preceded Mr. Pearson as Abbey architect. As soon as that was structurally complete—its decorative features are not yet finished—the task was commenced of pealing off the mask with which Wren had covered the upper part of the front. In doing this many fragments of ornament were found embedded which were afterwards of great use in the restoration. Mr. Pearson's design adheres strictly to the ancient lines, and reproduces faithfully, wherever possible, the original details. But the rose window is practically his own. In general design it bears a considerable likeness, however, to the great east windows of old St. Paul's, which Mr. Pearson may have had in mind when he settled its forms. These were partly determined by the desire to preserve the eighteenth-century glass with which the window by Wren had been fitted. Sir Gilbert Scott had an idea that the design of the original window had been preserved by some of the old tiles in the Chapter House; had that notion found acceptance with Mr. Pearson the glass would have had to be sacrificed, and the window would have been little more than a mass of stone. To complete the whole project nothing is now required but the statues which are to act as pillars in the three porches, and others which are to furnish the empty brackets. At present the pillars in question are represented by plain stone shafts, but these will soon give way to a series of figures engaged between base and capital, like those which flank great French portals, such as those of Amiens and Notre Dame de Paris.

ANOTHER architectural work that has been brought to practical completion within the month is the new Police Office on the Embankment. It is in the well-known style of Mr. Norman Shaw, and in many ways displays true artistic gifts. Whether it were wise, however, to strike so eccentric a note in that particular spot, is more than doubtful. It is understood that the Home Secretary's mistaken desire for something 'new' was the final cause of the design.

THE year closes with more than the usual crowd of exhibitions. Mr. Burne-Jones's *Briar Rose* series has again been on view at the Old Bond Street Galleries, better known

as the Messrs. Agnew's. The Messrs. Dowdeswell have been exhibiting a series of pastels by the young Scottish painter, Mr. James Guthrie, who is fresh from a triumph at Munich, and a collection of more or less representative works by the coterie of young artists which is known as the 'Newlyn School.' At the Goupil Galleries pictures and studies by Mr. George Hitchcock, the painter of a curious *Annunciation* which drew all eyes at the 1888 Salon, and the originals of M. Boutet de Monvel's illustrations for M. Ferdinand Fabre's 'Xavière,' are on view. The Fine Art Society opened an exhibition of drawings by Hokusai, the Japanese Velazquez—or Whistler?—and another of drawings by Mr. Albert Goodwin, in whom some of us recognise the best of the disciples of Turner; Messrs. Buck and Reid one of summer scenes on the coast of Norway, by Mr. W. W. May; and Mr. Dunthorne a most attractive show of sketches made in 'Constable's country,' among the deep lanes and lush-water meadows round Dedham and Flatford Mill, or on the breezy upland about East Bergholt and Brantham. These are the work of Mr. Alfred Hartley. At the Dudley Gallery Mr. F. E. James, a member of the New English Art Club, had a one-man exhibition, from December the fifth to the twenty-fifth. The Gallery was divided into two rooms, a white room and a gold room, and in each were hung two rows of drawings—landscapes and flower-pieces. Mr. James is strong in colour and strong in his sense of the true limits of his material. Mr. Walter Sickert supplied him with a well-written and very nearly incontrovertible preface to his catalogue.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours persists in calling its winter exhibition one of sketches and studies, although in but a few cases are the drawings sent in to be distinguished, in respect to finality, from those hung in the summer. The twenty-ninth exhibition so described opened on the first of December. On the whole, it is better than the corresponding show last year. The best contributions, perhaps, are those of Mr. Francis Powell, Mrs. Allingham, Mr. Robert W. Allan, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Arthur Melville, Mr. Colin Bent Phillip, Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Henshall, Mr. Henry Moore, and Mr. Henry Wallis. A study by the last-named from a lustred Moorish vase combines veracity and art in a very remarkable way. It is one of the drawings for his book on ancient lustre-ware. Mr. F. S. Powell, the President of the Royal Scottish Water-colour Society, has seldom been seen to so much advantage as in his *Shore Waves*, a study of sea which has freshness and spontaneity in a very unusual degree. Mr. Birket Foster's *On the Rocks, Arisaig*, is also much above his usual level. The impressionistic art of Mr. R. W. Allan has never produced anything more satisfactory than his *Kirchweihe*, a crowded German market-place, in which the restless glitter of such a subject is finely combined with pictorial unity. Mr. Herbert Marshall's *Old Chelsea*—not the porcelain, but the place—glows with the red of Queen Anne bricks and with the sunlight of July. Mr. Phillip's *Au Sgarnach* is faithful to the grandeur of the scene he paints, and Mr. Thorne Waite's *Danbury Common* to the quiet picturesqueness of the most maligned of English counties. More interesting, in some ways, than anything else in the collection, is a figure in black and white by Mr. Holman Hunt. It has more design, balance, and purpose than most of the things Mr. Hunt has recently done, while it is characteristically thorough.

ON December 10th the prize function of the Royal Academy Schools was held as usual. Before the distribution, Sir Frederick Leighton gave a short address, in which he drew attention to the excellence of the landscapes sent in for the Creswick prize, of the competing works in the 'Armitage' competition, and in the equivalent to the 'Armitage' in sculpture, in the models for a group. He announced that the Academy had voted the execution at its own cost of Mr. Alfred Charles Weatherstone's design for a decoration, subject, *The Adoration of the Magi*. Much interest was excited by the success of Mr. Hugh Goldwin Riviere, the eldest son of Mr. Briton Riviere, in one of the competitions. His design for *The Messengers coming to Job*, was *facile princeps* in its class. The sculpture as a whole, though scarcely up to the average of recent years, was still vastly above the level of the old pre-'Teucer' days. The winners in the three classes we have mentioned first were respectively Ralph Peacock, Elizabeth M. Nichol, and Charles John Allen.

A PICTURE of more than usual interest was on view all through December at the Old Bond Street Galleries. *Daniel's Answer to the King*, by Mr. Briton Riviere, is a sequel to the *Daniel in the Lions' Den* with which he won a notable success in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, as well as at the Academy of the year before. In the sequel the lions are crowded together at the extremity of the vault, on our right. The prophet, his hands still bound behind his back, stands beneath a high window on the left, and looks up calmly to the, to us, invisible Darius. The conception has a fitness and fulness of suggestion quite worthy of the companion picture, while the lapse of thirteen years has done curiously little to modify, either for good or ill, Mr. Riviere's method.

THE early winter is not, as a rule, marked by any important artistic events in Paris. The Salon—assisted now by the 'Salon Meissonier'—absorbs the productions of the year far more than the Academy does with us, and the French dealers are much less enterprising than the English. The only exhibition that need here be referred to is that called, somewhat facetiously, an 'Exposition de Blanc et Noir.' Since the site of the Tuileries was finally turned into a garden, this exhibition has been held in the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris, behind the Palais de l'Industrie. It consists of a vast gathering of pictures in water-colour, in pastel, in *crayon*, and *fusain*, in fact, in every material except oil-paint. Only a minority of the exhibits are in black and white. By far the most interesting of them all are the drawings made for reproduction in the French picture papers, comic and otherwise. Each paper has a little stall to itself, the most popular being that on which the artists of the 'Courrier Français' indulge their peculiar humour. So far as technique goes, this stall and one or two more of the same class are the only ones from which an English artist in black and white could hope to learn anything. From Forain, Willette, and their colleagues, he might even learn a little too much.

THE late Sir Edgar Boehm's statue of the Emperor Frederick was unveiled in St. George's Chapel, by the Queen in person, on December 18th. The statue is of white marble, and slightly colossal in size. It stands in the south aisle, under the memorial window to Canon Pearson. It is understood that the late sculptor's statue of Bishop Lightfoot, for Durham Cathedral, was left in a sufficiently advanced condition to permit of its completion by his assistants.

BOOKS connected with art which have been published since the 22nd of November, 1890:—'Royal Edinburgh,' by Mrs. Oliphant; 'Picturesque England,' by L. Valentine; 'Sketches of England by a Foreign Artist (M. Myrbach) and a Foreign Author' (M. P. Villars); 'The Laureate's Country,' by A. J. Church; 'Charing Cross to St. Paul's,' by Justin McCarthy; 'Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Times,' by Sir D. Wilson; 'Adeline's Art Dictionary,' translated from the French; 'Japanese Pottery,' by W. E. Bowes; 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' illustrated by Hugh Thomson; and 'The Royal House of Stewart,' illustrated by a Series of Forty Plates in Colours by William Gibb, with Introduction by John Skelton, C.B., LL.D., and Notes by W. H. St. John Hope, M.A.

The Soldier and the Laughing Girl.

JOHANNES VERMEER, OF DELFT

FEW things are more unaccountable in the history of art than the vicissitudes which have attended the renown of the fascinating painter whom the late 'W. Bürger' used to call *The Sphinx*. Famous in his lifetime, filling honoured posts in his native city, accepted as a leader by his fellow-artists and as the maker of desirable pictures by those who had money in their pockets, an almost complete oblivion seems to have overtaken him before he had been fifty years in his grave. In 1667, when Vermeer was no more than thirty-five years of age, he was named in Dirk van Bleyswijck's elaborate description of Delft* as an artist who did honour to the city; Arnold de Bon, Bleyswijck's editor, celebrated him in verse as one of those who could console his fellow-townsmen for the loss of Karel Fabritius; and yet Arnold Houbraken, in that 'Great Theatre of the Netherlandish Painters,'† in which he was kind to so many insignificant personalities, passes over Vermeer in silence, and sets an example which was followed by every one who wrote on Dutch art for something like a century and a half. It is humiliating to have to confess that, in all probability, the total neglect of a great artist was due to nothing in the world but this omission of his name by Houbraken. And yet Vermeer's pictures were there to proclaim his value. Many, no doubt, were given to others, especially to De Hooghe; but enough were left to show, as it were, that a great master had gone under, and was waiting for some one with wit and energy to pull him up.

This some one discovered himself at last in the French critic, Thoré, who wrote under the name of W. Bürger. Thoré was not a great *connoisseur*, as we now understand the word. Not a few of his judgments seem unfounded enough in the brighter light of to-day. In his best-known works, his book on the Manchester Exhibition of 1857,‡ and his two volumes on the Museums of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague,§ he expresses opinions and makes conjectures which are now seen to be wide of the mark. It was, perhaps, mainly through the influence of his opinion that the Suermondt *Christ Blessing Little Children* came to the National Gallery. Bürger‖ called it one of the four greatest Rembrandts in the world, the other three being *The Night Watch*, *The Syndics*, and *The Lesson in Anatomy*. Excuses have been made for his mistake, but however he came to make it, it shows that he was far from infallible. No; Thoré's strong point was not sureness of judgment, but detachment of mind. He could come to the examination of a picture without prejudice. He could actually perform the feat demanded from a juryman in a *cause célèbre*, and could strip himself of what he had heard as he approached his duties. His chapters on the English school, as revealed at Manchester, may not be profound, but they are frank; they may not show any decisive grip on its more intimate claims to distinction, but they do prove Thoré to have thoroughly understood that before you praise or condemn an artist, you must either accept his convention

* 'Beschrijvinge der Stadt Delft, &c.' (Delft, 1667.)
† 'De groote Schouburg der Nederlandsche Konstschilders.' (Amsterdam, 1718.)
‡ 'Trésors d'Art en Angleterre.' By W. Bürger. (Paris, 1865.)
§ 'Musées de la Hollande.' By W. Bürger. (Paris, 1858–60.) ‖ 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts,' 1866.

or show that his convention is wrong. It was this detachment of vision, this power to see things for himself, that enabled Thoré to recognise a commanding, or rather a seductive, personality in the neglected Vermeer. He was fascinated by the charm of the Six. *Laitière*, by the breadth and frankness of the *View of Delft*, by the sincerity which glows through such pictures as the *Girl with the Wineglass*, at Brunswick, or the *Soldier and the Laughing Girl*, now at Burlington House. Once on the track, Thoré had but to follow it with characteristic enthusiasm. He hunted up Vermeers all over Europe, claiming for his hero many things to which he had no right, such as the superb interior by De Hooghe, which was sold last summer with the rest of the Secrétan collection. He attempted, too, to get at the facts of the painter's life, at the dates of his birth, death, marriage, and so on. Here he met with but slight success, and the truth was only come at after his death. It is to him, nevertheless, that the present fame of Vermeer—of Van der Meer of Delft, as most people still call him—is due, and the consideration that, had the French critic never lived, the devoted students who have sprung up since his day would certainly have done his work, should not lessen our gratitude.

I have said that Thoré did not throw much light on the painter's career. For a time it was believed that Vermeer had died in Amsterdam in 1695 or 1696. At a sale held in the Dutch capital in the latter year, twenty-one pictures by him, including some of his finest works, were put up to auction. The conclusion was jumped to that this must have been a sale of Vermeer's effects. And yet evidence existed which contradicted that assumption. The French traveller, Balthazar de Monconys, who visited Delft in 1665, records that he went to see 'Vermer,' and that the painter's vogue was so great that he had no works of his own in his studio. To see one he had to go to a neighbouring baker, who possessed a single figure for which he had paid the very high price of six hundred livres (then about 30*l.*). This story, which there was no reason to doubt, should have been enough to discredit the notion that the sale of 1696 was a *vente après décès*. The truth is that Johannes Vermeer was born at Delft on the 31st of October, 1632; that he was married, also at Delft, on the 5th of April, 1653; that he was inscribed on the guild books of St. Luke, as a master, on the 29th of December, in the same year; that in 1662–3 and 1670–1 he was *hooftmann*, or dean, of the guild; and that he was buried in the Oude Kerk on the 13th of December, 1675, having reached an age of no more than forty-three years and a few months. He left eight children, all minors. These facts have been got at through a careful examination of the guild books, parish books, and city archives of Delft, and are put beyond question by the mutual support which the various entries give to each other.

Another question with regard to Vermeer has not yet received a satisfactory answer. Who was his master? The last edition (1888) of the Amsterdam catalogue calls him plumply the pupil of Karel Fabritius, a theory which has, presumably, the support of Dr. Bredius. The chief objection to this idea is that so little affinity is to be traced between the two men. Slight as the difference was between their ages, Pieter de Hooghe seems to me more likely to have been Vermeer's real exemplar. He was born in 1630, and was consequently the senior by at least two years. He was certainly in Delft between 1653 and 1656, and may have been there from a boy for aught that is known. It is, at any rate, more probable that De Hooghe was Vermeer's master than that the case was reversed, while the similarity between the earlier manner of De Hooghe and the manner of Vermeer is too great to be accounted for by any assumption but that of an intimate connexion between the two.

M. Henri Havard suggests that the *maître en titre*, at least, of Vermeer may have been Leonard Bramer. Bramer was born at Delft in 1596, and there he seems to have founded the Guild of St. Luke. He passed his youth mainly at Rome, and was a member of the Dutch colony presided over by Adam Elzheimer. On his return to his native city, not

later than 1629, he was much employed on decorative works, some of which survive. He was buried on the 10th of February, 1674. So far there is nothing improbable in the hypothesis which would make Vermeer his pupil. No evidence that it was so, however, is to be found in his work. Bramer was a restless, showy painter, bringing all sorts of sheeny things on to his canvas, and betraying generally a somewhat Semitic taste. His touch was fat and fluttery, his sense of unity small, his power over light and shade considerable. Between his

THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO. BY VERMEER.
Engraved by permission from a photograph by V. A. Heck, of Vienna.

art and that of Vermeer's it would not be easy to trace even the likeness given by a common centre of activity.

A good many of Vermeer's pictures are signed, the signatures ringing the changes on 'J. V. M.,' 'J. Ver Meer,' 'J. M.,' and a 'J. Meer,' in which the middle of the M is made to act also as a V, the last-named being the most frequent. But only one, so far as I can discover, is dated, namely, the large *Bei der Kupplerin* at Dresden. This bears the year, 1656, beneath the signature, and therefore gives us some clue as to which was the first among the painter's manners. To about the same period belongs the production known as *La Dormeuse*, now in the collection of M. Rudolph Kann, of Paris. Both show the unmistakable influence of De Hooghe, and support my contention as to the part played by that master. The general tone is warmer, the brushing broader and more

feathery, the sense of atmosphere more insistent, than in pictures belonging to what I look upon as the next stage in Vermeer's development. Of this the finest examples known to me are the *Laitière* of the Six Collection; the *View of Delft*, in the Hague Museum; and the *Soldier and the Laughing Girl*, belonging to Mr. S. Joseph (see plate). In these pictures and in others of the same period—such as the *Girl reading a Letter*, at Dresden—the transparent impasto and feathery breadth of brushing that we see in the larger canvas at Dresden and in M. Kann's *Dormeuse*, have disappeared, to give place to a solid impasto, to a fat, staccato touch, to a warmth won by the use of optical contrasts rather than by transparent glazes. In the *View of Delft* the new method is used with extraordinary skill. The foreground is still broad almost to emptiness, but the town beyond the canal is built up with a hand that never falters, guided by an eye that never shrinks. The breadths of red roof, of yellow and purple brick, of green foliage peeping over garden walls, the shadows sleeping in the drowsy canals, and the blinding sunlight—playing here upon the pinnacles of Nieuwe Kerk, and there upon a salient gable—are set down with a combination of frankness and instinctive selection to which the whole range of Dutch art scarcely affords a parallel. It is the same with the other two pictures. The *Laitière* is the last word of simplicity. A cook pours milk from one vessel into another in a room which may be a larder. Nothing could be more actual. Not a touch upon the panel but is governed by loyalty to truth, but neither is there a touch which fails to contribute to that unity which is art. Even finer, in some ways, is Mr. Joseph's picture. Here the painter has ventured upon a *tour de force*. Instead of putting his figures nearly in the same plane, and almost equally removed from his eye, he has set the man about half-way between the spectator, if he stands properly, and the woman. The consequent suddenness of perspective helps the arabesque and gives extraordinary depth to the composition, but it makes the whole problem a much harder one to solve. However, Vermeer has triumphed over the difficulty. Neither in his own work nor in that of any rival would it be easy to find a more perfect figure than that of the young woman who smiles over her wineglass, and lays her hand, palm significantly upwards, before her gallant visitor.

What I take to be Vermeer's third and last manner is infinitely less attractive than his second. It is characterised by extreme breadth and sureness of handling, by a thin impasto without a sign of loading, and by a coldness of colour which occasionally ends in discord. The chief example of this period is the large picture in the collection of Count Czernin, at Vienna, which is here reproduced (page 25). This I have heard called the masterpiece of Vermeer; but compared with either of the three pictures named above, I confess it leaves me cold. The passionate sincerity which is their characteristic here gives place to delight in skill. All sorts of technical difficulties are met and overcome. The outline of the chief head, for instance, is entirely lost on one side, and yet the relief against the distant map is perfect. But one cannot look at the picture without feeling that as Vermeer's skill grew his passion cooled. It has come to this, that he renders rather than creates, that his sense of what things are is overborne by his interest in how they look. His *fillette qui rit* lives, his *modèle qui pose* does nothing but pose. But after all is said, the Czernin picture remains a great work. So does the Brunswick *Mädchen mit dem Weinglase* (page 27), and so do several more Vermeers of the same period. Now and then, however, in these later years he becomes positively disagreeable. At the Loan Exhibition held by the 'Pulchri Studio' Society at the Hague last summer, there was a small interior from the collection of Mr. J. F. van Lennep, of Amsterdam, in which the smooth thinness of the impasto, and the doubtful harmony of the blues, greens, and reds, produced anything but a satisfactory impression. These discords in colour, are partly due, no doubt, to the disappearance of some yellow pigment used to warm those tints which now seem coldest. The peccant material was probably what we call Dutch pink; to its unstable character most of the cold blues we see so often in Dutch

flower pictures are due. Of all Vermeers, I think the bluest I ever saw is the little picture of a woman at a window with a jug and basin, which has passed from the possession of Lord Powerscourt into that of Mr. Marquand. It now hangs, I believe, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It is a masterpiece of composition and chiaroscuro.

Vermeers are very scarce in this country. There is one at Windsor, hung so high that it is very difficult to see. The subject is *A Music Lesson*. Mr. C. H. Bischoffsheim has

GIRL WITH A WINEGLASS. BY VERMEER.

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another version of the same subject. In the collection of the late Sir Richard Wallace there are two pictures which some connoisseurs give to Vermeer. Both are catalogued as De Hooghes. I have not seen them. Some years ago a large signed picture of an old woman spinning was in London; what has become of it I do not know. At Deepdene there is a small interior ascribed to Vermeer, but so covered with perished varnish that it is impossible to give a decided opinion about it. Finally, there is the picture reproduced in our plate, *Le Soldat et la Fillette qui rit*, as it is called in France. So long as it remains here every one who wishes to fully understand the prowess of Vermeer will have to make a pilgrimage to London.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

HADDON HALL

I

WHEN the Derbyshire Wye has pursued its winding way from its source in the millstone grit, and between the wooded steeps and precipitous limestone cliffs that curb and shape its course towards Bakewell, the hills on either bank recede, and the river flows through pleasant alluvial meadows, overlooked by occasional rocky scars, and by woods of fir, ash, beech, and oak, to its confluence with the Derwent at Rowsley. Some two miles below Bakewell, shortly before the stream of the Lathkil comes down from its enchanting valley on the right, with its narrow tributary, the Bradford, to swell the waters of the Wye, the limestone crops out as a platform on the opposite bank, and there, half-concealed by the umbrageous woodland, stand the time-worn towers and walls of Haddon. Whether we approach the spot from the direction of Rowsley or of Bakewell, the prospect can scarcely be surpassed in its kind, either for the wondrous grouping of the grey towers and battlements on the slope of the hill, or for the rich beauties of the varied foliage on the height beyond, and the flower-decked meads and pellucid stream below. These charms of a truly English landscape, and an old English mansion, have long had, and must continue to have, a spell of fascination for the artist and the lover of the picturesque; but it is not only for them that visitors come in a ceaseless stream to Haddon. What other place can wake such impressions of old-time greatness touched by the witchery of bygone romance? It is here—better, perhaps, than in any other spot in England—that we can grasp the conditions of life of the mediaeval and Tudor gentleman. The long line of the Vernons passes before us. We witness them, generation by generation, adding to the majestic pile; the vacant chambers are peopled with stately ladies and mail-clad knights, the bowmen are ranged in the courtyard, and the sentinel keeps watch from the tower. We see the knight in anxious deliberation on questions of State, and wonder what answer shall be returned to the King-maker's letter. We partake of the bounteous hospitality of the King of the Peak, as many strangers have done before, bethinking ourselves anon of his daughter, fair Dorothy, and how that Manners is concealed in the woods, watching the light in her chamber. Then the sounds of revelry strike upon the ear, the door opens and she steals down the steps, and presently we hear the clang of hoofs upon the road. It is, indeed, such impressions as these that have given to the external beauties of Haddon Hall the additional charm of legend, poetry, and romance, and have contributed to make it a place to which visitors from afar will always delight to come.

Although the various parts of the celebrated hall have been built at widely different periods, and upon a sloping and irregular rocky platform, its plan is very easy to understand, and it may be well, at the outset, to explain the disposition of the buildings as clearly as may be. They surround two courtyards—the lower one, to the west, on the river front, and the upper one, separated from the first by the great hall and domestic offices, rising

up to the east on the hillside behind it. The visitor enters the lower quadrangle at its north-western angle, placing his foot, as he passes the postern, in a hole which has been worn deeply by unnumbered strangers before him. He notices, on his right, beneath the archway, the porter's room, with a bedstead that may well have kept that functionary wakeful; and beyond it, still on the right-hand and western side, the so-called Chaplain's Room—with its hunting-horn, old musket, seventeenth-century boots, service of pewter platters, and other miscellaneous contents—as well as two other chambers, before the domestic chapel is reached. This edifice occupies the south-western angle, and extends about half-way up the southern side of the lower courtyard. Being not at right angles with the other portions of this quadrangle, it gives, with its picturesque bell-turret, a pleasing variety

to the buildings within; and, externally, its east window, and the angles of its chancel and southern aisle, with the heavy buttress at the western end, add materially to the picturesque effect of the hall. The chapel, moreover, contains, with some of the foundation walls, the oldest portions of the edifice, and the round column and chalice-like font are anterior, perhaps, to the coming of the Vernons to Haddon. The south side of the western quadrangle is completed by a range of constructions, including passages to the private apartments, and a turret stair to the battlemented wall; and leading up to the doorway is a flight of steps—added in the sixteenth century—which projects into the area of the courtyard. This space is further broken up by the three steps which extend across it from north to south, dividing it into an upper and a lower platform. Standing upon the slight elevation thus gained, the chapel, the buildings opposite on the western side, the entrance gateway, with the very curious corbelling and constructive ties over it in the angle, and the offices on the western side, with the turret, have a most pleasing and varied effect.

The main block of buildings, lying between the two quadrangles, is now entered by the porch, which leads into a lobby or passage separating the great hall on the right from the kitchen and its offices on the left. This arrangement was general in mediaeval dwelling-

places, and may be seen in many of the timber manor-houses of Lancashire and Cheshire, where, as we see it at Haddon, the Minstrels' Gallery is usually over the entrance passage, at the end of the hall opposite to the daïs. At Haddon, the table at the upper end still remains, supported on its three pedestal legs, and we think of the time when the King of the Peak held festival there, as we look upon its time-worn board. It is to be observed that the constructional conditions of the hall rendered it impossible to add the great bay, which was a chief feature of mediaeval banqueting-rooms — one that may be seen in its perfection in the magnificent, but roofless, hall of Wingfield, a few miles away. In the manor-houses of Lancashire and Cheshire, to which allusion has been made, the withdrawing-room lies in general immediately behind the great hall, and adjacent to the daïs, but at Haddon we find, in that position, a private dining-room, with a fine recessed window; and the drawing-room, which is above it, is approached by a flight of stone steps. The drawing-room at Haddon is a beautiful tapestried chamber, with fine views from its bay window over the gardens and down the valley of the Wye; and from it access is had to the Earl's Bedroom and the Page's Room. On the other side of the lobby from which the hall is entered is a sloping passage leading down to the kitchen, with its huge fireplace and curious culinary appliances, and other doors from the same passage open into the buttery, wine-cellar, and sundry offices. The great hall, and the domestic offices described, complete the enclosure of the first courtyard, and form the western side of the second. The northern side of this upper quadrangle is formed of a series of small chambers; and a staircase from the hall-passage leads up to the quaint tapestried rooms above them, which, if tradition may be believed, were the nursery and the rooms of Dorothy Vernon, of Lady Cranborne, daughter of John Manners, eighth Earl of Rutland, and of Roger Manners, whom we shall speak of later. By the same staircase from the passage, access is had to the Minstrels' Gallery, as well as to the gallery on the eastern side of the hall (a later addition), which brings the visitor to the top of the stone steps by which the drawing-room is reached. At that place are the segmental steps of solid oak, whereby the magnificent Long Gallery or Ballroom is entered. This great chamber, which is a chief glory of Haddon, will be alluded to later. It occupies the whole length of the southern side of the upper courtyard, and projects picturesquely at its eastern end upon the terrace, where a window affords a view of the winter garden towards Dorothy Vernon's Walk. From the Long Gallery a door leads into the range of buildings enclosing the second quadrangle on its eastern side. These are the anteroom, with Dorothy Vernon's Steps leading down to the Terrace; the State Bedroom, with its Gobelins tapestry, its strange bas-relief of *Orpheus taming the Beasts*, its huge bed and ancient hangings, and its mirror, called 'Queen Elizabeth's Looking-glass;' the Ancient Stateroom, a chamber coeval with the angle tower; and the little passage-room over the gateway—the original entrance to the castle — whence the winding-stair is reached, leading up to the Peveril Tower, which dominates the whole range of buildings. From this elevation the visitor sees the two courtyards below him, with the woods and terraces, and the upper and lower gardens on the south side, as well as the way leading down to the footbridge over the Wye, and a fine prospect of the winding vale of that river, and of many a distant hill.

Having thus before us the general plan of the buildings of Haddon Hall, we may proceed to consider the historical, legendary, and other considerations to which the venerable edifice very naturally leads us. There have been those who have chosen to see, in the lower parts of its construction, the evidences of Saxon work, and, indeed, very likely Haddon was a location in Saxon times. However that may be, we find it mentioned in Domesday Book as a berewick of the Manor of Bakewell, and the first possessor of whom we have authentic knowledge was that same William Peveril, a natural son of the Conqueror, to whom he granted 'Peveril's Place in the Peke,' and who also had custody of the Manor of Chatsworth. Thus,

The Drawing Room
Haddon Hall.

HADDON HALL

at this very early period, we find Haddon associated in ownership with two of the most interesting places in the Peak district. The Peverils did not long enjoy their possessions, for William Peveril, probably a grandson of the first possessor, having, it was alleged, poisoned Ranulph, Earl of Chester, who supported Matilda, took to ignominious flight in order to avoid punishment, and his possessions fell to Henry II. It is possible that some parts of the foundations of Haddon belong to the time of the Peverils, but, at any rate, the memory of their association with it is preserved in the name of the north-eastern tower. At the date of their fall, Haddon —or, to speak more precisely, Nether Haddon, for Over Haddon lies some two miles away on the hills—was held by William de Avenell in knight's-service, and the king thus became direct lord of his fee. Towards the close of the twelfth century, Haddon came to the Vernons by the marriage of Richard de Vernon with Avicia, a daughter and one of the co-heiresses of William de Avenell, the other being married to Sir Simon Bassett. This Richard de Vernon was descended from the Barons of Shipbroke, the first of whom, William de Vernon, came over with the Conqueror, and received his barony at the hands of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester. The Vernon name is derived from the Lordship which the family held in what is now the Department of the Eure and Arrondissement of Evreux.

Richard de Vernon clearly prized the place which Avicia de Avenell brought him, and his descendants were proud of their heritage both in blood and possessions from her family, for the Avenell arms appear with the Vernon fret in many parts of the building. We have no means of knowing what edifices then stood on the site of Haddon Hall, but no sooner had Richard de Vernon come into his possessions than he exerted his influence to procure a licence from the Regent, John, Earl of Moreton, afterwards King John, to build round them a wall twelve feet high, which was to be without 'kernell' or 'crenelle' (embrasures and loopholes) or battlements. It is obvious that Haddon was not a strong defensive position — and it is believed never to have been attacked — inasmuch as it is dominated by the hills behind, and holds no such commanding height as the early castle-builders were always careful to select. Richard de Vernon's curtain wall was not intended to enable him to resist a regular siege, but was merely a protection against lawless raids. The original instrument by which he was permitted to build it is preserved at Belvoir, and was exhibited to the members of the British Archaeological Association by the Duke of Rutland, when he received them at Haddon in 1851. The disposition of the present buildings at the Hall is doubtless in a large measure due to the line taken by Richard de Vernon's wall, of which portions still remain at the base of the walls in several places. The chapel stood then, as now, at

the south-western angle, and it may be that its round column, the south aisle with its lancet windows, and the font, are the work of this first possessor of the Vernon name, though at the same time it must be allowed that these portions may very well be of earlier date.

This Richard de Vernon left an only daughter and heiress, who married one Gilbert le Franceys—a Frenchman, we assume—and their son, Richard le Franceys, came, happily, to be called Vernon. He married Mary, the daughter of Robert, Baron of Stockport, and died in 1296. His descendant, Sir Richard de Vernon, married the daughter and co-heiress of William de Camville, and their son again, William de Vernon, married another heiress in the person of Joan, the daughter of Rhees ap Griffith. We see thus far, and we shall see further, how, by marrying heiresses, the Vernons of Haddon became enriched, and it is gratifying to find, at the same time, that they went on adding to and beautifying their ancestral pile. Before the death of William de Vernon much had been done to the works at Haddon. The middle block of buildings had been erected, doubtless upon the site of older structures, including the great hall and offices. This hall represents very well, in its general features, the type of a mediaeval banqueting-room. The open roof, be it remembered, is bare, and despoiled of some of its garnishments, the window in the southern gable is not an original feature, and the chamber has lost something of its spaciousness through the erection of the longitudinal gallery, which was put up to give easy communication between the upper floors of the north and south ranges. When the huge chimney-stack, which is a conspicuous feature externally in the lower courtyard, had been erected, we can well imagine that the hall was alight with a great fire in the winter-time, and that, when the walls were hung with arras, and the floor provided with rushes and rugs, there was much comfort for the household at their assembling there. We can picture the lord and his family at the high table on the daïs, and the retainers seated below, while the servants hurried up that sloping passage with steaming dishes from the kitchen. We are a little apt, perhaps somewhat unjustly, to suppose that the jovial hospitality of our mediaeval ancestors was rude and uncouth of its kind; and every guide-book to Haddon will tell us of a curious kind of lock, with something of the character of a manacle, affixed to the oaken screen at the lower end of the hall, in which, as we are assured, the hands were held of those who did scant justice to the bibulous hospitality of their hosts, while ale or some other liquid was poured down their sleeves. It will appear, however, upon inspection that this lock is somewhat awkwardly placed for the strange purpose described, and, much as he may shrink from discrediting legend, the judicious visitor may be permitted to suppose that the lock in question had perhaps some other and simpler use than the one attributed to it.

During the same period, or, we may say, before the year 1350, the great kitchen which we now see, with its offices, had been erected—perhaps the great salting-trough, the chopping-block, and other appliances which modern visitors marvel at, are as old—and much work had been done in the upper court, including the building of the Peveril Tower and other adjacent chambers, as well, probably, as others on the south side, where the Long Gallery now stands. The chapel also had been reconstructed, and of the work of that date now remaining are the two arches of the narrow north aisle, and the three-light west window with trefoil heads, which has been described as affording a fine example of solid plate-tracery (Parker's 'Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages').

The son of William Vernon was Sir Richard Vernon, who was born in 1312 and died in 1377. He married the sister and heiress of Sir Fulke de Pembrugge or Pembridge, Lord of Tonge in Shropshire, who brought great possessions to her husband, and he is hence often described as Sir Richard Vernon of Pembrugge, or even as Sir Richard de Pembrugge. Like his ancestors, he continued the works at Haddon, and, in particular, erected the present battlemented porch by which the hall is entered, with its charming two-light window in the upper chamber, and above the arched doorway may be seen the shields of Vernon and Pembrugge,

which he placed there. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Richard, who died in 1401; and he, again, by his son, another Sir Richard Vernon, who married Benedicta, the daughter of Sir John Ludlow of Hodnet. This Sir Richard was a notable man in his time — Speaker in the Parliament at Leicester in 1426, Treasurer of Calais, and Captain of Rouen. It would seem, also, that he was somewhat arbitrary in his proceedings as Steward of the King's Forest in the Peak, for, as appears by a recent Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, a long series of complaints was made against him or his servants about the year 1401. The chief work attributed to him at Haddon is the building of the present chancel of the chapel, which has a fine Perpendicular east window of five lights, with intersecting tracery springing from the trefoil above the middle one. Much good stained glass was mysteriously stolen from the chapel early in the present century, but there are remains of the ancient glazing of the east window, at the foot of which may be read a solicitation for prayers for the souls of this Richard Vernon and his wife, with the date, 1427. It has often been stated that the Vernon who takes a notable part in Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.,' having his head struck off after the battle of Shrewsbury, was a Vernon of Haddon; but, inasmuch as the battle was fought in 1403, and one Sir Richard died in 1401, while his successor lived long years after, this would seem to be an error. Yet it is certain that many of the Derbyshire gentry fought in that memorable battle, and the effigy of one of them — a neighbour of the lords of Haddon — Sir Thomas Wendesley or Wensley, who was mortally wounded there, may be seen in the church at Bakewell.

The eldest son of the Treasurer of Calais was Sir William Vernon, who married Margaret, the daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Pype, of Spernore, through whom he acquired possession of that lordship, but he was buried at Tonge, in Shropshire. He, too, continued the works upon the chapel at Haddon, and appears to have built the bell-turret, which is a picturesque feature of the lower courtyard. The Pype arms may be seen in the south window of the chancel, and, with those of Pembrugge, carved on the oaken vestment-chest at the west end of the church, as well as in other parts of the Hall. It remains for us to speak of the later buildings of Haddon, of the attitude of the Vernons during the Wars of the Roses, and their position in the days of the Tudors, how the 'King of the Peak' held festival there, and how his heritage passed to the house of Manners, with many interesting particulars touching the members of that family, and their association with the great possessions that fell to them.

JOHN LEYLAND.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

II.—*Painting; the Observation of Contemporary Life*

THE art of the painter has this in common with the art of the novelist, that whatever may be its excursions in the regions of history or poetry, its first exercises must always be in the representation of the life which the student can see with his own eyes. Even when a painter like Paul Baudry decorates a great opera-house with allegorical figures, all the knowledge that he is able to put into his designs, and without which they would be empty and valueless, is derived from the patient study of the living model; and when a novelist like Flaubert attempts the revival of the past in a laborious work of reconstruction like 'Salammbô,' whatever vitality such a creation may possess is really derived from the observation which is more visible to the ordinary reader in a study of his own times like 'Madame Bovary.' The whole truth about the relation of Art to Nature may be expressed in a very few words. Art derives all its suggestions and all its science from Nature, but it makes use of them with a certain liberty that is indispensable to the exercise of either taste or invention. There is no hope for a school that is blind to the interest of the common world; there can only be a vague and distant prospect of true success for a school that binds itself down to the literal copyism of nature; but there is every chance of success for a school that keeps up at the same time a lively interest in the life around it and the love of culture, that is, an intelligent deference for the artistic experience of the past. Now, although we cannot speak justly in the same terms of all contemporary French artists, some of whom are much more observant of contemporary life than others, the truth still remains that many active and well-known members of the younger French school seem to be always looking about them for what is interesting in work and in leisure, in dress, incident, and behaviour. There might have been a tendency to notice only those varieties of human labour already illustrated and recognised by great artists. For example, ploughing with oxen is ancient, Virgilian, and poetical. The ruder the implement and the harness, the more primitive the costume of the peasant, the more poetical the subject becomes. Would any artist venture on such a subject as steam-ploughing? A modern Frenchman would be likely to attempt it if he could see his way to make the subject artistically interesting. I remember a picture of a mowing machine, not without some freshness of interest in the seat or perch of the driver, really much safer than it looks; and I have a recollection, too, of a modern threshing machine in a picture, interesting by the atmospheric effects of its smoke and steam and its clouds of dust, as well as humanly interesting from the sustained and feverish activity of the vigorous rustics who served it. The slow advance of the irresistible steam-roller on a public road, with its herald marching in advance to announce its coming, and the frightened horses that it meets, is also possible as a subject, being very expressive as an example of weight and force; whilst of all human contrivances that which best expresses speed is evidently an express train. In the Salon of 1887 there was a picture by M. Ferré representing the rapid passage of such a train through a quiet potato-field, the peasant-women pausing in their work to look at it. Here is a much stronger contrast than any that was within the reach of painters in the eighteenth century. The slow monotony of peasant-life is suddenly intruded upon for half a minute by the rush of the locomotive. Here, the quiet, almost mindless labour; there, the triumphant result of science and skill,

strong as a thousand horses, swift as an eagle on the wing. Here, in the field, the plodding, ancient ways; there, in the train, the arts, the wealth, the luxury of Paris, whirled past to some distant capital. It will be found, I imagine, in most things, that whilst old methods of work are more picturesque than those of the modern time, they are often less impressive. An armourer of the fifteenth century making a helmet or a breastplate is undoubtedly an excellent subject for painting, but though we may admire his skill, his work does not convey so striking an idea of human power as the forging of armour for an iron-clad. The tools used in modern metallurgy are so tremendous, and the disciplined unity of action amongst the workmen has to be so perfect, that the mind is overawed by them, and, so far, they are highly favourable to art. The only remaining question is whether the effects of light and the qualities of colour in scenes of this kind are such as an artist cares for. Certainly I have witnessed effects, both at Sheffield and at the Creusot, that would have delighted Rembrandt and exercised his utmost power. The chiaroscuro abounds in powerful oppositions, and the colour, in sombre hues, is full of richness and depth, bursting into sudden occasional splendour in the glow of the furnace light. A scene of this kind was truthfully and energetically painted by M. Rixens in his *Laminage de l'Acier* (steel-rolling), in the Salon of 1887. For the quality of unity no better subject could be found, because the men are all working together, in eager excitement, for one and the same purpose, and animated by a common thought. There is less excitement and not quite so much unity of action, though equal unity of idea, in M. E. Chaperon's picture of a military bakery, *Le Pain de Munition*, in the Salon of 1888.

THE EXPRESS. BY M. FERRÉ.

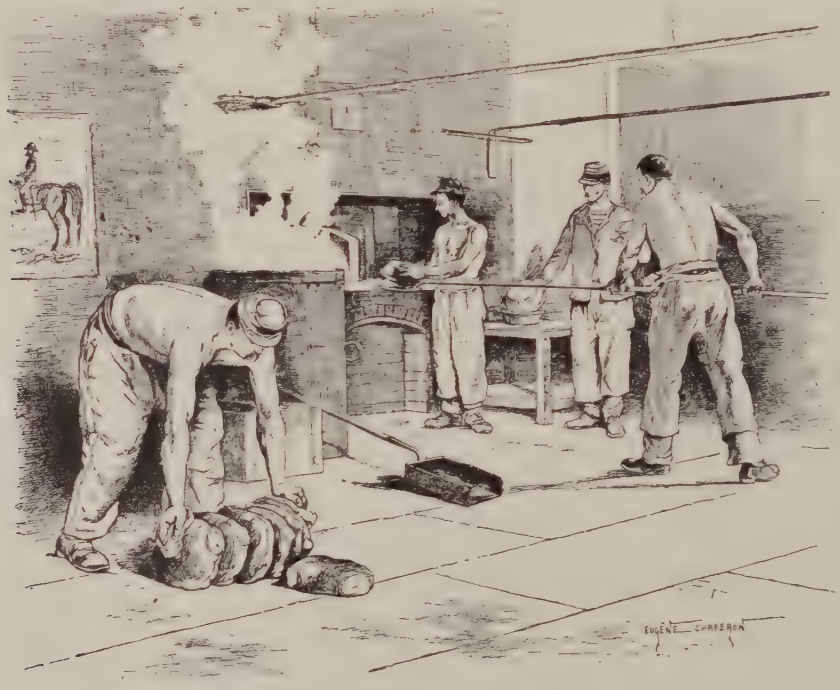
Another work by the same artist, *La Douche au Régiment* (1887), showed how French soldiers follow the healthy practice of washing each other with a powerful jet of water from a hose, as if they were extinguishing a fire. These pictures are entirely modern, and show truthfully the more prosaic aspects of military life; and here I may notice a tendency in the modern school to illustrate military life as it is in those details which require ordinary patience, and afford no opportunity for display. This is only one more proof of that remarkable sobering of the French mind which has resulted partly from the war of 1870 and partly from increased political experience.

The antagonism that used to exist between science and the fine arts appears to have given place to a certain degree of sympathy. For several years past there has been evidence in the Salon of an increasing interest in the work of surgeons, chemists, anatomists, and students of natural history. It seems almost as if Art were turning her back on her own domain of beauty, to look consciously over the wall that separates it from her sister's domain of knowledge. This curiosity seems to have answered to a corresponding curiosity in the public mind, as many of these pictures of scientific work have excited much interest and have been widely disseminated in black and white. They seem all to have one characteristic in common, which I take to be due to the contagion of the scientific spirit—a remarkable exactness of representation. A picture by M. Brouillet attracted great attention in the Salon

of 1887. It was entitled, *A Clinical Lesson at the Salpêtrière*, and represented a woman in a fit, with Dr. Charcot lecturing to his pupils on the nature and symptoms of the attack. Nothing

STEEL-ROLLING. BY M. RIXENS.

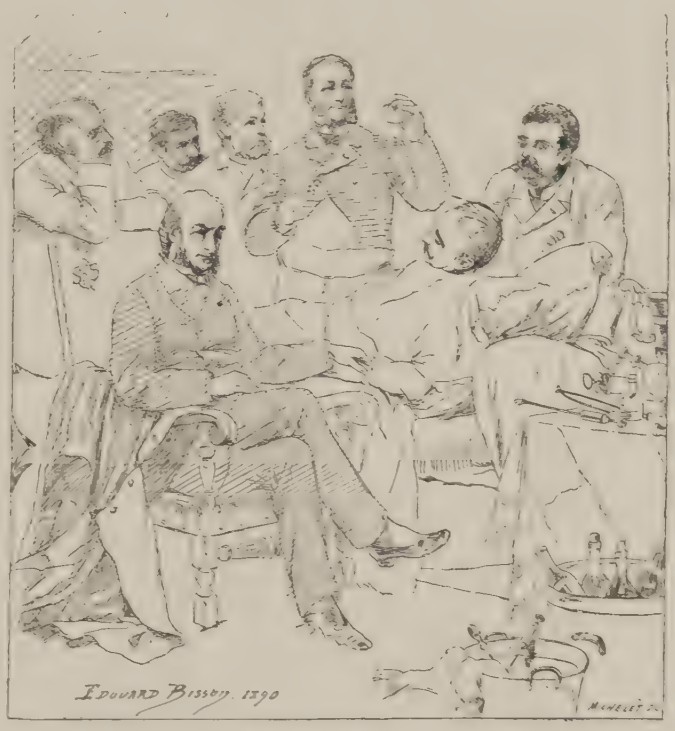
was more curious in that work than the extreme and equal care bestowed upon the most commonplace details of costume and building, in themselves not worth an artist's attention for a



LE PAIN DE MUNITION. BY M. E. CHAPERON.

moment, yet deriving an adventitious importance from the spectator's interest in the dreadful place and in the terrible maladies that are treated there. Many other pictures of the same class have appealed during the last few years to the public desire for veracity. I happened to visit a lunatic asylum a few days before writing this page, and the pitiable inmates in the garden

—free, yet carefully watched—reminded me strongly of the famous picture by J. Béraud, *Les Fous*, in the Salon of 1885. That picture represented the grounds of an asylum, with fifteen or twenty lunatics busying themselves aimlessly, or stopping suddenly, as they will, in profound if profitless meditation. The foreground figure was especially striking—a man in a frock-coat, the pockets of it stuffed with papers of vast importance to him; his arms folded; his gaze wandering over the enclosure with an air of conscious superiority. There was little aesthetic pleasure or charm, but an unflinching truthfulness, even in the careful painting of the thin tree-stems, the low walls, and the sanded walk. It is the same with all these modern French pictures of pathological or even only scientific subjects—they are invariably quiet, painstaking, unpretending, and the artists appear to accept even the most unpromising material that can be found in the plainest buildings. M. Dagnan-Bouveret painted a *Vaccination*—women bringing children to be vaccinated in some country *mairie*. Nothing in this work seemed to be embellished—the story was told so simply, and the painter had not sought for the rural picturesque—yet the picture produced its effect, and was followed by others, such as M. Scalbert's *Vaccination gratuite à Paris*, in the Salon of 1890, painted exactly on the same principles. Three or four years previously M. Gueldry chose to paint the interior of the municipal laboratory in Paris, which is much less elegant than an ordinary chemist's shop, but, I believe, he omitted nothing. M. Laurent Gsell exhibited in 1890 *Une Leçon de Manipulation chimique à la Faculté de Médecine*, the lesson being given in a remarkably unpicturesque interior. There have been many other pictures of this class, all descended from the *Anatomical Lessons*, which began to be painted when artists took an interest in dissection; but there is this difference, that whilst a painter like Rembrandt thought about art in the treatment of such a subject, these modern Frenchmen appear to think only of veracity. The picture by M. Bisson, *After the Operation*, exhibited last year, is, however, composed with a degree of care that reminds us of old-fashioned ideas. The group is extremely natural, yet any one who is accustomed to artistic arrangements will find them, not only in the figures, but in all the accessories as well.



AFTER THE OPERATION. BY M. BISSON.

The secret of the interest of these pictures, which are popular enough to be regularly reproduced in the illustrated newspapers, is that people like to see the doings of scientific men who usually work in privacy, and they have a curiosity about such places as lunatic asylums which the picture satisfies without requiring them to visit the unpleasant places themselves. The public have faith, too, in the veracity and observation of the artist when he represents what he has seen and studied on the spot, so that these works command a degree of credence which is never quite accorded to pictures representing another age. This desire for veracity in the public, and readiness to satisfy it in the artist, are, however, more

favourable to honesty in study than to the exercise of invention and imagination, or even to manual power in the technical art of painting. Works of this class are usually observant but without invention, and although their execution is painstaking in the extreme, as all execution must be when simple truth is the object, whilst there is no shirking of tasks that are at the same time difficult and artistically unrewarding, still this careful conscientious work is not in itself delightful. There is, at least for me, more ocular pleasure in the tender and graceful execution of some little landscape sketched in oil from nature by Isenbart, a painter not yet famous, but gifted with an exquisite sense of landscape beauty, than in many of those scientific figure-pictures whose photographic veracity appears to satisfy the public. I fully believe, however, that this very truthful art will leave works of enduring interest as a representation of our time, and that future generations will find in them the same value, as records, that Dutch works of the seventeenth century have for us. The essential difference is, that whilst Dutch art was not always beautiful it was, at least, almost invariably picturesque and made pleasant to the eye by the charms of light-and-shade, colour, and execution. The picture by M. Victor Marec in the Salon of 1888, '*Ici on est mieux qu'en face*,' is a good subject for comparison with Dutch art. It is like a page out of a realistic French novel. A party of working people have been to a funeral; they have just left the cemetery and have stopped to refresh themselves in a *cabaret* opposite the gates. They are in their Sunday clothes, and yet their class is as accurately marked as it could be if Daudet reported their conversation. The human interest is deeper, too, than it would have been in an old Dutch picture. There is much pathos in the solitary grief of the elderly woman in the foreground, who sits silently thinking of the dead whilst her neighbour in a big shawl has fixed her eye upon her, not very delicately perhaps, yet seriously and not without sympathy. The others talk with various degrees of animation, except a bearded man in a soft hat who leans his chin upon his hand and meditates. The interior, the costumes, the furniture, are all absolutely unpicturesque. The square windows, the plain tables, the common rush-bottomed chairs, do not, altogether, offer as much artistic interest as a sawn barrel painted by Teniers, nor are all these vulgar wine-bottles worth a Dutchman's jug of ale. The interest here is human and dramatic rather than pictorial, and when I see a picture of this kind hung on the walls of an exhibition and the people interested in it, as they naturally are, by the life in it and the contrast with death in the cemetery, I cannot help thinking of the disastrous effect of such a picture in any gallery already rich in works artistically of a higher kind. Yet the work is perfectly blameless from a moral point of view, and there is more intellect in it than in many a thing of beauty which its owner cherishes as a joy for ever. It is a result less of art than of photographic and literary influences.

In the Salon of 1887 there was a picture of ordinary life by M. Fourié, entitled *A Wedding Feast at Yport*, representing one of those provincial wedding breakfasts that last interminably in the lower middle classes. This time the feast is spread in the open air amongst the trees of a garden, and one of the men sits at ease in his shirt-sleeves, whilst another in the same costume is clinking glasses with a lady. The picture was quite true to the kind of life it represented, and was a very effective specimen of what has been called 'democratic art.' The best art of this kind shows the people fairly as they are, without either exaggerating vulgarity by caricature, or lending to ordinary folks an ideal refinement and distinction that they do not in reality possess. M. Fourié's picture was one of the successes of its year amongst the 'democratic' works, and it had some definite artistic qualities, for although the forms of the people were necessarily and representatively commonplace, the scene gained a certain brilliance by the skilful opposition of lights and darks, and the place represented was not without some pleasantness and beauty. The artist,

too, had worked in a right temper, not being contemptuous in his treatment of the uncultivated class.

This kind of painting, satisfied with the representation of everyday life exactly as it is and without ideal aspiration, has the same right to exist that we all accord to simple and truthful prose, but if it were to become predominant in a school there would be little hope of artistic pre-eminence. There is in the French school an intermediate class of work that takes its place between commonplace realism and the artistic ideal. M. Geoffroy appears to be one of the best and artistically most successful of those painters who observe nature closely without forgetting the culture or losing sight of the aspirations of an artist. His sympathy with children is a great help to the human interest of his pictures. In the Universal Exhibition of 1889 there was a delightful picture by him showing us eighteen

A WEDDING FEAST AT YPORT. BY M. FOURIÉ.

or twenty little boys diligently at work during their writing lesson. There they were, busy as in life, and in the manner peculiar to children, with their own ways of holding the head and the pen, or in the case of the smaller boys the slate-pencil. The artist had reserved for himself certain rights of arrangement in costume and attitude so as to obtain effective contrasts, to break the monotony of a line, and to gain variety of individual manners in the monotony of an identical occupation. Another very charming work by the same artist was *The Lavatory at the Maternal School*, exhibited at the Salon of 1885. The washing-basins are fixed in a low table in the middle of the room, and the children are already washing or waiting for their turn, watched over by two mistresses. The picture was prettily conceived and as well and carefully composed, though without any ostentation of art, as if it had been an illustration of some classical or biblical subject. Even in the pathetic picture of *Visiting Day at the Hospital* (1889), though the materials are simple in the extreme, and even unpromising, they are arranged with an artist's taste. Observe the use of the *table de nuit* on the left and also of the curtains to frame the pretty distance where a sister is kissing her little brother. I need not expatiate on the quiet weariness of the nearer invalid, calm but languid and not equal to much talking or animation. M. Geoffroy's sympathy with the young is powerfully shown in the picture

in the Luxembourg *Les Infortunés*, of which a careful etching by M. Damman accompanies this chapter. The poor children here have been bred in the worst of sanitary conditions, they have been badly lodged in foul air with insufficient food, and they are in a very low physical state, marked most observedly and minutely by the artist. Still, in order that our sympathy might not be interfered with by repulsion, he has avoided the degenerate type of character. These poor children are not destined to be rascals or curses of society, but only sufferers, and perhaps a burden upon a world that has neglected to look to them in time. The delicate artistic sense of M. Geoffroy is shown as plainly in this picture as in the others that I have mentioned. If the subject is painful the presentation of it is attractive, and there is a quality in the painting itself that cannot be fully interpreted in another art.

VISITING DAY AT THE HOSPITAL. BY M. GEOFFROY.

Of all modern French painters it is certainly M. Pelez whose sympathy with the suffering classes expresses itself with the most poignant force. His picture, *Un Nid de Misère* (1887), seemed to me one of the most profoundly touching representations of poverty that I had ever seen. There is no single English word that translates *misère* exactly. It means the final state of utter wretchedness that is brought on by total destitution. A pen sketch gives some idea of the subject and motive, but the picture itself was as painfully affecting as a sight of the reality. It was appropriately sad in colour, and did not attempt to offer any pleasure to the eye, but there the poor children were, sleeping and forgetting for an hour the already grievous burden of existence. It is a burden that the strong, the clever, the resolute may bear with a triumphant sense of difficulty overcome, but it is a crushing weight on feeble shoulders like those of these poor weaklings. I believe there is no contemporary artist whose human sympathies are so profound or so constant as those of M. Pelez. Some of his pictures are liable, at first sight, to be misunderstood—their humane sentiment is not always obvious to the careless glance of a visitor to exhibitions, nor is it always explained by the title in the catalogue, but it is generally, if not invariably, the determining motive of the work.

'Democratic' art need not be confined to the poorer classes, for democracy is not the equivalent of poverty. The French democracy includes a well-to-do middle class, and also a rich mercantile and upper professional class that lives very comfortably and expensively without being aristocratic either in principles or aspirations. The ambition to belong to the aristocracy when one is not born in it is chiefly found amongst minor rural landowners; the rich middle

class is usually urban. M. Béraud seems to know that class as well as the easily accessible frequenters of the *brasseries*, or the bawling demagogues in the political clubs. He paints the crowded drawing-rooms of rich townspeople with the keenest observation and an incisive truth, not without a touch of satire, especially in his quiet refusal to help tailors and dressmakers to any further improvement of the human form. After looking at a few pictures by such artists as Béraud, Fourié, Chaperon, and Marec, a foreigner might know the external aspects and manners of the French democracy as if he had lived amongst it. One cannot affirm that it is a poetical democracy; it is, in reality, very matter-of-fact and prosaic, and it is not free from considerable faults and vices, but it has some virtues, too, the chief of which is industry, usually accompanied by a courageous and cheerful temper. It deserved, no doubt, to be celebrated in art, the only misfortune being that the more truthful these democratic pictures become, the less they satisfy the desires of the aesthetic sense.

UN NID DE MISÈRE. BY M. PELEZ.

P. G. Hamerton.

A CORNER OF PARIS

THE next turning on the left off the Rue Galande is the Rue du Fouarre, a street famous in the annals of learning. It was here that from the beginning of the thirteenth century stood the first schools of the four Nations (France, Normandy, England, and Picardy), which constituted the Faculty of Arts of the University of Paris. The street was in 1260 called the Rue des Ecoliers, then "des Écoles." Towards the end of the century it took the name of Rue du Feurre or Fouarre, from the straw (old French *feurre* or *fouarre*) sold here to the scholars, who spread it on the floor of the lecture-room to sit upon, the master alone having a wooden chair. This practice, which was in the beginning merely the ordinary custom of an age in which furniture was scant and carpets an unknown luxury even in the king's palace, came in time to be regarded as a symbol of humility on the part of the scholars and of respect for the masters. It received the approval of Pope Urban V. in 1366, and continued in vogue until a much later date. Whatever respect the scholars may have been forced by this uncomfortable custom to entertain for their masters they would seem to have had none for the 'sanctuaries of learning.' Jacques de Vitry, in his 'Histoire d'Occident,' has left us a vivid but far from edifying picture of student life in the thirteenth century, and of the scenes enacted on the ground floors of the schools while the masters were lecturing in the hall upstairs.

Amongst the motley crowd of students who in the thirteenth and following centuries flocked from every country in Europe to the French capital, many were doubtless true votaries of learning attracted to the *civitas philosophorum*, as Paris was proud to be termed by the fame of her schools and her masters. Quite as many, however, if not more, were attracted by the prospect of being able to lead unmolested a life of unbridled licentiousness, thanks to the privileges and immunities accorded to scholars by Philip Augustus and his successors. Our chronicler tells us that few clerks learned anything owing to the diversity of their opinions and their countries, moreover they were incessantly quarrelling. He goes on to give a curious list of the typical failings of the different races. To cite a few. The English, who head this list, are accused of being drunkards and cowards; the French, proud, soft (*mous*), and effeminate; the Germans, furious and foul-mouthed at table; the Lombards, avaricious, wicked, and cowardly; the men of Brabant, bloodthirsty, incendiaries, highwaymen, and thieves; the

Flemings, extravagant, fond of luxury and good feeding, debauched and dissolute.' More than a century later the general tone of the student-world would seem not to have improved much. In 1358 we find the University complaining to the Regent, afterwards Charles V., of the filthy condition of the Rue du Fouarre and of the bands of roysterers who burst into the schools at night and made the lecture-rooms the scene of their debauches. To put an end to this state of things the Regent ordered gates to be erected at each end of the street, to be closed at night by chains. We have seen of what international elements the schools of philosophy were composed. Amongst these elements the English formed a very strong if not the predominant one. The statutes of the University of Paris, founded by Philip Augustus in 1200, were drawn up by an Englishman, Robert Courson, in 1215. The English scholars were sufficiently numerous in the thirteenth century to give their name to a little street close to the Rue du Fouarre. The Rue des Anglais still exists under its old name, but, like the Rue du Fouarre, is destined ere long to disappear.

HOTEL COLBERT.

The English element, so strong in the thirteenth century, almost disappears in the following century. The dissensions that threatened the prosperity of Paris, the wars between England and France, the rapid rise of Oxford, all contributed to this change. Soon Oxford in her turn welcomes Norman and Gascon students to her lecture-halls. In the fifteenth century the nation d'Angleterre in the Faculty of Arts of the Rue du Fouarre gives place to the nation d'Allemagne.

The mere mention of the names of all the illustrious men who trod what during nearly five centuries was for Western Christendom literally the path of learning — the Rue du Fouarre — would fill a volume. To cite only some of the most famous names in the first two centuries, we find from Germany, Albert the Great; from Spain, Raymond Lully; from England, John of Salisbury, Becket, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, William Ockham; from Italy, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventura, Brunetto Latini, and Brunetto's more famous pupil, Dante, who here sat at the feet of Sigier of Brabant, a well-known doctor of philosophy of his day. Master and street have both been immortalised by the great poet's mention of them in the 'Divina Commedia:'

> 'Essa è la luce eterna di Sigieri
> Che leggendo nel vico degli strami
> Sillogizzo invidiosi veri.'—*Par.* x., 136.

In the seventeenth century the nations abandoned their old home in the Rue du Fouarre for the newly-founded Collége Mazarin. Subsequently the Collége St. Louis became the headquarters of the University. Thus, little by little the Rue du Fouarre was deserted by the 'gent écolière.'

The Collége de Picardie, however, existed here down to the end of the eighteenth century. Nowadays, the only thing to connect the street with education is an elementary school at No. 14.

Leaving the Rue du Fouarre, with its venerable souvenirs and its picturesque glimpse of Notre Dame, we continue along the Rue Galande, and reach in a few steps the Rue de l'Hotel Colbert on our left. This street, built at the same time as the Rue Galande, and like it on the Clos de Garlande, was originally called the Rue des Rats, until in 1829 the inhabitants petitioned that this plebeian name might be changed. It owes its present name to an hotel inhabited (some say built) by the great Colbert in the early years of his life. Over an arched entrance a marble slab still bears the inscription 'Hotel Colbert.' It is hard to realise that this dingy, dilapidated, old house was once the residence of the great minister of Louis XIV. Nowadays it looks more like a second-rate coaching inn. Passing under the arched entrance we find ourselves in a square courtyard, where hucksters put up their barrows, butcher-boys groom their horses, while cats, fowls, and children disport themselves on amicable terms in the dirt. Traces of former splendour still remain in some pseudo-classic bas-reliefs on the walls. The once fine stone staircase has preserved some bits of carving and a beautiful wrought-iron balustrade.

COURTYARD, HOTEL COLBERT.

What the Rue du Fouarre was to the Faculty of Arts the Rue des Rats was to the Faculty of Medicine. The first documents which mention the latter body date from the beginning of the thirteenth century. The Confrèrie des Chirurgiens was founded in 1278 by Pitaud, the King's surgeon. Less lucky, however, than the students of philosophy, the medical students did not possess a building of their own until the end of the fifteenth century. Before that time tradition says that some branches of medicine were treated of in regular courses in the Rue du Fouarre, but of this there is no documentary evidence. It was not until 1472 that the Faculty of Medicine, having received a bequest of 300 gold crowns from a certain Maître Despars, doctor of medicine, bought from the Chartreux a house at the corner of the Rue des Rats and the Rue de la Bûcherie. The necessary alterations were completed in 1477, and the Faculty held its first general meeting in the hall destined for that purpose in 1483. Some vestiges of this building, now converted into a washhouse, may still be seen. Portions of the columns which once supported the roof still remain, and at one end a wall pierced by ogival arches. On the outside two Latin inscriptions record the restoration of the building in 1648 and 1744. The amphitheatre has been turned into workmen's lodgings. Over a door is the shield of the Faculty and the inscription, 'Urbi et Orbi salus.'

The next turning on the left off the Rue Galande is the Rue Jacinthe, another of the streets built on the Clos de Garlande in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Almost opposite this street is the Rue des Anglais. The old habitat of the English scholars has

nothing now but its name to commend it to our notice. If we follow the Rue des Anglais it will lead us into the Rue Domat, formerly Rue des Plâtriers, where, at Nos. 20 and 22, are some traces of the old Collége de Cornouailles, founded in 1313, reconstituted in 1370. The statutes of this college, which received the sanction of the Bishop of Paris, are curiously characteristic of its Breton inmates. Five hundred years ago, as in our own day, a fondness for the bottle would seem to have been a conspicuous failing with this race. We find one clause in the statutes forbidding the bursars to make a habit of speaking Latin under penalty of half a pint of wine to the community. Other offences were subjected to penalties of a similar nature, varying in quantity. Returning to the Rue Galande, we have only a few steps to take along this street to find ourselves in the Place Maubert, an open triangular space bounded on one side by the Boulevard St. Germain.

STAIRCASE IN THE HOTEL COLBERT. FROM A DRAWING BY G. GRAHAME.

Historians of Paris long attributed the name of Maubert to a corruption of the name of Maître Albert, the celebrated doctor of Cologne, whose lectures attracted such crowds of students that no building was large enough to contain the audience, and consequently the courses had to be held in the open air. This derivation has been proved false, the Place Maubert, having been so called many years before Maître Albert came to Paris. Jaillor derives its name from Aubert, second abbot of Ste. Geneviève, who in 1210 allowed butchers' stalls to be set up on this ground, which formed part of the property of his Abbey. Like all the surrounding streets, the Place Maubert saw stirring scenes in the days of the League. Under the influence of the Faculty of Theology, the inhabitants of this quarter loudly and stoutly supported the League against the King. It was in the Place Maubert that on that memorable morning of May, 1588, the Leaguers raised the first of those barricades which sprang up all over the town, and gave their name to the date in history.

In our own day the Place Maubert is chiefly remarkable as being the centre of what may be called the second-hand tobacco trade. Who that knows Paris, or indeed any Continental town, has not noticed the tattered, half-starved individual who lingers round the *cafés*, with eyes fixed searchingly on the ground, ready to pounce on cast-away cigar and cigarette ends, or in the small hours of the morning pursues the same vocation more systematically along the gutters of fashionable thoroughfares, with a little lantern swinging at the end of a string in his left hand, a pronged stick in his right, and a basket on his back. You often wondered, perhaps, what became of these odds and ends of tobacco, and into whose pipe they found their way. The Place Maubert furnishes the answer. Here, any day between dawn and dusk, you may see numerous individuals of the afore-mentioned tattered and half-starved type retailing to the passing navvies, dustmen, or street-sweepers penny packets of pipe-tobacco—*i.e.*, chopped-up cigar-ends, or *tabac de luxe*, in the shape of mixture for cigarettes. The trade is not a lucrative one. Three francs is considered a good day's earnings.

(To be continued.)

G. GRAHAME.

FEBRUARY 1.—The twenty-second exhibition of the 'Old Masters' is one of those with a specialty. The special feature is the collection of drawings illustrating the progress of water-colour painting in England. One hundred and sixty drawings have been brought together, their dates covering the period between the maturity of Paul Sandby, about 1750, and the death of Freddy Walker, in 1875. The historical nature of the exhibition does something to lessen its charm, for their importance in the series compelled the inclusion of such mediocrities as William Turner ('Turner of Oxford') and George Fennell Robson, both of whom were conspicuously wanting in temperament. On the whole, however, the collection is good, and may be counted on to do much towards putting such men as George Barret, jun., James Holland, and J. F. Lewis into the places they deserve. Barret especially has not yet been appreciated at his proper worth. Such a drawing as *The Timber Waggon* (121), lent by Mr. J. Orrock, need fear comparison with nothing in its own *genre*. In its rendering of a sunlit afternoon it is as fine as any Cuyp, while in artistic balance and unity it would be scarcely possible to beat it.

The rest of the show is of pretty much the same character as usual. The English pictures in the first room, and the Dutch ones in the second, are, perhaps, above the average both in excellence and in interest, while the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish works in Galleries III. and IV. are certainly below it. In Gallery No. I. there are three Gainsboroughs of the highest possible quality. These are a three-quarter-length portrait of James Christie (the founder of the firm of auctioneers which has now become one of the most famous of artistic institutions), and the two heads, in ovals, of the tenth Duke of Hamilton and his brother, Lord Archibald Hamilton, which excited such a *furore* when sold last summer by the aforesaid auctioneers. The portrait of Lord Archibald, in his blue doublet, refutes the dictum of Reynolds with franker success than the *Blue Boy* itself. In the Large Gallery hangs a full-length portrait by the same master which enjoys such accidental interest as appearance in the High Court of Justice can give. It is that *John Augustus, Lord Hervey*, which was a few months ago a bone of contention between two members of the Bristol family. Two fine Sir Joshuas hang in the first room, the *Master Bunbury* and the *Mrs. Scott of Danesfield;* but they must both yield to the superb *Viscountess Crosbie*, lent by Sir Charles Tennant. Possibly this is the masterpiece of Reynolds in the particular class to which it belongs. To spontaneity it adds precision, to charm vigour, to pleasant colour an apparently solid and satisfactory method. Sir Joshua never drew better, never designed with a happier inspiration, never painted with a less faltering brush, than in this delicious record of a wayward but fascinating personality. Even the *Fortune Teller*, famous as it is, and glowing with gorgeous colour, cannot support the rivalry. The third of our English triumvirate, George Romney, also comes out well this year. Nothing he ever did can be more attractive in its way than his *Lady Edward Cavendish Bentinck*, with the sleepy provocation in her deep-lidded eyes and her movement of a happy woman to her love. The *Mrs. Carwardine and Child* shows the master in a different vein altogether; it shows him as the readiest and most incisive draughtsman that eighteenth-century England could boast. In the modelling of heads and hands and the filling of robes with healthy forms he here displays all his command. His half-length of Mrs. Powys, his full-lengths of Sheridan and Lady Milnes, also belong to his happier moments. The last-named is remarkable for the fine arrangement and assured painting of a chocolate-brown silk dress. *Mrs. Désaguliers* is one of Hogarth's best portraits; *Poringland Oak* deserves as well as anything else to be called the masterpiece of Crome; Etty's sketch for a lunette for the summer-house at Buckingham Palace shows most of his beauties and few of his faults; two sea-fights by Loutherbourg go far to prove that their author has been over-depreciated by his adopted countrymen; *Sheerness*, bought a few months ago for more than seven thousand pounds, is one of the best of Turner's middle-period productions, while the two views of Lowther Castle represent his glorified topography, and the *Wreckers* the free dreaming of his later years. Two portraits of Mrs. Gwyn—Goldsmith's 'Jessamy Bride'—are a little startling in their dissimilarity; one, a full-face, is by Sir Joshua, the other, almost a profile, by Hoppner. In its distinctively English union of simplicity with grace, of beauty with unconsciousness, this Hoppner comes very near the best that Reynolds himself could do.

In the room devoted to the Dutchmen, the Flemings, and a single Frenchman, by far the most remarkable thing is the Vermeer reproduced in the present number of THE PORTFOLIO. This is discussed so fully elsewhere that nothing further need be said about it here. Beside it hang two first-rate Van Goyens—which show clearly that painter's right to be accepted as the father of Dutch landscape, an excellent Teniers, and a view over the flats of Haarlem, by J. Ruysdael, all from the same owner—Mr. S. Joseph. From Mr. A. J. Robarts comes a contribution of no less than fifteen pictures, nearly all of the highest class. Most, if not all of these, were here fifteen years ago, but they are none the less welcome. They include two splendid Cuyps; a Hobbema of excellent quality; a really marvellous view in Amsterdam, by Jan van der Heyde, which seems to have been painted last week, so brilliant is its condition; a good William van de Velde; and a good Nicolaas Maes decorated with a doubtful signature. Sir Edward Guinness, or Lord Farnleigh—whichever it should be—lends two fine Metsus from the Secrétan collection, and the famous Hals known as *L'homme à la canne*. This head and shoulders of a strong, confident, smiling Dutchman—or was he a Fleming?—represents Pieter van den Broecke, the founder of Batavia. In date it is about ten years later than the Hertford House picture, the *Smiling Cavalier*, which the R.A.'s borrowed a year or two ago. Freer but scarcely more painter-like are the *Joyeux Buveur*, lent by M. J. Porgès, and the *Jan van Loo* of Mr. Martin Colnaghi. Nearly as fine in their way are Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's *Portrait of a Man*, and Mr. George Salting's *Portrait of a Woman*. Never before has the painter of Haarlem been seen so well in Burlington House. Three pictures from Buckingham Palace—De Hooghe's *Cardplayers*, Terborch's *The Letter*, and Teniers' *Village Festival*—have all been here before, and that not so very long ago; but the 'shilling public' now sees for the first time two unusually fine Adrian van de Veldes, Mr. Salting's *Little Farm*, and Mr. Stephenson Clark's *Landscape with Cattle*. These were both sold last summer at Christie's: one in the Perkins, the other in the Wells of Redleaf sale.

In the large gallery we find three pictures assigned to Velazquez. One, the *Infanta Maria Theresa*, is a copy of his time, probably by Carreño de Miranda; another, the *Phillip IV.*, is a late Spanish copy, probably after some replica, still in Spain, of the portrait at Dulwich; the third, a mounted *Olivarez*, is very fine and almost worthy of the master—it may well, however, be nothing more than a studio replica made under his own eye. A large lunette, *Faith elevating the Eucharist*, shows Murillo almost at his best; and a group of Francisco di Ribalta and his wife is welcome for more reasons than one. It is a fair picture, it is engraved in Stirling's 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' and it illustrates one of those touching tales of love and art which we all wish to believe, for the story of Ribalta and his master's daughter is an exact parallel to the better-known one of Quentin Matsys and his love. An excellent group by Gerard Zoest of the second Lord Baltimore, the 'proprietor' of Maryland, and his son; a very bad copy from Moroni, a poor hybrid pasticcio ascribed to Francia, a fair Fra Bartolommeo, and two very bad *Holy Families*, given respectively to Pierino del Vaga and Mariotto Albertinelli, complete the list of things notable for one reason or another in this room. In the fourth and last gallery we find the notable early Luini lately imported by Mr. Charles Butler; we find a fair Lorenzo di Credi, as well as a worthless daub from his studio dignified with the name of Botticelli; a pleasing little Mantegna, and a Montagna to which the same adjectives may be applied; three excellent early Netherlandish pictures, ascribed respectively to Van der Goes, Dirck Bouts, and Hans Memling; a Mabuse-like *Adoration of the Kings*, and a curious but most fascinating

example of Hans Baldung, which would look very well on the walls of the National Gallery.

The pictures at the Guelph Exhibition provide rather a *corvée* for the critic; only a small proportion among them can boast of any serious artistic merit, and in too many cases, at least from the critic's point of view, that merit has not been taken into account in the hanging. With a little patience, however, and perseverance, a great deal is to be learnt about the state of art in England between 1720 and 1780, which it would be difficult to learn at the present moment elsewhere. But this cannot be gone into here—we must be content with recapitulating the points of the show and with comparing it, in a phrase, with its two predecessors. The pictures cover the walls of the three large rooms and of the balcony upstairs; they include, of course, fine examples of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, and Raeburn, as well as a few good works by men whose names are less familiar. But they represent the *bourgeoisie*, sprinkled here and there by men and women who were not *bourgeois*, but should have been. In general attractiveness this section is not to be compared to what it was under the Stuarts or the Tudors. On the other hand, the collection of miniatures is fine; there is an extraordinary gathering of watches; the series of fans is good; the plate is fine; and collectors find plenty to delight them among the arms, dresses, manuscripts, and books.

The winter exhibition season at the smaller galleries languishes for the moment when Burlington House and the New Gallery open their doors. The only show that need be mentioned here is one of studies from the window of a caravan, made by Mr. Sainton during a tour across France. Some are in silver-point, others in oil colour. The silver-points are by far the better, but many of the subjects have a strangely Anglo-Saxon look.

Mr. Samuel Jevons, of Birmingham, has enriched the fine museum of that city with a collection of illuminated manuscripts, printed books, and carved ivories, which have just been placed on view. In the Manchester Art Gallery a very well selected series of water-colour drawings by the 'old masters' of the English School has been hung. It is the gift of Mr. Roger Ross. There are fifty-eight drawings altogether, and they include capital examples of De Wint, Prout, George Barret, Cotman, Copley Fielding, William Hunt, Turner, and others of less fame. Mr. Ross has arranged the drawings himself with a taste that is rare.

The obituary of the month is very heavy. First and foremost for those who care for archaeology, comes the great digger, Dr. Schliemann, who died at Naples on the 26th of December, aged seventy years all but a fortnight. He was the son of a Lutheran minister of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, where, in the village of Neu Buckow, he was born in 1822. After a youth of hardship, in which his only solace was the Homer for whom he had already conceived a remarkable enthusiasm, he was enabled to commence a career of trade with Russia, which finally led him to fortune, and to the realisation of his dreams. In 1870 he began to excavate on the site of Troy, where, guided apparently by something very like instinct, he rapidly made astonishing discoveries, only to find, like other men of enterprise before him, that his logic was laughed at, and his veracity impugned by men smaller than himself. He conquered his enemies, however, and moved on to repeat his triumphs at Mycenae, at Tiryns, at Marathon, at Orchomenos, and to fail, more or less, at Alexandria, through local prejudice and opposition. In 1877 Dr. Schliemann came to London, bringing with him the material results of his excavations at Troy. These were exhibited for a long time at the South Kensington Museum, and it has often been said that they would have been presented to the English nation had their owner been better treated by the English press. However that may be, they are now the property of Germany. The things found at Mycenae belong to the Greek Government and are on exhibition at Athens. Without being either a scholar or a trained archaeologist, Dr. Schliemann won results that are almost unrivalled in the annals of modern exploration, and may well go down to posterity as the greatest among those who have discovered the 'Old World.'

On New Year's Day died Professor John Marshall, formerly President of the Royal College of Surgeons, to whom so many students of the Royal Academy owe the best part of their knowledge of the human frame. The works which will long keep his memory green among artists are the 'Anatomy for Artists,' 'a series of life-size diagrams of the human body,' and the 'Canon of Human Proportion.' He succeeded the late Professor Partridge as Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy; before that he had been Lecturer on Anatomy to the Art Schools of South Kensington, and it is somewhat curious that three days after he breathed his last he was followed in death by his successor in that chair. This was Mr. Edward Bellamy, of King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals, who might well have aspired to Professor Marshall's post had he survived him longer.

The deaths have also taken place of Emile van Marcke, the well-known cattle painter and pupil of Troyon, who was born at Sèvres in 1827, of Dutch parents, who began to exhibit at the Salon in 1857, and in course of time won most of the regulation honours; of Signor Amilcare Ancona, a well-known Milanese archaeologist; of the French sculptor, Aimé Millet; of the veteran painter, Eugene Lami; and of our great English draughtsman—as we suppose he must be called for want of a better word—Charles Keene.

Charles Samuel Keene was born at Hornsey, in 1823, his family being of that East Anglian stock which has given so many fine artists to England. He was educated at Ipswich, came to London at sixteen, and after a turn in his father's office at law, and another in Mr. Pilkington's at architecture, he was apprenticed to Whymper, the wood engraver, with whom he stayed several years. His first independent work was on a set of illustrations for 'Robinson Crusoe;' he was afterwards employed on the 'Illustrated London News,' and on 'Punch' (as engraver), and then became a member of the Clipstone Street Academy, where he made many friends. This was his stepping-stone to employment on 'Punch' and the now famous 'Once a Week' as an original artist. His fame rests securely on what he did for the former journal. It is scarcely too much to say that if the best modern black-and-white work has modelled itself on an example at all, the example has been that of Charles Keene.

The following books on art and archaeology have been published since the 20th of December, 1890:—H. Brugsch, 'Thesaurus Inscriptionum Egyptiacarum,' Part 5; F. W. Mills, 'Photography for Architects;' G. Radford, 'Yorkshire by the Sea;' W. A. Whitworth, 'Quam Dilecta: a Description of All Saints', Margaret Street;' W. Young, 'The Municipal Buildings, Glasgow;' J. Baes, 'Tours et Tourelles Historiques de la Belgique;' G. Kaibel, 'Inscriptiones Graecae, Siciliae, et Italiae;' G. Yriarte, 'Autour des Borgia;' A. Dawson, 'Life of Henry Dawson, Landscape Painter;' W. Smith, 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' Vol. I.; W. Klein, 'Die Griechischen Vasen mit Liebling's Inschriften;' I. Henry Middleton, 'The Engraved Gems of Classic Times, with a catalogue of the gems in the Fitzwilliam Museum.'

Beata Beatrix.

BEATA BEATRIX

BY DANTE G. ROSSETTI

THE original of this etching hangs on a screen in the British portion of the National Gallery, and faces the same painter's '*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*' of which THE PORTFOLIO for 1888 contained an excellent transcript and an historical note. The picture now before us is one of the masterpieces of the leading member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and was produced in the prime of his powers, imaginative as well as technical. It is among the few examples of Rossetti's art fit to be compared with the *Beloved*, that gem of Mr. George Rae's collection, and in some respects it is even more distinctly than that superb achievement a full and true reflection of the artist's idiosyncracy of the higher order. The mysticism and mystery of *Beata Beatrix* are due to that which was, so to say, the innermost Rossetti, or Rossetti of Rossetti. The spirit of Dante never found in art or otherwise an apter or more subtle expression than this wonderful vision of that border-realm which lies between life and death.

If the subject itself taxed the resources of the painter and his art, my humble office of endeavouring to illustrate it in words is, whether as concerns the means at hand or the fitness of the writer, commensurately unpromising and difficult. In such a case the critic is even more unfavourably placed than the engraver, who, while his original possesses the charm of colour, must needs dispense with that magical element, although, as in this instance, above most others, the sentiment of the picture finds utterance in that which may be called the poetry of its coloration, and the chromatic scheme of the work is not only in harmony with the pathos of the whole, but an essential portion of the design, and, as such, was with the utmost solicitude and insight developed by the poet-painter.

As described in the 'Vita Nuova,' that most transcendental of the poet's creations, the Beatrice of Dante's imagination sits in a balcony of her father's palace in Florence. We are in the chamber from which it opens, and the beautiful and spiritual damsel's form is half lost against the outer light, half merged in the inner shadows of the place. She is herself a vision, while—her corporeal eyes losing power of outward speculation—the heavenly visions of the New Life are revealed to the eyes of her spirit. The open window gives a view of the Arno, its bridge, and the towers and palaces of that city in which Dante and Beatrice spent their lives side by side, so to say, until that fatal ninth of June, 1290, when she died, and, as the poet told us, 'the whole city came to be, as it were, widowed and despoiled of all dignity;' or, as the appropriate motto on the frame in the National Gallery has it, being Dante's own verse, uttered when her death was announced to him, and borrowed from Jeremiah, 'Quomodo sedet sola civitas.'*

* Or, at length :—

'How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How is she become as a widow, she that was great among the nations!'

—Lamentations, i. 1

The outer light, which is that of evening when dun vapours prevail, falls in a still brilliant though subdued flood upon the surface of the river, and gives to it a lustre at once warm and silvery, dashed by reflections, whether dim or luminous, of the bridge and other buildings on the banks, and thrown back towards us. Opposed to this sheen the head of Beatrix is so placed that the light shines among the outer threads of her dark auburn hair, and thus produces the effect of a halo, radiant against the vapours of the twilight distance and diffused in the nearer space, while the face itself is, to our sight, merged in the dimness caused by our looking at the splendour of the river. Accordingly, the figure appears partly outlined against the lustre, partly lost in the half-gloom of the chamber. It is thus visible in what may be called a twilight of brilliance and a twilight of shadow. This contrasting harmony has been, with ineffable subtlety and care, developed by the painter, and it enhances the spiritual abstruseness of his design. The true inspiration of his theme required that the figure of Beatrix, being an inmate of that border-realm which divides life from death, should appear occult, and with nothing defined—neither form, nor colour, nor substance, nor shadow, nor light direct, nor positive elements of any sort to affirm that she has passed the bourn from which no traveller returns or lingers in our midst.

Her form is merged, not lost, in that shadowy space which, in Butler's noble phrase, is 'of brightness made.' Thus Rossetti happily showed that his subject was a mystery, yet not without life of this world, nor all unreal. A woman of exceeding beauty and holiness, his Beatrix is in a rapture of approaching death, absorbed in a painless ecstasy, having knowledge of the world to come ere her spirit quits its mortal house, so that while her features attest mortality, the fair mansion is not void of life. Rossetti made her drooping eyelids veil unseeing eyes, while her parted lips and slowly-lifting nostrils bespeak a failing vitality. Thus his intention is manifest, while his genius leads us into that recondite region where art passes beyond the reach of words and ordered phrases; touches, in truth, upon the very boundary of pictorial representation and factful resemblance; and affirms its power to deal with the subtlest purposes and visions so abstruse that poets, even while addressing poets, rarely describe them, and painters, although appealing to painters as poetical as themselves, have still more rarely ventured to deal with them. That this is an allegory expressing itself without those conventions which are the currency of symbolical language, and thus shows Rossetti venturing in a new poetic sphere, is a new cause for our admiration.

As to the picture and its spectators, it is obvious that we remain on the mundane side of things, while Beatrix in a swoon passes into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Florence Rossetti painted is the Heavenly City of the future. Rapt thus, her features look pale in the half gloom, half light, and her hands, which erst clasped each other in her lap, have fallen apart to lie supine because their task is almost done, and this is celestial light which glances on them. A dove, a heavenly messenger, of deep rose-coloured and glowing plumage, and, like the bird of the Annunciation, crowned with an aureole, poises on downward wings at her knee and bears to Beatrix's hands a white poppy, *i.e.*, the mystical flower in which Rossetti meant to combine the emblems of death and chastity. He gave to the flower a dark heart to indicate deathful mystery, and to its pallid leaves imparted that pure whiteness which expresses the stainless life of the lady who, although not dying, is about to die.

Her face is in some respects a likeness of the painter's wife, who passed away some years before he designed this picture. It is obviously, however, not intended as a portrait of that lady, but it may well be called a spiritual translation, inspiring features which had but a general resemblance to those of the *Beata Beatrix* who is before us. Her dress consists of a green outer garment, loosely fitting above a closer under-robe of purple, the colours of hope and sorrow as well as of life and death. They likewise resemble the red and green,

or red and blue, of the Virgin, symbolical hues, the significance of which all the world has recognised. The sundial on the parapet of the balcony behind the figure, from whose gnomon the celestial brightness projects a shadow, indicates upon the numeral of the hour (the mystical nine the poet told us of) that the time of Beatrix has nearly, yet not quite, come. In the half-gloom behind the swooning lady we see Dante, with book in hand and 'in scholarly gown,' exactly as when he met the living Beatrix in the porch of that famous church of Florence which he could never afterwards forget. Exactly as the living poet turned to gaze on his mistress as she passed on her way, so he now turns and as attentively regards the figure of radiant Love, the ideal Eros of his exalted vision, who, holding in one hand a flaming heart, passes on the other side of the picture heavenwards, and seems to sign to Dante that he should follow in that path. This vermilion-clad genius is, of course, the *eidolon*, or spiritual Beatrix, the celestial Love whose earthly image was the Beatrix the poet made immortal in immortal verse, and met and knew—it matters not whether much or little—in Florence street upon that unforgotten day the very record of which is to Dante's lovers as the echo of a rapturous sigh.

Rossetti, writing to a friend, thus described his intention in this picture:—'It illustrates the "Vita Nuova," embodying symbolically the death of Beatrice as treated in that work. The picture is not intended at all to represent death, but to render it under the semblance of a trance, in which Beatrice, seated in a balcony overlooking the city, is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven. You will remember how Dante dwells upon the desolation of the city in connexion with the incidents of her death, and for this reason I have introduced it as my background, and made the figures of Dante and Love passing through the streets, and gazing ominously on one another, conscious of the event; while the bird, messenger of death, drops the poppy between the hands of Beatrice. She, through shut lids, as expressed in the last words of the "Vita Nuova"—"Quella beata Beatrice che gloriosamente mira nella faccia di colui *qui est per omnia saecula benedictus*."'

Nearly all the frames of Rossetti's pictures were designed by himself, not only for beauty's sake, but to convey symbolical allusions to the subjects they enclosed. In this case he spent extraordinary pains on the design, which includes, below the painting, the motto, 'Quomodo sedet sola civitas,' as before quoted, and the fatal date, 'June 9, 1290.' On each side of the frame is an emblematic circle enclosing celestial spaces charged with clouds, stars, and the greater luminaries, and severally appropriate to the theme of the picture.

This important work was began in 1863, and carried on at intervals for more than two years. In August, 1866, it was, as the artist's brother has told us, sold to the Hon. William Cowper Temple, afterwards Lord Mount-Temple. There are, at least, besides a drawing in crayons, two versions, not exactly replicas of it; but neither of them is so fine as that now in question. These are in oil. There is a repetition, if not two, in water-colours. After the death of Lord Mount-Temple, his widow, partly in regard, it is said, to his wish, most generously, as a memorial of that warm and sympathetic admirer of the artist, gave this, the finest example, to the National Gallery.

F. G. Stephens.

CLEANING A FRESCO

IN the mural painting by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., which covers the greater part of the north wall in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, we have, I believe, the largest true fresco in England. It bears in the left-hand lower corner the signature of the artist and the date 1859 — the year of its completion. From the present state of this important work some useful lessons may be learnt concerning the stability of this method of painting. Last year, through the kindness of the Benchers of the Inn, I enjoyed ample opportunities of studying every portion of this large fresco, which is no less than forty-five feet in width and forty feet in height. Before stating the results of my investigation, it will be expedient to say something concerning the way in which this painting was carried out.

FIG. 1.—STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF SERVIUS TULLIUS. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

The *School of Legislation*, although completed thirty years ago, was not painted continuously, but with many interruptions, during the summer months of several years previous to 1859. The plaster ground was necessarily spread at different times, and varies much in texture and composition. Some parts are rough, absorbent, and sandy; other parts are smooth, almost non-absorbent, and contain an excess of lime. Mr. Watts prepared no full-sized cartoons for the work, but only a number of small separate studies on different scales; these he enlarged by the eye when actually engaged in painting from them. In a few places, where the result did not satisfy him, the painted surface was cut out and new plaster laid, as in such cases it always should be. The artist was thoroughly familiar with the process of fresco-painting, and never consciously departed from the rules of its true practice. But I venture to surmise that in a few places one layer of pigment must have been placed upon another after the fixative power of the fresh plaster had been partially or completely exhausted. Mr. Watts believes that he always painted upon a ground which had been laid the same day and was still wet. So we must attribute the feeble adhesion shown by the paint in certain places to an initial deficiency of lime in the plaster —a deficiency which became revealed when the hostile influence of the London atmosphere was brought to bear upon these portions, happily very limited in extent, of this grand composition.

We may now consider the atmospheric influences to which this fresco has been exposed since its completion, for first and foremost comes the question of impurities in the air. The soot and dust of London, the fog, and the noxious gases, have found their way to the painted surface. Carbon, organic and inorganic particles, and tarry matters, have been deposited upon the picture, while the sulphurous and sulphuric acids resulting from the combustion of coal and gas have attacked the carbonate of lime which forms the binding material of the pigments in a fresco, and have changed part of it into sulphate of lime. Such a change involves a measure of disintegration which is most marked in those parts of the work where the ground is most absorbent, or where the paints have originally been less securely fixed. The injurious action of the above-named acids is dependent upon the simultaneous presence of moisture, and on this account the most porous surfaces have suffered most, for they have taken up most freely the acid water in contact with them. To the common impurities of all London air must be added those generated within the Hall itself by the burning of oil. These have been less than might have been expected, for the occasions on which the Hall has been lighted up have been somewhat restricted in number, while quite recently the electric light has replaced oil. It should be mentioned here that the wall on which this fresco is painted is for the most part an internal wall, and so is less subject to changes of temperature and moisture than one which is external.

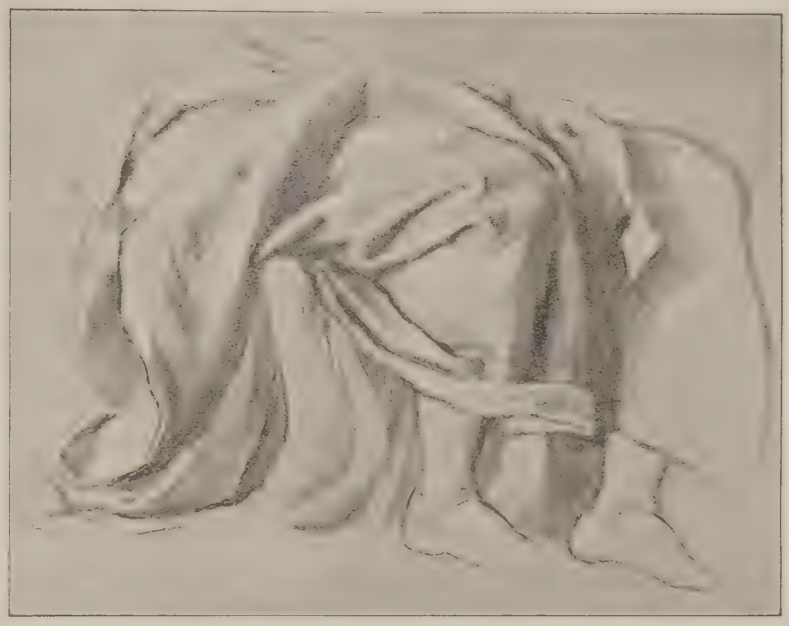


FIG. 2.—STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR THE FIGURE OF SERVIUS TULLIUS.
G. F. WATTS, R.A.

That some signs of damage were apparent in this fresco only ten years after its completion may be concluded from the remarks made by the late Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, in THE PORTFOLIO for 1870. This writer then feared 'that the frescoes of Mr. Watts may share the common fate. The wall-picture in the Houses of Parliament is beyond recovery, but that in Lincoln's Inn, it was hoped, might be spared. Yet recent examination shows that decay has there set in; the head of Theodora is fading from the wall.' It was about this time that Mr. Watts repaired in tempera the few parts of his picture where decay or change was evident. A little later an attempt was made to remove some of the grime which had become firmly adherent to the surface. Fortunately this attempt seems to have been limited to a single figure, that of Archbishop Langton, which has been partially scarified by the heroic treatment adopted.

My own study of this fresco has led me to the conclusion that more than nine-tenths of its entire surface remain practically intact. The whole of the architectural background and nearly all those figures and draperies which were painted in the simple, direct, rapid and straightforward manner which the method of true fresco demands, are quite sound. The paint of a few of the robes and ornaments and of three or four of the heads is in a blistered or pulverulent state, clearly the result either of the absorption of acid solutions by a too

porous surface, or of the application of a second layer of colour after the first had exhausted the binding power of the fresh plaster, although this latter may have seemed to be in a fit state for further work. From the same causes the same defect was observed where one coloured layer has been superposed upon another in order to produce a *shot* effect, or to indicate the difference of hue caused by increase or decrease of light on the folds of a robe. Then, too, over a considerable extent of surface the coarse sandy grains of the plaster showed themselves bared of the colour which, as a thin film, had once just sufficed to conceal them. It will be readily understood how the slight layer of lime-bound pigment upon these grains would offer the easiest and earliest object for the attack of a corrosive acid solution, such as that which, in the air of London, is often ready to condense upon a cold wall. Happily these bare specks are quite invisible from all parts of the Hall. One other point as to the condition of this fresco remains to be noticed. In some places, as in the figure of Manu, a fine film was conspicuous over the paint, clouding the richness of the colours, obscuring the contours and details of the drawing, and sometimes making the shaded parts of a face or of a robe paler than those which caught the light. This white film seemed to have originated sometimes from the conversion of the carbonate of lime which served to bind together the pigmentary particles into the crystalline sulphate of lime, sometimes from the presence in the plaster of an excessive proportion of lime—this latter cause being most active in the very smoothest parts of the work, which were otherwise in a perfect state of preservation.

FIG. 3.—STUDY OF ARMS. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

From what I have already stated, it will be obvious that to clean this fresco, not only was very tender handling required, but some treatment which should make secure all crumbling surfaces of paint, and restore to their original hue and tone the parts which had become obscured by opaque films. If some preservative material could at the same time be applied, a hope might be entertained that future ravages by the London atmosphere would be checked, if not wholly prevented. With the approval of Mr. Watts and the unstinted aid of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, I undertook the task of cleansing and preservation. Some preliminary trials were made last summer; then a report was submitted to the Society. My recommendations being sanctioned, the work was commenced on the 15th of September, and completed on the 10th of October, Mr. Redhead, an expert attached to the firm of Messrs. Shrigley & Hunt, of Lancaster and London, most ably and conscientiously carrying out my instructions.

First of all the thick layer of dust upon the surface was removed as far as possible by means of brushes—some soft, of camels' hair, some comparatively hard, of hogs' bristles. A powerful air-blast from bellows was used with advantage on some of the tenderer parts of

the picture. Distilled water could not be employed to further clean the fresco, for there were parts of the surface from which it removed the original fresco-pigments or the tempera repaints. After trying other detergents, strong commercial methylated spirits of wine proved an excellent cleansing agent. Pads of carded cotton soaked in this liquid were worked by the fingers, more or less lightly as its condition required, over the entire surface. Thus the tarry film, with its adherent soot and dirt, which obscured the whole picture, was removed. The first series of cotton pads became black as ink; upon the same surfaces fresh pads were used until they no longer became discoloured. The detached cotton fibres that remained, caught in the roughnesses of the plaster, were easily removed when dry by means of a soft brush.

Thus far as regards the removal of dirt; fixing and preservation were accomplished by the use of a special solution, which also served to render translucent if not transparent those opaque films to which reference has before been made. Warm size, egg-white or egg-yolk, spirit varnishes—all these preparations proved unsatisfactory, generally because by their contraction on drying they caused the loose paint to scale off, or because they produced a glossy surface. A solution, in oil of spike or in freshly distilled spirits of turpentine, of hard paraffin wax, Sierra Leone copal, and a siccative linseed oil prepared without lead, was finally adopted. It was applied warm, either by means of a brush or in the form of a fine spray. Some absorbent and friable parts of the painting were treated seven or eight times with this liquid, other parts once only. The fresco has now become, in a measure, repellent of moisture, the surface is free from gloss, the obscuring films no longer conceal the richness of the colours, the loose particles of paint remain in their places, and, when another accumulation of dirt has taken place, it may, I hope, be removed by simple sponging with distilled water or with spirits of wine. Possibly a further application of the preservative solution may be sooner or later required, but it will, I think, be generally conceded that this grand fresco can now for the first time for many years be seen, and seen with pleasure.

FIG. 4.—STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Mr. Watts has kindly allowed me to illustrate this 'story of the cleaning of a fresco' with some of the studies made for the work. Two of these (Figs. 1 and 2) belong to the figure of Servius Tullius: another (Fig. 3) is the arm of one of the representatives of the Northern nations to whom the Laws of Justinian are being delivered; the remaining study (Fig. 4) is the head of Charlemagne.

I may here state that a woodcut, giving a fair idea of the composition of the design, appeared in the 'Illustrated London News' of February 4th, 1860. It was accompanied by a key to the various personages represented in the *School of Legislation*. The plan given below will enable any one examining this picture to identify the several figures:—

Religion: Justice: Mercy.
(1) Servius Tullius: (2) Numa: (3) Solon: (7) Moses: (8) Sesostris: (9) Zoroaster: (10) Pythagoras: (4) Draco: (5) Minos: (6) Lycurgus: (11) Confucius: (12) Manu.
Justinian: Theodora.
Two Scribes: A Doctor of the Church: A Jurisconsult: Mahomet.
A Druid: Ina: Alfred: Attila. Representatives of Northern Nations.
Charlemagne.
Edward I. Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury: Archbishop Langton.

A. H. CHURCH.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

BY FRANS HALS

AFTER THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE picture reproduced in the opposite plate belonged formerly to Mr. Decimus Burton, the well-known architect. It was given to the National Gallery by his niece, Miss E. J. Wood, in obedience to wishes expressed in his will. It is signed with 'F. H.' in a monogram, and bears the further inscription, 'ÆTAT SVÆ AN° 1633.' Of the two ciphers which should follow the *ætat suæ*, one is not certainly legible, and the other has been cut off by some careless mounter. A valuable, perhaps decisive, piece of evidence has been thus destroyed, for it has been conjectured, with some probability, that the person represented is Hals himself. The head is very like that of the painter in the famous group of himself with his wife in the Museum at Amsterdam. That Hals was fifty-two years old in 1633, while in our picture he seems to be about forty, need not trouble us very much. Painters nearly always flatter themselves in the matter of age, and in the case of Hals, who lived to be eighty-five or eighty-six, the signs of advancing years are likely to have gathered slowly. In any case the picture belongs to the best period of his art, and represents him fairly so far as it goes.

W. A.

A CORNER OF PARIS

THE Place Maubert terminates towards the river in a kind of tail, more like a street than a square, though it still bears the name of Place Maubert. There is a pretty glimpse of Notre Dame from here, which furnished Méryon with the subject of one of his most successful etchings of old Paris. This tail end of the Place Maubert, ascending gently towards the river, changes its name, and becomes the Rue du Haut Pavé. The frequent occurrence in different quarters of the town of such names as Rue Pavée, Rue du Pavé, Rue du Haut Pavé, shows that the paving of Paris, an improvement initiated by Philip Augustus, went on but slowly. More than a century after the first royal edict on this matter the paved streets were the exception, not the rule. If we add to the dirt of the unpaved streets the nuisance of the herds of pigs which infested the town, and of packs of half-savage dogs, which were the only scavengers, we have a not very enticing picture of Paris in the thirteenth century. Of royal edicts against the pigs there had been no lack. In 1130 Louis le Gros and his son were riding along the Motte St. Gervais when a pig, rushing between the legs of the young man's horse, made it rear. The Prince was thrown and killed. The King forthwith published an edict forbidding the owners of pigs to allow them to stray about the town under penalty of confiscation by the public executioner. The royal commands would seem to have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, for in 1261 we find St. Louis issuing another edict to repress the nuisance of the pigs. Exception was, however, made by the pious monarch for the pigs of the Abbey of St. Anthony, and in order that these privileged animals might be recognised, it was ordered that they should carry round their necks a bell marked with a cross. In 1369 we find Charles V. renewing this ordinance, and extending it to the Faubourgs of Paris. In the Rue du Haut Pavé once stood the Collége de Chanac, founded in 1348 by Guillaume de Chanac, bishop of Paris, one of the many colleges which, under the auspices of wealthy patrons of learning, sprang up in Paris during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

We have now reached the limit of our ramble. To return to our starting-point, we may follow either the Quai de Montebello or a street which runs parallel to this quay and to the Rue Galande, the Rue de la Bûcherie. The timber-yards from which this street took its name have long ago disappeared, giving place to rag-shops and *estaminets*. The part of the Rue de la Bûcherie between the Rue du Fouarre and the Rue St. Julien le Pauvre is flanked by two large barrack-like buildings which serve as *succursales* to the great Paris hospital, the Hôtel Dieu. To reach the little church of St. Julien le Pauvre we must cross the open yard which surrounds the block of buildings on the left. Hidden away in this unfrequented corner — forgotten, disused, decayed—this little church can boast a foundation more ancient than any other in Paris. The first church erected on this spot dated from the third century. Gregory of Tours tells us that he lodged here during his stay in Paris in 580. It passed through many hands and underwent many alterations, until, at the close of the twelfth century, it was rebuilt in its present form—a nave of four bays, with side-aisles ending in three apses. As time went on the poor ferryman to whom this church was originally dedicated had come to be mingled in popular veneration with two namesakes, St. Julien de Brionde and St. Julien, bishop of Le Mans. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the general assemblies of the University was held in this church. Here, too, once in every two years, came the Provost of Paris, to swear faithfully to respect and uphold the privileges of the masters and scholars of the University. In the sixteenth century it was here that every three months were elected the delegates of the Faculty of Arts, who in turn elected the Rector. The double ceremony was often stormy. Thus, in 1534, there were broken heads, windows, and doors. The monks, in alarm, petitioned Parliament that the meetings might be held elsewhere. The request was granted; nevertheless some meetings would seem to have been held here down to the end of the eighteenth century. In recent times the church has served as a chapel to the adjoining *succursale* of the Hôtel Dieu, but for some years past it has been disused. The building is now in a sadly dilapidated condition. Through the shattered stained-glass windows you catch a glimpse of green trees in the little close beyond. Birds flit in and out. Occasionally an artist may be found here making a study of old stonework, to which the damp of ages has lent tone and colour, or some rare visitor peers curiously round the deserted aisles. Otherwise there is no sign of life:

PLACE MAUBERT, PARIS. FROM A DRAWING BY G. GRAHAME.

> 'The place is silent, and aware
> It has had its scenes, its joys, and crimes;
> But that is its own affair.'

The church contains a few indifferent statues and some old monuments, amongst which

perhaps the most interesting is a fifteenth-century sepulchral bas-relief of Henri Rousseau, advocate of Parliament. Hard by St. Julien le Pauvre once stood the Chapel of St. Blaise and St. Louis, belonging to the masons and carpenters, destroyed in the eighteenth century.

The Rue de la Bûcherie ends in the Place du Petit Pont, where formerly stood the Petit Châtelet. This fortress served to guard the Petit Pont and the entrance to the Ile de la Cité on the south, just as on the north bank of the Seine the Grand Châtelet protected the Grand Pont, or as it was called later, the Pont-au-Change. The origin of the Petit Châtelet is lost in remote antiquity. A fortress stood here as far back as the Gallo-Roman period. This was succeeded in the middle ages by a castle, probably built of wood. A poet of the ninth century, the monk Abbon, has left us a spirited account in barbarous Latin verse of the gallant but unsuccessful defence of this castle by a handful of Frankish knights against the Norman host. The latter, foiled in their attempt to take the place by assault, set fire to it. The defenders, unable to extinguish the flames, after setting free their falcons, that they may not be suffocated, retreat to the bridge, where they are soon overtaken and overwhelmed by superior numbers. The bridge, like the castle, would seem in early times to have been built of wood, and was continually being damaged by floods. In 1296 a more than ordinarily fierce flood swept away both the bridge and the castle. The bridge, forming as it did at that time the only communication between the Ile de la Cité and the south side of the Seine, was too important not to be immediately repaired. More than fifty years elapsed, however, before the Petit Châtelet rose again from its ruins in the reign of Charles V., who constructed here a solid fortress built of stone, with walls so wide, says an ancient chronicler, Guillebert de Metz, that a cart could drive along the top of them. He further adds that the tops of the walls were covered with beautiful gardens. In the reign of Charles VI., Hugues Aubriot, the celebrated Provost of Paris, who would seem to have been a disciplinarian of somewhat ironical humour, constructed between the piles which supported the edifice some cells, in which to shut up rowdy scholars. To two of these cells he gave the names of the Rue du Fouarre and the Rue du Clos Brusseau, favourite centres of student-life at that time. A song of the period commemorates the fact :—

ST. JULIEN LE PAUVRE. FROM A DRAWING BY G. GRAHAME.

> 'A petit pont as ordoné
> Faire un chastelet fort et rude,
> Et aus chartres tu as donné
> Les noms des rues de l'estude.'

It would take too long to narrate here all the scenes of horror and bloodshed enacted in the Petit Châtelet : the terrible massacre in 1418 of the Armagnac prisoners by their revengeful Burgundian rivals, aided by the enraged populace of Paris ; the atrocious murder by the Ligue

of President Brisson and two Councillors of Parliament in 1591. The Petit Châtelet was removed in 1782, but the spot on which it had stood was destined to be more than once drenched with blood in the course of successive revolutions.

Leaving the Place du Petit Pont with its painful associations, we enter the Rue de la Huchette, a street built at the end of the thirteenth century. Its name of 'huchette' is a diminutive of 'huche,' a word which originally signified a bin or trough; secondly, a counter or little table for laying out fish or other provisions on. Subsequently, as provisions thus displayed for sale were subject to a tax, the diminutive huchette came to be used for the tax itself. This tax would seem to have been levied in a house—la Maison de la Huchette—at the entrance of this street, belonging to the Chapter of Notre Dame. In the eighteenth century this house, under the sign of the Huchette d'Or, was the headquarters of the Apothecaries. Close by stood the guildhouse of the diamond merchants, a corporation whose origin goes back to the days of St. Louis. The diamond merchants were succeeded in the eighteenth century by the tanners. In the sixteenth century the street was famous for its *rôtisseurs*. One of the negotiators of the Peace of Vervins, an Italian Dominican, Padre Bonaventura Catalagirone, is said to have returned to his native land relating that the Rue des Rôtisseurs —as the street was then called—far surpassed all the other wonders of Paris. A similar story is told of a Turkish Embassy. Side by side with the *rôtisseurs* we find, at a later day, numerous gay cabarets, in one of which the Abbé Prévost is said to have studied from nature his romance of 'Manon Lescaut.' Half-way along the Rue de la Huchette a narrow little street, scarcely more than a passage between two houses, bears the quaint name of the Rue du Chat qui pêche. We have searched in vain for some record of this legendary cat. Curiously enough in the little town of Nogent-sur-Marne a narrow street near the river bears the same name. Presumably in both cases a tavern with the sign of 'The Fishing Cat' gave its name to the street.

A few steps more and we emerge from this old-world corner of Paris under the shadow of Notre Dame into what seems another century and another city; from the silence and the twilight of these narrow, unsavoury little streets, peopled for us with the figures of the past, into the full light and fresh air of the broad tree-fringed Place and Boulevard St. Michel, alive with the bustle of everyday existence, the rattle of cabs and the discordant screech of tram-trumpets, gay with the stir of the students of to-day—laughing, lounging, loving, learning, much in the same proportion, perhaps, as successive generations of their predecessors in the Latin land from the days of Abelard to our own.

G. GRAHAME.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

III.—*Various Effects of Modern Observation*

A WELL-KNOWN French critic, M. Albert Wolff, admitted in the year 1888 that 'the French school lives in observation rather than in imagination,' that 'the reality of things is the mark of contemporary art,' and that 'the exceptional works of each Salon belong to this order of ideas;' in a word, to the idea of naturalism, if it can be truly said that naturalism is an idea. Then M. Wolff went on to say that the pictures most interesting to the modern French public were those which represented life exactly, and not so much the life of the past, however accurate the revival, as that of the present day. Instead of enhancing the interest of a subject by illustrating it with a reference to antiquity, the modern Frenchman usually finds by experience that it pays better, in the attention drawn to his work and the money it brings, to represent old subjects in the most modern forms. In the Salon of 1890 there was a picture by M. Brouillet which attracted universal attention.

It was entitled *Suzanne* without any further explanation, but the name at once recalls Susannah and the Elders to the French mind. The modern Susannah is a young woman of the *demi-monde*, sitting in a *café*, and simultaneously receiving the addresses of two well-clad elderly Frenchmen. The subject is externally much more decent than in the well-known picture by Rubens, but it had been almost used up in the old form, and gained, no doubt, a certain freshness and piquancy by being represented as a 'page' of contemporary Parisian life. The work was so full of reality that to see it was to be transported at once into a *café* and become, as no doubt the painter himself had been, an observer of the actual incident.

The interest of this 'modern instance' was rather that of life than art, for it needs very little reflection to perceive that the biblical narrative, as interpreted by the old masters, was far superior, artistically, to this Parisian translation. The nudity of the original Susannah is finer for painting than the fashions of 1890, and the Oriental costumes of the original Elders were far more available material than the silk hats and correct tailoring of two rich elderly Parisians. This comparison brings us precisely to the centre of the whole subject. The interest of this modern French art is not, in most cases, so much artistic as human. I mean to say that when the modern French artist of the new school (there are exceptions, but I am speaking generally just now) has to make his choice between an artistic advantage on the one hand and some additional piquancy of human interest on the other, he will generally go where his public lead him. The consequence is that in a very great number of modern pictures art is sacrificed to mere fact. I happen to be writing this chapter in Paris, and just before coming to these lines I passed an important picture-shop on the Boulevards which afforded some interesting examples of downright modernism, and amongst others this. The picture represented one of those charming river landscapes that abound in France. On one side was a noble mass of trees, on the other a slope of land, and beyond them a hilly but not mountainous distance. Between the spectator and that distance stood a factory with its long chimney, duly emitting smoke. The artist, no doubt, was of opinion (and he was right) that the factory added the interest of life and industry to his subject; he did not think of, or he did not care about, the artistic injury that the hideous building inflicted upon a beautiful landscape, and he appears to have been entirely destitute of that fine sense which establishes a clear distinction between the poetic and the prosaic industries of men. This negligence or insensibility seems to be increasingly frequent in the new school. Many of the painters either do not know what a very delicate, easily destroyed charm is the charm of art, or else they consider themselves strong enough to do without it by appealing to the public interest in fidelity of representation and in the facts of everyday life. Certainly the power of imitating things very closely is a misfortune for painting, not as a manual trade, nor as a subject of popular curiosity, but as a fine art. In music the art is much purer, and as a rule more elevated, by being restricted to the artistic sphere, and in consequence of the feebleness of its imitative powers.

The inconvenience of imitative art from the imaginative point of view is most visible in those works that attempt to combine fact with imagination. The best instance of this was a picture by Gérôme, in the Salon of 1888: it was entitled *The Poet touched by the Muse*, and it represented a gentleman in the costume of Lamartine's youth, reclining at ease on the sea-shore. He was painted with praiseworthy accuracy and truth down to his short whiskers, his cravat, the high collar of his cloak, his buttons, and his boots—the boots, in particular, being a perfect fit, and evidently as good as new. The poet had laid down his hat and gloves with his cane, and was contemplating the sea, when the Muse, bearing her lyre, put her forefinger on his curly occiput. This is the reason why the sea-shore was crowded with female beauty—Venus standing on the crest of a wave and a score of lovely attendants disporting themselves where land and water meet. Neptune, too, is coming shorewards with his white horses, and all for the entertainment of the gentleman in boots, rude nature being

represented by a flock of seals on his right hand, but to these he pays no attention. A picture of this kind is really little less than a disaster, because it mixes the most incongruous elements, modern tailoring with antique mythology, and also because it gives fiction without making it credible and acceptable by any ideality of conception or of treatment.

A more fortunate instance of the mixture of reality with fancy was the well-known picture of *The Dream*, by Detaille, exhibited in the Salon of 1888, and afterwards purchased for the Luxembourg. A regiment of soldiers are lying in their cloaks during a bivouac, their muskets stacked in a long line far over the undulating plain. In the sky are phantom warriors of an earlier time, apparently of the First Empire—their flags waving, their cocked hats carried high on their bayonets in a moment of eager enthusiasm. The dream may be of former victories, of some Marengo or Austerlitz, in the midst of the weary discouragements of 1870. It is not the first time that phantoms or dream-visions have been represented in the sky. Turner did it with a rare success in the little vignette representing the Vision of Columbus, but in Turner's vignette, reality occupied a very small space. In the picture by Detaille, it is conspicuous and very carefully studied, even down to such a small matter as the case containing an officer's field-glass, and the minute details, all accurate, of swords, rifles, and trumpets. Still, since in this picture the vision itself is that of a past reality, the contrast is not nearly so shocking as in M. Gérôme's work, where a poet in modern boots is touched by the Muse carrying a lyre. Besides this, the sleeping soldiers are hidden in the drapery of their cloaks. The picture is exceedingly impressive, but it might have been equally so as a simple bivouac, without the dream-phantoms in the sky.

It is always dangerous to translate a purely literary expression into the definite forms of precise art. In the Salon of 1888 there was a picture by M. Realier-Dumas, illustrating the expression of Napoleon I.—'I found the crown of France on the floor, and I picked it up.' The scene represented is in one of the saloons of the Tuileries at the time of its pillage by the mob. The royal mantle lies spread like a torn and disordered carpet in the middle of the polished oak *parquet*, and on the mantle is the crown, as if it had rolled on the floor and been stopped by the thick folds of the ermine. Napoleon, his arms crossed and in the pose of a statue, looks at the glittering object out of the corner of his eye. Everything in the picture is represented with the closest accuracy, down to the clever joiner's work of the *parquet;* but we feel at once that it is a laborious, literal, and prosaic materialisation of a striking figure of speech. This, I think, is the misfortune of the present French literal school—it is observant of what can be seen and measured, such as locksmiths' work, joinery, tailoring, and shoemaking; but it is too unimaginative to deal with ideas that are not precisely within the range of the measurable and the tangible.

One feels this even with regard to subjects in themselves of no great imaginative interest, and which, it might be thought, require little beyond close observation in the artist. Perhaps the reader may remember Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*. If he does not know the first large picture he probably knows the smaller replica in the National Gallery, or at least the engraving, and even that is enough for the purposes of my argument. Rosa Bonheur is not a great artist as the imaginative artists are great, but she has excellent judgment; she knows perfectly well what may be introduced into a picture with advantage and what it is wiser to avoid. In the background of her *Horse Fair* she gave enough of local truth to fix the place, but she gave it lightly, without insisting upon it, and she intentionally obscured the background with the dust raised by the trotting horses. Two or three years ago M. Grandjean painted the same subject—and now observe the effect of recent realism, of the present matter-of-fact spirit, on his picture. Near the place where his trotting horses turn there is a common gas-lamp with three lights, and it is painted with photographic accuracy. In the distance are rows of Parisian houses, without the slightest interest of any artistic or architectural kind, yet M. Grandjean did not omit them or sketch them slightly; he took

pains to copy them as they were in reality. One does not condemn such industry, particularly as in this case the horses were painted with the utmost truth; still, the difference between Rosa Bonheur and M. Grandjean marks the peculiar sort of progress that has been made by the French School since the foundation of the Republic, a progress in the direction of accuracy and away from the old (now old-fashioned) caution and care in the selection and in the treatment of materials.

COFFEE-GRINDING. BY L. POMEY.

In the last chapter I happened to mention a picture of steel-rolling by M. Rixens, but was not aware that it had been purchased by the Municipality for the Hôtel de Ville. On going through that building I found the picture hanging in a council chamber, in a place of honour, with a picture also illustrating labour on each side of it. These works had been purchased for social or democratic reasons, and two important pictures of street movements in the Revolutions of 1793 and 1848 had been bought for political reasons; there were action and energy in all of them, but remarkably little beauty. Then the reflection occurred to me that the architecture of the new Hôtel de Ville manifests the most scrupulous care for beauty throughout, even down to such details as the panelling of passages and the locksmith's work on the doors, yet that the ugly and the common, after being expelled from architecture, came back in the shape of painting, and were hung up in great gilt frames with as much honour as could have been given in Venice to the ideals of Titian or Tintoret. The same reflection occurred to me again before some new mural paintings at the Sorbonne, to which we shall come in due time. It is a strange and curious result of the modern matter-of-fact spirit that whilst architecture is strict in its rejection of the incongruous, or at least endeavours to be so, being *elegant* in the original sense of the word, which implies a careful choice, the sister art of painting shows less and less of a right and necessary fastidiousness as time goes on. The difference appears to be that whilst architecture (as distinct from mere building) is a pure fine art, like music, painting is more comparable to writing, which may be sometimes a fine art and sometimes a mere record of facts, without any charm of selection, *ordonnance*, or idealisation.

Much of contemporary French art, like modern art elsewhere, is remarkable for poverty of invention. The subjects selected are often of the very slightest interest in themselves, and not enhanced by the charm that is always conferred, even on the barest materials, by the power of the inventive imagination when it is present. However, this gift is so rare, especially in prosaic times like these, that it would be too much to expect to meet with it frequently even amongst a class that has become so numerous as the artistic fraternity in France. I remember an eminent critic who said that when invention was absent from a painting the work had so little interest for him that he did not care to look upon it twice. My own experience has been, rather, that even in the absence of invention there may be certain compensating qualities. One of these is simply refinement of taste, which is enough to make a work attractive when there is no invention whatever, and another is the power of suggesting thoughts and ideas by means of art, a power which may belong to any painter

who is himself thoughtful even when he has no inventive genius. There was a picture in the Salon of 1889 by M. Pomey, entitled *Coffee-grinding*, representing a woman with a little coffee-mill, a subject requiring no invention, but elevated in this instance by a perfection of taste in the pose and action of the figure that might have been valuable in the portrait of a great lady. Why should art ever be vulgar? Actions are not vulgar in themselves, they only become so when performed in a vulgar manner. Even a certain rudeness is quite remote from vulgarity when it belongs to the character of the work that has to be done and to the conditions of the surroundings. There was a picture by M. Vail in the Salon of 1888 representing a fisherman at the helm just before tacking. Here he is. Nobody can accuse him of being either elegant, or fashionable, or vulgar. He is doing the plain hard work of seafaring men; and though his oilskin trousers are not exactly a fit (they might do equally well for any man on board), and though his grasp of the tiller is more business-like than refined, still he stands firmly and grandly for what he is, and a king could do no more.

Realism without much invention and with perfect good taste in the selection of little-arranged material may be found in the works of several contemporary landscape painters, and particularly in the town landscapes of M. Darien. The example given here is called *Twilight on the Quai Malaquais*, and the drawing, though slight and lacking the colour of the original picture, perfectly conveys its sentiment. There are, I believe, very few, if any, deviations from truth in the representation of the scene, but there is an exercise of taste and sentiment in the choice of the effect and in the mere placing of the figures. The Quai Malaquais is near the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the bridge in the picture is the Pont du Carrousel, and the distant pavilion to the right is the Pavillon de Flore of the Tuileries, where Napoleon III. used to have his private cabinet. The picture exactly conveys the impression of Parisian quay scenery so far as a single work could do it. In nature the Parisian embankments are well-known to lovers of the picturesque for their varied effects, especially at sunset and for an hour afterwards.

READY ABOUT! BY E. D. VAIL.

M Darien is not the only artist who has found a picturesque interest in Paris without exaggerating what happens to be picturesque in some of its features. MM. Leloir, Durst, Manceau, and several others whose names do not occur to me just now, have used Parisian material to convey the most different impressions to the mind. In England Paris is usually thought of as a gay and brilliant city, and no doubt on a fine day, when the trees of the boulevards are freshly green, and the sky is blue above the light tones of the houses, and there is a well-dressed throng on the broad causeways, the place is exhilarating like champagne; but it has other aspects also, and the modern love of veracity in art has led some painters to look for the Paris that is dreary and melancholy, as well as for that which is bright and delightful. Long streets under snow, with a few pedestrians, a stray dog, or a poor man with a donkey cart, belong in reality just as much to the capital of France as a

fashionable boulevard. Here is a bit of dreary Paris by M. Durst, *Avenue de la Défense —Fin du Jour*. Those who imagine that Paris, like 'les Polonais' in the song, is 'toujours

THE MALAQUAIS EMBANKMENT. BY M. DARIEN.

gai,' may be undeceived by the sadness and dreariness of this picture, which are preserved in this excellent little sketch by the painter himself.

It may be observed that town painters make much of effects of rain, because they afford good opportunities for reflections, and, in fact, turn the asphaltum of the causeways into a mirror. M. Darien, M. Bauré, and others, have taken advantage of these effects, which certainly add a charm to town life in bad weather. Three or four days before writing this, I was on the Place de la Concorde, all wet in a thaw, and reflecting the glories of a magnificent evening sky, not exactly, but in a fine confusion of colour; and I remembered a picture of the same subject M. Bauré once painted, *La Place Clichy*, with reflections like those on a river. These reflections have now become one of the properties of the town painter, as they are much more perfect on the modern asphaltum than on anything else. *Apropos* of roads, there was a curiously interesting picture by M. Raught, in the Salon of 1889, called simply *La Grande Route*, and representing a broad highway going uphill, the lines of the landscape converging at a farmhouse on the sky-line. Not a soul visible on the road—'not a cat,' as the French say. The scene was a little discouraging, in consequence of the long climb to be overcome before reaching the top, but it held out a hope for the traveller, though for

AVENUE DE LA DEFENSE—NIGHTFALL. BY A. DURST.

those who only look at the painted canvas, it must remain for ever unrealised. It is very easy to imagine the sort of criticism that would have been applied to this picture thirty years ago. The artist would have been told that he ought to put waggons and horses on his road, and men and women coming from the market; whilst a coarser criticism would have twitted him for having 'lodgings to let.' There is, at least, this advantage in modern criticism, that it does generally try to understand an artist's motive. In the present instance, we understand that the road itself, and not wayfarers, is the subject. The artist has taken a sentimental interest in the road, and though figures are absent from the picture, it is not without a tacit reference to the toils and travels of mankind.

THE HIGHWAY. BY J. W. RAUGHT.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA, TOLEDO

ETCHED BY H. MACBETH-RAEBURN

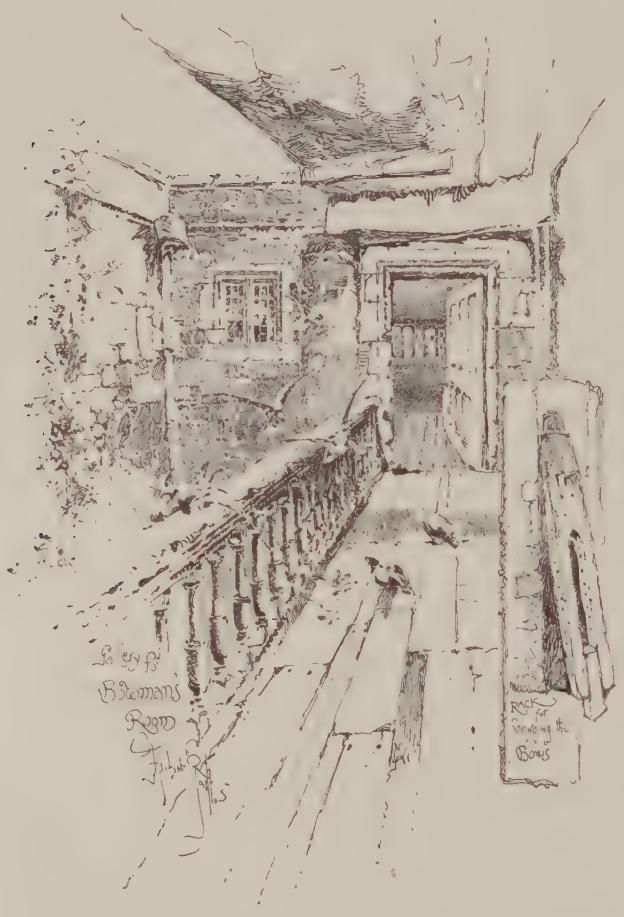
THE city of Toledo, which is said to have once had 200,000 inhabitants, though the population has dwindled down to a tenth of that number, is almost encircled by the River Tagus. It was held by the Moors for 350 years, and the building seen against the sky in Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's etching is a part of the Alcazar, once a palace of the Moorish rulers. During the occupation of Toledo by the French troops under Marshal Soult it was turned into a barrack, and they set fire to it when evacuating the place. It is now used as a Military College. The Bridge of Alcantara occupies the site of one which existed in Roman times. It was rebuilt A.D. 871, and restored in the latter part of the fourteenth century.

HADDON HALL

II

HENRY, I pray you ffayle not now as ever I may do ffor yow,' wrote Warwick, the King-maker, with his own hand, to Henry Vernon, of Haddon, in March, 1471. 'Yonder man, Edward,' as the letter said, had lately landed in the North, and was fast coming southward, 'with Flemynges, Esterlinges, and Danes,' and the Squire of Haddon was bidden to betake himself, therefore, to Coventry with such force as he could, 'in all haste possible, as my vray singuler trust is in you and as I mowe doo thing to your wele or worship hereaftir.' There is very good reason to believe, however, that, instead of faring forth with his men, and sharing in those operations which ended some three weeks later in the disastrous defeat at Barnet, Henry Vernon, who had succeeded to his estates in 1467, was well content to remain upon them, and to follow that policy of masterful inactivity which was so safe in the Wars of the Roses. In fact, so successful was his diplomacy, that he appears to have stood high in the favour, and to have been closely in the confidence, of both parties. At

any rate, no sooner had Margaret been defeated at Tewkesbury, than Clarence, the brother of Edward IV., wrote to inform him that 'Edward, late called Prince,' had been 'slain in plain battle.' This Henry Vernon was squire of the body to both Edward IV. and Richard III., and the latter King had such trust in him that, before the battle of Bosworth Field, he summoned him 'with such nombre as ye have promysed unto us, sufficiently horssed and hernessed.' Nevertheless, when Henry VII. was established on the throne, Vernon was received into high favour, corresponded often with the King, was made a Knight of the Bath, and given the Controllership of the Household of Prince Arthur. Tradition says that the young prince often stayed at Haddon, and that a room there was formerly called the 'Prince's Chamber.' The sagacious knight attested the articles of the marriage with Katharine of Aragon, and, shortly after the death of her youthful husband, was deputed to escort the Princess Margaret, 'without any mourning or sorrowful clothings,' to Scotland, for her marriage with James IV.



Sir Henry Vernon was a courtly knight, shrewd in his counsels, and a man deep in the understanding of his fellowmen. He gained the ear of several kings, steered the family barque across troubled waters, trimming his sails with rare skill to the ever-shifting breeze, and kept clear of the dangerous rocks and shoals upon which many others foundered. The Vernons of the Tudor period were all men of fine artistic taste, who delighted to enrich their mansion and to emblazon it with the many honours of their family. At Tong Church, too, in Shropshire, they added a beautiful chantry-chapel to the south aisle, and its roof is an exquisite example of the fan-vaulting of the late Perpendicular style. There, the effigies of Sir Henry Vernon and Anne, his wife, may be seen, as well as a half-length upright figure representing Arthur Vernon, rector of Whitchurch (ob. 1517), whose features, it has been pointed out, bear a strong family resemblance to those of the knight lying near. The shrewd courtier, Sir Henry, carried on the work of his predecessors at Haddon, completed the range of buildings on the western side of the lower quadrangle (overlooking the River Wye), did much at the embellishment of the drawing-room, placed the fine armorial glass in the windows of the dining-room, panelled its walls and enriched its ceiling; and the shields and devices which he added may still be seen there. At his death, the lower courtyard had assumed much of the appearance which it still retains.

His grandson, Sir George Vernon, the celebrated 'King of the Peak,' was also a man of strong personality, but of very different character from the astute Sir Henry. We think of him as a bluff country gentleman, principally perhaps from the story that when he had executed a felon without due warrant near the toll-gate at Ashford—or, as another writer says, in a place afterwards called the 'gallows acre'—and had been summoned to Westminster to account for his trespass, he refused to respond when the crier of the court called thrice for the 'King of the Peak,' but answered 'Here am I' at the call for plain 'Sir George Vernon.'

Chroniclers tell us of the thirty manors he held, of the immense possessions which were his, and of the fourscore retainers who thronged his halls. We read of his bounteous hospitality, picture to ourselves the coming of his many guests, and think of the jollity which he contributed to spread through all the country-side. Sir George Vernon treasured his ancestral house as much as any who had lived there before him. It was he who built, or more probably completed, the present north-western entrance tower, and gave it its embellishments. Within the courtyard the structural devices, by which the lower walls supporting this erection were braced together, add much to the picturesque effect of the grey buildings. In the year 1545 Sir George Vernon completed the adornment of the dining-room, where the date, with the words 'Monseigneur de Vernon,' and the initials of the knight and his wife, appear over the mantel. Above these again are the royal arms of the Tudors, with the motto, 'Drede God and Honor the Kynge;' and on the walls are the shields and quarterings of the Vernons, and of Gernon, Pembrugge, Pype, Spernore, and many other families whom they represented in blood and possessions. In the fine recessed window, from which the gardens and the valley of the Wye make a most pleasant prospect, there are also hung interesting portraits of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, as well as of the Court jester, Will Somers, which Sir George, or his father, probably placed there. To him also must be attributed some of the decorations of the drawing-room, and we shall not be wrong if we trace his hand in other parts of the building. It may be remarked here that there was nothing unusual in the Earl's bedchamber being entered almost directly from the drawing-room. In the Middle Ages the close proximity of the sleeping and living rooms was customary, as is shown, for example, in the fabliau *Du sot chevalier* ('Barbazan,' iv. 255), where, after a dinner in the hall, the knight and his lady retire to their chamber which is separated from it only by a doorway—*Ainz qu'il aient le sueil passé*—and the practice was continued long afterwards; indeed, the want of corridors often rendered such proximity unavoidable.

We reach now the celebrated episode of Dorothy Vernon, upon which the fate of Haddon hung, and which has lent the glamour of romance to the scenes in which she moved. Sir George Vernon, her father, the last heir male of the Haddon line, was twice married, and his effigy now lies in Bakewell Church, with those of his two wives, Margaret, daughter of Sir Gilbert Tayleboys, and Maude, daughter of Sir Ralph Langford. Of his two daughters, Margaret, the elder, was married to Sir Thomas Stanley of Winwick, in Lancashire, son of the third Earl of Derby; and Dorothy, the younger—who ultimately became sole heiress—to John Manners, the second son of Sir Thomas Manners, first Earl of Rutland. It is not easy to say at this date what could have been the strong objection which the 'King of the Peak' is averred to have had to his daughter's marriage with John Manners, whose father was of high descent, and died, covered with honours, in 1543, having had a royal augmentation granted to his arms, by reason of his descent from Anne Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. It may, indeed, be that Sir George had planned some great alliance for his daughter, and was ill-content with a younger son, or perhaps differences of religion were at the root of his objection, or, we may suppose again, that some personal antipathy, of which there is no record, was felt by the knight to his daughter's lover. However this may be, tradition tells us that the attachment was a secret one, or, at least, that the meeting of Manners and Dorothy Vernon was under her father's ban. Legend has grown up about the episodes, and it is related that Manners lingered in the woods of Haddon, disguised as a forester or a hunter, gaining speech at times with the lady, and watching the light in her window. As to the actual circumstances of the elopement—if elopement there was, which seems probable—we have tradition alone to guide us. It is said that, on the occasion of certain festivities at the Hall—held, as some aver, in honour of the marriage of her elder sister—Dorothy stole away from the gay scene, ran down to the terrace by the steps from the ante-room which now bear her name, and joined her lover, who had horses waiting near. The pair then mounted, and galloped, as the story goes, all

through the night, until they reached Aylston, in Leicestershire, where they were married on the morrow. The memory of Dorothy Vernon will linger long about the tapestried chambers and sweet-scented gardens of Haddon, and, whatever there may be of truth or falsehood in the story of her elopement, the visitor who passes down the steps and walks beneath the low-hanging boughs of the yew-trees on the terrace, or is shadowed by the limes and sycamores in Dorothy Vernon's Walk, where the banks are carpeted with flowers in the spring-time, will do well to cherish this legendary history, which has given an unfailing charm to Haddon.* In Bakewell Church, moreover, where both Dorothy and her husband lie buried, he may see her kneeling effigy, and, if her features should strike him as homely, and somewhat unattractive withal, he will bethink him what profound depths of feeling, and what strange capacities for romance, exist unsuspected in the life of every day. It will be of interest here to record the fact that, in the year 1841, when the church of Bakewell was being restored, excavations were made on the site of the monument of John Manners and his wife, and remains believed to be theirs were found in wooden coffins. 'The head of the female,' we read, 'was still covered with hair, cut short on the forehead, but long behind, extremely friable, remarkably soft, and of a beautiful auburn colour, and in it were found six brass pins.' The wife of John Manners died on Midsummer Day, 1584, but her husband survived many years, being knighted after her death, and died on the 4th of June, 1611. He continued to reside at Haddon, and showed no lack of interest in the great house that had become his own. There can be no reasonable doubt that the Long Gallery was built by him, and thus one of the chief beauties of the Hall is attributed to its first possessor of the Manners' name. Both within and without, the three great bays relieve it from all monotony, and the first impression on entering it is of its grandeur and dignity. The Long Gallery or Ball-room was a customary feature in great houses of Tudor and Stuart times, and may yet be seen in many places—as, for example, in very stately form at Belvoir, and characteristically at Astley Hall, in Lancashire, but nowhere more attractively than at Haddon. There its length is more than 109 feet, its width 18 feet, and its height 15 feet. The heavy steps of solid oak by which it is entered, and the whole flooring of the room, are said to have been cut from one gigantic oak which grew in the woods. The wainscot is divided by fluted pilasters into panels, which have arched tops, and, above, the boar's-head crest of the Vernons, and the Manners' peacock, with roses and thistles, are alternated. In

* Mr. Henry Duesbury, in the 'Archaeological Journal' (vol. vii.), has objected to the story of the elopement on the ground that it is not easy to see where the ball could have been held at the time, that it is not clear that the doorway and steps then existed, and that the elopement was quite unnecessary. It is, however, improbable at least, that Haddon Hall would have been without a dancing chamber until the present Long Gallery was erected; it is not essential to the truth of the story that the present doorway and steps should have existed, and we cannot know at this day what might be Sir George Vernon's reasons for objecting to his daughter's suitor. That he had such an objection, and that the marriage took place without his consent, is attested by a very strong body of tradition, which it would otherwise be difficult to explain.

the windows also there is blazonry of the arms of Rutland and Shrewsbury, with the royal shield of England; and over the mantel hangs a very remarkable picture, representing Thomyris, Queen of the Massagetae, victorious over Cyrus, whose head is being presented to her.

John Manners, during the long years that followed the death of his wife, lived prosperously but quietly at home, visiting his friends and receiving them in return, occupying an important position in the county, and intimate with many of the great figures of his age. His brother Roger, of Uffington, a gentleman of the Court, and a Mentor to all his family, had a chamber in the house which may still be seen; and doubtless he was often there, for the two, from youth to age, were closely associated. Indeed, in February, 1601, Roger wrote to John, 'I desyre no worldly thing more than that I may end my days with you in contemplation.' John Manners was one of the escort of Mary, Queen of Scots, when she was removed to Tutbury in 1585. He was much distressed, as was his brother Roger, when their nephew, the Earl of Rutland, entered into the design of Essex in 1600; and he found great difficulty, as appears, in raising funds in the county for the Queen's levies.

After the death of John Manners in 1611, few other works were executed at Haddon Hall. His son, Sir George, who succeeded him, placed a new roof upon the chapel, and probably at the

same time inserted the late window over the ancient western one; and the music gallery may be of his date, with other of the woodwork. The rood-screen had already, in all probability, been taken down, but the door, reached by a winding stair, from which the rood-loft was entered, may still be seen high up in the northern wall. Sir George Manners married Grace, daughter of Sir Henry Pierrepoint, and of her a bust, from a cast taken after death, stands at the eastern end of the Long Gallery at Haddon. They lie together, buried in Bakewell Church, beneath a large and curious monument, which, in addition to their own kneeling effigies, has also those of all their children. It was a remarkable circumstance that John Manners, the son of Sir George, and the grandson of Dorothy's husband, should have succeeded as eighth Earl of Rutland, but the rapid devolution of the title was due to the fact that Henry, the second Earl, was followed in succession by his two sons, and the fourth Earl, John, again by three sons, none of whom left any heir to inherit the earldom.

The subsequent relation of the Manners family with Haddon Hall need not occupy us very long, for the building itself was completed, and the addition of the terraces and some features of the gardens left it as we see it now, save that its chambers were not yet bare. John, the eighth Earl, who lived at Belvoir and Haddon alternately, espoused the cause of the Parliament, and took the Solemn League and Covenant. Belvoir Castle was captured by the

Royalists, and suffered sadly in the subsequent troubles, the Earl meanwhile living mostly at Haddon, where his magnificence, it would seem, rivalled that of the 'King of the Peak.' He shared in the Restoration; and, as we read in Lysons, between 1660 and 1670, although the family were then living mostly at Belvoir, there was a prodigious consumption of beeves and sheep at Haddon, and particularly that an open Christmas was held there in 1663, when, as appears by the bailiff's charges, outlay was made for much work in the kitchen, and for pipers and dancers to make the guests merry withal. John, the ninth Earl, was created Marquis of Granby and Duke of Rutland by Queen Anne, and was succeeded, upon his death at Belvoir in 1711, by his son John, the second Duke, who died in 1721, and he again by his son, also named John, the third Duke, who lived occasionally at Haddon. It was, however, during his lifetime that the family finally quitted their ancient home by the Wye, and the Hall was dismantled about the year 1740. Yet, ever since that time, the successive Dukes of Rutland have safeguarded the venerable edifice, and, without attempting restoration, by structural supports and careful watching, have preserved it from decay. It is to them that the public owe the inestimable privilege of being allowed to linger within the time-worn walls and chambers, which, besides being of abounding interest in themselves, awaken so many delightful memories of history and romance.

When the Hall ceased to be a place of residence not all its adornments were removed. The tapestry deserves special attention, there being, in several of the rooms, some fine remains of Gobelins and other work. The graceful drawing-room is partially hung with it, as was customary, in such manner as to conceal the entrance to the Earl's dressing-room, and there are curious iron hooks for holding it back. The Earl's bedroom itself is tapestried with representations of the chase. One of the rooms in the western range, as well as several small chambers on the north side, including Dorothy Vernon's room, and others not usually shown to visitors, contain much good work of Flemish and French manufacture. In addition to the large picture in the Long Gallery, and the portraits in the dining-room which have been alluded to, there are many paintings in various parts of the house. A number of them are in the ante-room leading from the Long Gallery, including portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Charles I. There is a portrait, also, in the drawing-room, of the sixth Earl of Rutland, who died in 1632, and several of less importance are in the great hall. Many of the pictures are Italian, and little seems to be known about them; but they are thought to have been brought or sent to England by Sir Oliver Manners, a younger brother of Dorothy's husband.

The visitor to Haddon will notice some other objects of curiosity and interest, and he will do well not to hurry through the vacant rooms, for, if the plan of the house be understood, and something of the several dates of its erection, very much may be learned of the ways, manners, and surroundings of Mediaeval and Tudor gentlemen. Then, passing down through the pleasant gardens, and recrossing the River Wye, the stranger will look back gratefully upon the grey towers, lighted perchance by the setting sun, and will bear away with him an impression of beauty, grandeur, and romance which surely will never fade.

JOHN LEYLAND

MARCH 1.—The most notable event in the art world during the past four weeks has been a death. On the 31st of January the world lost its most famous painter in Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier. Born at Lyons about seventy-eight years ago, Meissonier had filled the most conspicuous place in the *capitale de l'art* for more than a generation. In his last years he had enjoyed such satisfaction as can be got from the knowledge that people were ready to give unprecedented sums for his pictures. Last summer his *1814—Campagne de France*, was sold to M. Chauchard, of the Magasins du Louvre, for 32,000*l.*, a price which our fathers would have thought extravagant for a masterpiece of Raphael. That the vogue this implies will last we should be sorry to believe, for, with all his intelligence and all his skill, Meissonier was destitute of some of the most essential qualities of a great artist. Brought to Paris while he was still a child, he was placed by his father, who was a druggist, with one Jules Potier, a now forgotten *Prix de Rome*, whose studio he quitted for that of Léon Cogniet, the most approved teacher of his time. Under Cogniet he foregathered with Daumier, with Daubigny, with Steinheil, the glass-painter, whose sister he married; with Louis Joseph Trimolet, whose advice was the moulding of his career; and with Tony Johannot, the favourite illustrator of the time. It was to the influence of Johannot that Meissonier owed the opportunity for making those designs for books which are now so eagerly collected. In 1834 he appeared at the Salon, sending the mediocre little picture known as *Bourgeois Flamands*, now at Hertford House. His next appearance was in 1836, when he sent his first *Partie d'Echecs*. Between 1838 and 1854 he exhibited some thirty pictures and drawings which have now entered into glory; and then, in the exhibition year of 1855, he blossomed into real notoriety with *Une Rixe*, the picture for which, *dit on*, Her Most Gracious Majesty was offered 100,000*l.* by an American Croesus. In 1859 Meissonier went to Italy on the Emperor's staff, and gleaned materials for two pictures of *Napoleon III. at Solferino*, one of which is in the Luxembourg. It was by what he saw in this campaign that he was turned into the way of battles. Soon after he came home he began his studies for those illustrations of the Napoleonic pageant on which his final place in art will depend. The first was the *1814*; the second the small portrait of the Emperor, which once belonged to Mr. Ruskin; the third the *1807*, now in New York, of which a water-colour replica has lately been etched by M. Jacquet. Of a fourth picture, *Cuirassiers, 1805*, which was burnt in America, M. Secrétan had a partial repetition. Lastly, it is understood that he left behind him a *Marengo, 1800*, in a state of practical completion. Meissonier's doings as Mayor of Poissy need not be referred to here, but we may note that by his death the artists who exhibit on the Champ de Mars lose their chief.

CHARLES CHAPLIN was not so unlike Meissonier as at first sight one might think. He did for the Frenchwoman pretty much what the other man did for the French soldier. He painted her *en grande tenue* whether the *terrain* on which she was about to appear were the boudoir or the ballroom. He detailed the charms of the Parisienne and enhanced them with a skill beyond even hers. Many graceful touches in the fashions of the last twenty years have been due to suggestions from his brush. Even under the Empire the Empress enjoyed the credit for more than one happy invention of her favourite painter. Chaplin was born at Les Andelys, the birthplace of Nicolas Poussin, in 1825. His parents were English. He was educated at the college of Lisieux, and then became the pupil of Michel Martin Drolling. From Drolling's he migrated to the École des Beaux Arts, where he competed for the *Prix de Rome*. Being English by nationality, he could not have enjoyed it even had he won it, for the statutes restrict the prize to French subjects. After leaving the Quai Malaquais he lived for a time in Auvergne, painting such subjects as those we associate with the name of Millet. But before he had reached middle age he had found his line, and had settled down in Paris to paint Woman. His first portrait was that of Marie Duplessis, the *Dame aux Camélias*. Before his catalogue was closed the names of most of those of whom the world has heard as helping to make *Tout Paris* had given work to his brush. In the last years of his life Chaplin was naturalised as a Frenchman. Among his many pupils the best known, perhaps, is Madeleine Lemaire.

THE deaths have also taken place of the French sculptors, Charles Gauthier and Eugène Delaplanche, whose *Eve after the Fall* will be remembered by all visitors to the Luxembourg; of the Viennese architect, Baron Friedrich Schmidt, the builder of the Gothic Rathhaus; of Professor Mücke, a pillar of the Düsseldorf school; and of Alexander Johnston, a once well-known painter of *genre* and quasi-historical pictures. Johnston was born in Edinburgh in 1815, and educated in the Trustees' Academy and at the Royal Academy in London. He began to exhibit in 1836, and left off doing so in 1880. His *Lord William Russell in the Tower* formed part of the Vernon gift to the National Gallery. It is now deposited in some provincial museum.

ON the 21st of January three elections took place at the Royal Academy. Mr. Brock and Mr. Gow were promoted from the rank of Associate to that of Academician, while Mr. David Murray was elected an Associate. All three elections are at least respectable. Mr. Brock, though without the originality of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, is a sculptor of fine taste and of consummate technical powers; Mr. Gow's best things, such as the *Cromwell at Dunbar* of the Chantrey Collection, and *The Requisition*, belonging to Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, have hardly been excelled in their way. It was of the latter work that Meissonier declared, in 1889, 'J'aurais per signé ça moi-même.' Mr. David Murray is facile, prolific, a colourist in his way, and an intelligent observer of nature.

SOME interesting exhibitions have been opened during the month. At Mr. McLean's some thirty first-rate examples of the school of Barbizon are to be seen. Corot, Diaz, D'Aubigny and Troyon are there in their glory, and a profitable hour may be spent among them, even by those who have almost heard enough for the moment of the prophets of Fontainebleau. At the Messrs. Agnew's, the usual spring exhibition of water-colours invites the patron. It includes some excellent Turners, some less desirable De Wints, a fine Copley Fielding, a Prout or two one might covet, fine examples of James Holland, of A. B. Houghton, of Turner's guide, Tom Malton, of the little-known B. T. Pouncy, the brother-in-law of Woollett and an engraver in the same style. His drawings are excellent. We should also mention a superb drawing by Sir James Linton, *The Rose* the name of it, in which a deep colour-harmony is combined with splendid richness of texture. At the Dudley Gallery there is nothing that need here be particularised, albeit 331 drawings cover the walls. At the Fine Art Society's we find three little shows, all interesting. The first is a series of English gardens, by Mr. George S. Elgood, R.I.; the second, those illustrations to the 'Vicar of Wakefield' over which Mr. Hugh Thomson has been busy for the last year and more; the third, Miss Kate Greenaway's designs for the series of children's books which have set a fashion, if indeed, they have not started a school. At the Messrs. Dowdeswell's some thirty pictures by Mr. Anderson Hague will do something to bring the name of a prominent member of the Manchester school before the London public. Mr. Hague is an impressionist with affinities to the Scottish school. His work is vigorous, not to say violent in execution, but often good in colour, and never tame.

THE water-colour room at the 'Old Masters' has received an invaluable supplement in a loan exhibition opened at the Messrs. Vokins' galleries in Great Portland Street. Here we find splendid examples of nearly, if not quite, all the men who have made the fame of the English school—Turner, De Wint, John Varley, Bonington, Barret, Prout, F. O. Finch, Cotman, W. Hunt, Cox, Fielding, James Holland, J. F. Lewis—hung on the same walls with men and women still among us, such as Sir Frederick Burton, the director of the

National Gallery, who never perhaps painted better than in *The Turret Stair*, and Mrs. Allingham, whose drawing of *The Well* shows her at her best. This collection, and that at the Royal Academy, would afford material for a history of water-colour painting in England.

Among engravings lately published, there are three which demand particular notice. Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi have issued an etching by M. Laguillermie, in which full justice has been done to the famous Greuze of the Louvre, *La Cruche Cassée*. Mr. Hole has etched Constable's *Jumping Horse* — the famous picture in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House — in his own unique fashion, saying, one would guess, the very last word of intelligent reproduction. Mr. Robert Macbeth has interpreted Mr. Orchardson's *If Music be the food of Love* with rare skill, suggesting the colour and rendering the finesse of the brush as few living etchers could do it.

In a chronicle of the month's events, it would not do to omit all reference to the appearance of a new paper with artistic pretensions. The first number of 'Black and White,' heralded by a pretty but not alarmingly original poster by Mr. Herkomer, appeared on the 6th of February. Its speciality seems to be the giving of better woodcuts, better printed, than its rivals. The first two numbers show a certain lack of actuality, but this no doubt will be cured in time.

The second volume of M. Eugène Müntz's 'Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance' deals with the golden age of art in Italy. The first, it will be remembered, was devoted to 'Les Primitifs.' The present instalment begins with an account of the social condition of Italy in the second half of the fifteenth century, and then goes on to treat, one by one, the arts which were the outcome of that condition. M. Müntz is well known as one of the ablest of living *vulgarisateurs*, and his pages will be read with the respect they deserve. For his illustrations he has gone more frankly to 'process' than usual with a book of such pretensions. The result, however, is satisfactory on the whole, especially as excellent judgment is shown in deciding when to employ more artistic methods of reproduction. The volume is provided with a copious and apparently accurate index, which is a rarity in French books.

Mr. G. Woolliscraft Rhead's little book on 'Etching' (Darton's 'Manuals for Home Work') is very well done. It is written simply and clearly, and seems to be complete so far as it goes. In the Introduction we may find a statement or two to cavil at, such as the inclusion of the *Lazarus* among Rembrandt's finest plates, and the assertion that there is rain in the *Three Trees;* but, after all, those points are debated, and, therefore, we are compelled to allow, debateable.—Another handbook, Mrs. Jopling's 'Hints to Amateurs,' attempts to deal with a much larger subject, but scarcely does so in a larger manner. As a collection of *vivâ voce* hints, gathered surreptitiously by a stenographer, it might have passed muster; as a 'Handbook on Art,' gravely written and printed and corrected, it provokes what Paddy calls 'sarcăsăm.' The section on water colours is especially primitive.—The first two parts of the new and greatly amended edition of Sir Daniel Wilson's 'Memorials of Edinburgh' are before us. The plates show great signs of wear, but the book is well printed, and in other respects seems likely to fulfil its promise. It has, however, a dangerous rival in Mrs. Oliphant's 'Royal Edinburgh,' with those illustrations by Mr. George Reid which are not to be surpassed in their way.

The third instalment of Rembrandt drawings, reproduced in facsimile in the ateliers of the Berlin Museum, is, if possible, an improvement upon the second. It contains, among other superb things, a splendid study of a lion from the collection of Lord Brownlow; a portrait from Dorchester House, which is, perhaps, the most elaborate drawing by the master in existence; a sketch from the small *Descent from the Cross* in the National Gallery; and the famous *Rembrandt drawing from a Model*, which embodies one of the most powerful combinations of light and shadow that even he devised. It is difficult to believe that anything more perfect in the way of reproducing a great artist's work can ever be done than Dr. Lippmann and his coadjutors are doing here. To the student these facsimiles are simply indispensable; to the amateur—the real amateur—they will afford as much delight as a whole gallery of pictures.

The South Kensington Museum has lately been enriched with various fine things in the departments of textiles and of Italian sculptured work of the fifteenth century. The textiles include a small but fine collection of lace bequeathed by Mrs. Bolckow, as well as two or three magnificent pieces bought by the Museum. Among the former, the most notable pieces are a flounce of Brussels pillow lace made for Madame de Maintenon and given by her to Fénélon, and an exquisite example of what the French have happily christened *point de neige*. Among the bought pieces, an altar frontal in rose-point is supposed to be unique for beauty and importance; an alb, made apparently either for an image or for a man of abnormal stature, with a deep flounce of Venetian rose-point, is scarcely less remarkable. In the same cloister a fine panel of Flemish tapestry, designed about 1485, woven about 1520, according to the label, has been put up. The subject deals with the seven deadly sins, and repeats a part of the famous tapestry in the withdrawing-room at Hampton Court. The new panel is a thing to delight in, but it must yield in beauty to its pendant on the same wall, a panel bought in 1866 or thereabouts for 25*l.*! The later purchase cost 550*l.*

In the Italian court a fine niche of carved wood, a beautiful wall-fountain of sculptured stone, and a sculptured shaft of white marble, are the chief acquisitions. This last has been labelled Roman, perhaps with justice. In the picture galleries a series of designs, or rather projects for decoration, by the late W. B. Scott, have been placed. They have to do with his wall-paintings at Wallington Hall, the home of the Trevelyans, and at Penkill Castle, in Ayrshire. They are lent by Miss Boyd, of Penkill, under whose roof the artist died.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers has honoured itself by electing M. Félix Bracquemond an honorary Fellow. M. Bracquemond is at present engaged on a very large portrait plate of M. Carnot, the President of the Republic, a task not, we should think, of the most congenial. When that is complete, he has undertaken to begin one after Mr. Edward Huth's fine Holbein, the *Sir Thomas More* which was last seen at the Tudor Exhibition. This, although somewhat larger, will be a pendant to the plate after the same painter's *Erasmus*, which is now one of the most coveted of M. Bracquemond's works.

Between the 16th of January and the 13th of February the following books on artistic subjects were published:—'How to Earn the Drawing Grant: a Practical Handbook' (Anon.); 'The Student's Atlas of Artistic Anatomy' (C. Rath); 'Engravings and their Value' (J. H. Slater); 'La Caricature Politique en France, 1870–1' (J. Berleux); Leonardo da Vinci,' Div. III., part 1 (P. Müller-Walde); 'Olympia, die Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen (Curtius & Adler); 'The Engraved Gems of Classical Times' (J. H. Middleton); 'Traité complet de la Science du Blason' (J. D'Eschavannes); 'Kunstkritische Studien über Italienische Malerei' (Lermolieff [G. Morelli]); 'Programm zum Winckelmannsfeste zu Berlin;' 'Prolegomena zu einer neuen Gallerie heroischer Bildwerke' (A. Schneider); 'Die Hellenistischen Relief-bilder,' Parts VI. to VIII. (T. Schneider); 'Würzburger Antiken' (K. Sittl); 'Landscape and Pastoral Painters of Holland' (F. Cundall: Great Artist Series); 'Landseer and Animal Painting in England' (W. J. Loftie: Vere Foster's Series); 'Moffatt's Perspective for Second-Grade Art-Students' (J. Vaughan); 'Die Katakombengemälde und ihre alten Copien' (J. Wilpert); 'Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance,' Vol. II., 'Italie; L'Age d'Or' (Eugène Müntz); 'Hints to Amateurs: a Handbook on Art' (Louise Jopling); 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' Third Edition (Smith); 'Society Pictures from "Punch,"' Part I. (G. Du Maurier).

THE SHEPHERDS AT BETHLEHEM

ETCHED BY HENRI MANESSE, FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRY LEROLLE

THIS is one of the illustrations to the series of articles on 'The Present State of the Fine Arts in France.' It does not always happen that the principal illustration can accompany the article to which it would properly belong. Nothing can be more remote from impressionism than the art of M. Lerolle. It has, however, an element of realism without any of that coarseness which often belonged to realism in its early and combative stage. I shall have to speak of M. Lerolle's work in a later article, and for the present will confine myself to the subject before us. The reader will have observed that in early religious art the reverential feelings of painters expressed themselves by endowing the personages who surrounded the infant Christ with as much worldly splendour as the exuberance of the artist's imagination could supply. M. Lerolle lives in a later age, that desires to realise for itself the past as it may have been. He shows us a rude building and simple folks, yet there is nothing forbidding or repulsive in this kind of realism. In fact, it is as refined as the art of the same painter when his subjects admit of beauty in architecture and costume.

P. G. H.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

IV.—*Impressionism*

THE word 'Impressionism' has the usual defect of names intended to be descriptive, in only describing a part of that which it is intended to characterise. It is not possible to convey complicated ideas in a single word, except when the subject is already familiar to the public. Although the principles in question are almost entirely different (having nothing in common but a sincere love of nature), the use of a name reminds one of the English 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' which came to include almost all sincere and downright painting of detail, though much of it was such as no painter existing before the time of Raphael could have practised or even understood. The French Impressionists might argue that there is much more in their doctrine and practice than their title indicates, but the word is useful as a designation, and is so far accurate that it gives an idea of one at least of their principles, especially in landscape-painting.

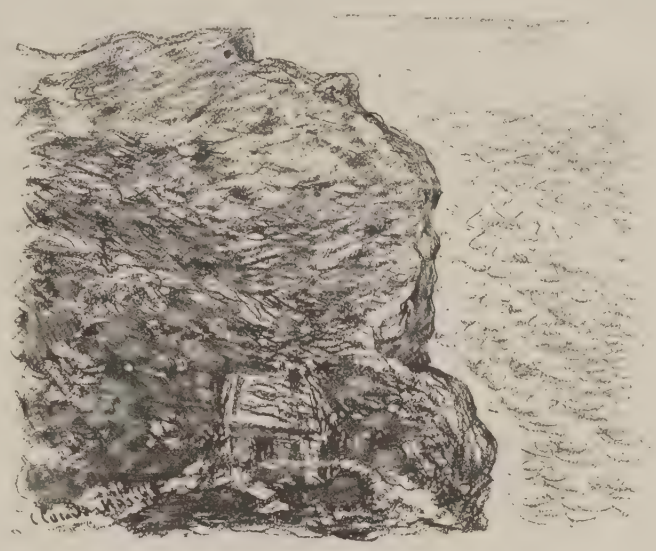
The first thing to be said about Impressionism is that it need not be considered a novelty, especially by Englishmen. Turner is looked upon as a precursor, the most practical difference between his later and fully emancipated work and that of the modern French Impressionists being that Turner painted in the studio whilst these men work almost exclusively in the open air. Constable, in his sketches, was decidedly an Impressionist, and so have been many more recent artists who are not nominally included in the school. However, the best way to understand the doctrine will be by a fair consideration of the productions that have resulted from it.

One of the earliest of the modern French Impressionists was Edouard Manet, whose premature death prevents me from speaking of his work as belonging to the artistic production of the present day, though it is impossible to overlook it in the history of the sect, and, indeed, the living Impressionists still affectionately consider Manet one of themselves: 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' The example that he set was one of perfect honesty, absolute faith in his principles, and a too complete confidence in his own powers. He had deep convictions about veracity, and staked upon them the whole success of his career. Being independent in fortune, he was never compelled to adapt his talents to the taste of others, and he never made any concessions either to popular or to more cultivated tastes. One of his earliest admirers, M. Zola, admitted that he 'painted neither history nor the soul, that what is called composition did not exist for him.' Then M. Zola went on to say, 'He treats his figure-pictures as it is permitted in the schools to treat pictures of still life; I mean that he groups his models rather accidentally, and that all his care afterwards is to fix them on the canvas as he sees them, with the vigorous oppositions by which they detach themselves one from another.' If this account of Manet's practice is true (and Zola knew him well), is it not an admission that he worked rather by the eye than by the mind—that there was neither thought nor composition in his work, but observation only? In execution, Manet's work was an improvisation in the presence of nature, and who can count upon the regularity in the action of high artistic faculties that would be necessary to maintain a steady excellence in improvisation? It is a fact that the quality of Manet's painting was very unequal, especially in the texture and colouring of flesh. However, the absolute sincerity of it gave a claim to serious consideration, and the artist's resolute study of nature endowed it with novelty and freshness. M. Zola spoke of him repeatedly as an 'analyst,' but in my view his work was rather synthetic than analytic, and I notice that those writers who are now most in sympathy with the Impressionists, and most directly inspired by them, use the words 'synthesis' and 'synthetic' as being the aim and the characteristic of their art. Like some other French artists of our time, Manet had a way of translating old themes by modern examples. In this way some of his pictures, that were considered coarse, vulgar, and even immoral, were merely experiments in the modernisation of Dutch and Italian themes that no one ever objects to in the old masters.

A VILLAGE BY THE SEINE.

A name which by its resemblance to that of Manet has sometimes created confusion, even in print, is that of Claude Monet, the Impressionist landscape-painter. It is natural that the principles of the sect should have been applied to a department of art in which the variety of effects and their fugitive character seem enough to suggest the practice, if they do not formulate the doctrine, of Impressionism. What, indeed, would be the ideally best way of painting a landscape? What, in the artistic sense, *is* a natural landscape? Is it a tangible substance, such as granite and oak, or is it an effect of colour and light? The answer is, that although tangible substances exist in landscape they do not make the *scene*, which is the result of effect as much as of substance, being a synthesis of the two, and that landscape-painting ought to give this synthesis. When from theory we come to practice, we find that effects are fugitive, and require very summary treatment if they are to be painted at all from nature, or even whilst they remain fresh in the memory. M. Claude Monet works exclusively from nature, and this has two consequences: the first, that a large proportion of

his pictures remain unfinished and are never shown to anybody; the second, that in those he exhibits, the substance of the landscape, the material part of it, is often dealt with in such a summary fashion that trees and houses are given in a sort of shorthand. The rapid transience of natural effects must always either hurry the artist so as to make quiet work impossible for him, or else compel him to paint from memory. M. Monet accepts heroically the inconveniences of working from nature. His constant study of natural effects has produced in his mind a complete divergence from those ideas about landscape colour which are born and bred in studios in great cities. The city painter fancies that nature is grey or brown, with a little dull green on grass, or permissible pale blue in the sky towards the top of the picture. M. Monet has seen the real colouring of nature—seas of sapphire and emerald, or dark purple and violet far away, cliffs of brilliant white or stained with reds incredible to the citizen critic, and confused medleys of the richest colours in weedy pools upon the sands. He has seen the Atlantic waves beat wildly on the purple rocks of Brittany; he has studied the Mediterranean, with its pale, pure blues and greens, dark by comparison with the sun-baked fortifications of Antibes and the aërial radiance of the distant maritime Alps. For variety of observation, joined to complete singleness of purpose in each separate work, no French landscape-painter is comparable to Claude Monet. The utmost dreariness of a frozen river and a snowed-up little town in Normandy, the summer glory of the south, the burning autumnal foliage by some quiet trout-stream in contrast with the persistent green of its grassy bank, are all equally interesting to this open-minded observer; and each separate phase of nature that he represents occupies him exclusively at the time, so that there is never any confusion in his mind between one motive and another. Yet for many years Monet has been a most unpopular artist, and his unpopularity has been due both to his merits and his defects. First, he sees and imitates natural colour (including even the bluish or violet shadows in landscape), colour that always puzzles and amazes the unobservant; and he tries to raise the key of his tonality as high as he can towards the exalted pitch of natural light—two endeavours that are sure to make pictures look glaring, especially whilst the paint is fresh. In colour and light Claude Monet does not paint what other people expect or want to see, but tries for what he has himself seen in nature. Next, he has the purest possible landscape instinct, not seeking much or often for adventitious human interest, as the old masters always did, and as prudent moderns have done generally. A lonely place is interesting for him if it has natural beauty or character—or even an effect may make it interesting. Now, as to imperfections, although M. Monet is said by his friends to be a good draughtsman when he chooses, he puts very little drawing into his painting; he is not half so sensitive to the beauty of form which exists in natural landscape as he is to its glory of colour and brilliance of light, and for those who love the delicate beauty of form, this inattention to it is vexatious. The desire for broad truth of colour and effect has caused M. Monet to pass over natural detail, which has an infinite charm for many who love nature as sincerely as he does himself, but in a different way. Finally, and this perhaps is the gravest of M. Monet's deficiencies



A COASTGUARDSMAN'S HUT. BY C. MONET.

or indifferences, he seems wholly indifferent to the charm of composition. Surely this is a misfortune, or else (if the result of obedience to a principle) a mistake. I suspect that M. Monet rejects composition from a sort of misplaced honesty: 'The place was like that, and I had no right to alter it;' or, as a realist once said for a too overwhelming cloud in one of his drawings, 'I am not answerable for the cloud—it was *there*.' These principles would be excellent in legal testimony, but they are the negation of art. The charm of composition is as delightful, though not so absolutely essential, in painting as in music. It is said that M. Monet and the other French Impressionists are great admirers of Turner; if so, they surely must have noticed that he composed always. Setting aside studies of separate objects, intended for his private use, there is not a picture nor a drawing by Turner that is not composed like a piece of music. It seems to me that M. Monet, in his praiseworthy devotion to Nature, has placed himself needlessly in a position of antagonism to Art, and that this may account for much of his unpopularity, though some of it is simply due to his life in the open air, a kind of life that produces eccentricity in landscape-painters. The best rules for them, if they wish to escape from eccentricity, are to paint always in a studio in the middle of a great, gloomy, capital city, to avoid Nature, and to study the oldest and brownest pictures they can find.

The ancient conflict between synthesis and analysis in painting may be settled by saying that analysis is necessary in early study and natural in primitive art, but that all advanced art is founded upon synthesis. The Impressionists and their friends have often affirmed that their art is purely synthetic, and does not pretend to be anything else. They claim to see and represent visible nature as a whole—at least, what strikes them at once, form and effect together. When applied to the figure, this principle is incompatible with any special insistence on the line, so that according to it the painting of Ingres, for example, would be comparatively primitive, however able in its own way. Amongst contemporary Frenchmen, M. Albert Besnard is, perhaps, the artist who has made the most curious experiments in effect. In the Universal Exhibition there was a picture by him of a naked female figure warming herself at a fire. It was amazing at first, on account of the contrast of coloured lights, yet on further acquaintance it appeared to be nothing more than an 'impression' of the figure painted on Turnerian principles, and with colouring, too, that bore a strange resemblance to Turner's experiments with yellow, red, and blue, in hot and cold opposition. M. Besnard paints effect portraits also in which the sitter becomes the victim of the light. M. Renoir, one of the most powerful of the Impressionists, painted a remarkable portrait of Madame Samary, the well-known laughing actress whom Paris regretted; and not only did that portrait recall Turner's colour, it also reminded one of some peculiar qualities in his execution, especially its visionary gradations and evanescence. When a painter, having a sitter before him, determines to paint the effect and not the substance, he may almost lose the sense of substance, and so reach a kind of ideal in which the human form and flesh become, as it were, sublimated into a spiritual vision. Remembering well the real Samary, who had nothing ghostly about her, I felt before Renoir's portrait as if the painter had seen her not in this world, nor yet in any dreary region of the dead, but in some cheerful elysium of light and colour adapted to her merry and kindly genius.

The same M. Renoir is the painter of many other works which give evidence of a strong natural gift for colour along with a certain rashness so far as the public is concerned. These painters feel themselves to be in a condition of antagonism to the world around them that leads to self-assertion, and is, therefore, not wholly favourable to their art. M. Renoir sees that nature is not all brown and grey; he sees both violet and green, which used to be almost forbidden colours in the French school, and he is disposed to paint every hue up to its full pitch of chromatic intensity. One proof of his enjoyment of bright hues may be found in his studies of flowers, which have, no doubt, influenced his other work. Monet, also, has

painted flowers in their full natural colours for decorative purposes. M. Renoir's colouring must be looked upon as a sort of *défi* by partisans of the old French brown and grey. His important picture of boating men and girls refreshing themselves by the Seine (in the private collection of M. Durand Ruel) is full of healthy flesh-colouring, remote indeed from the cadaverous skins that have been common in earthy and bituminous art. Besides healthy colouring there is strong human character in M. Renoir's work: his young people and children are especially characteristic. Still, with all his gifts, one sees that he has been fighting a battle, as our own Pre-Raphaelites did in their time of conflict, and the combative spirit is never the best for art: a happy serenity is best for it. M. Renoir is not alone in this combativeness; it is visible in other Impressionists by their resolute refusal of concession to all established ideas about taste. There is M. Forain, for example, a draughtsman of great gifts in the way of memory and observation, with a surprising knowledge of character and a most incisive and laconic way of expressing it—evidently, in short, a man of genius and painter as well as draughtsman. This year M. Forain had a picture of a provincial racecourse in the exhibition of the Rue de Sèze, showing talent, of course, but so oddly composed as to throw most of the interest up towards the top of the canvas, whilst a quarter of it was an unfurnished space of green. The old dread of unfurnished spaces does not seem to trouble these painters of the present day. M. Montenard, another Impressionist, has exhibited two views near Toulon, representing the intense glare of southern light on spaces of dusty road or baked hillside, and he is satisfied with taking you there and leaving you without shelter from the pitiless blaze. Certainly nobody before the present generation ever made one feel so strongly the fierce climate of Provence. Claude's sunshine is mildly agreeable, and that of Turner is English and foggy, but M. Montenard's sunshine has the steady southern intensity—you know that it will go on without a cloud till the stars shine in the sultry night. Other modern Frenchmen are grappling with the sunshine difficulty: one in the Roman summer, another in the Algerian desert, and several, like M. Point and M. Dinet, are trying to solve the problem of sunshine on the naked figure. M. Point exhibits in 1891, under the title *Caresse de Soleil*, a study of a girl going to bathe. She is in the full glare, and by reflections and transparence the artist has contrived to express light without losing flesh-colour; but when he tries to carry the greens of vegetation up to the required pitch they lose half their colour in mere whiteness. This is the old difficulty, the combination of full light with adequate colour, and the resources of art are not enough to overcome it. Some Impressionists more prudently confine themselves, like M. Dannat, to sober hues and a moderate light—to black, to quiet greys, and ochrous tints of red or yellow—all which by a due choice of materials and effect may be as strictly true as the brightest colouring of Monet or the strongest sunshine of Montenard. Another painter who is classed amongst the Impressionists, M. Eugène Boudin, is a quiet colourist, not because he works below the truth of nature, but because he seems usually to select, by preference, those effects that allow an artist to remain within the limits of what is unobtrusive—in M. Boudin's case chiefly greys, varied by pale blues and cool sea-greens. He permits himself an occasional touch of brighter colour, usually in the paint of some vessel, where the cruder taste of the ship-painter affords an excuse for a stronger green or red, which the artist harmonises as he likes and modifies by

THE BANKS OF THE SEYNE. BY MONTENARD.

distance and effect. M. Boudin is not a young artist, though classed with the new school. He was born in 1825, and I am not aware that he has ever worked on any other principles than that of simple fidelity to his impressions, and to this he still adheres. His knowledge of the sea and shipping is of the familiar kind which may belong to one born and bred on the Atlantic shore of France, and who has lived with nature for forty years, troubling himself very little about artistic movements in the capital, and remaining till comparatively late in life in a position of obscurity not unfavourable to the honest craft of a sincere marine-painter, whose business is with boats and fisher-folk rather than with fashionable society. M. Boudin knows the sea (I mean the sea of the Channel), and those who get their living by it, as Millet knew the fields and the peasantry, except that in Millet's work the human element was more important and the landscape counted for less. I may add that M. Boudin has much unobtrusive manual skill, the result of long and constant practice, and that he does not seem to be a militant painter, inclined to take the offensive against public taste, but works on independently, in complete indifference to it, loving his waves and fishing-boats, and his distant gleams of light on restless pale-green seas. His artistic ancestry has been traced by a French critic to the old Dutch marine-painters, probably with reason. There is no striking novelty in his art, and it may be overlooked for its absence of pretension; but it is fresh, lively, and sincere, besides being grounded on an adequate observation of nature.

WOMAN SEWING.

If painting is a difficult art, criticism is not quite so easy as the old French proverb represents it. One of the principal difficulties of criticism lies in that very partiality of taste and expression which constitutes the personal interest of the fine arts. Every painter has his own peculiar view of nature and his own peculiar tolerance of materials or appearances that seem objectionable to others. It is, therefore, not always easy for a critic to tune his own mind into unison with the mind of a painter who feels quite differently from himself. There is M. Camille Pissarro, who has some very ardent admirers, and yet who is very foreign to me. I do not enter into his ideas of composition, or follow him easily in his selection of materials. It seems to me that he admits lines and masses that a stricter taste would alter or avoid, and that he includes objects that a more scrupulous artist would reject. This, perhaps, may be in accordance with the Impressionist faith; if so, it is an additional reason for disliking the sectarian spirit in art. Even in Daubigny's river landscapes, not to speak of Turner's, we find a sense of enjoyment when the line of shore is beautiful, and a delight in the happy situation of some old French town that comes in exactly where it ought to be. In M. Pissarro's work we have Nature's own indifference to these things. He does not seem to care whether the line of shore is beautiful or not, and he has so little objection to ugly objects that in one of his pictures the tower of a distant cathedral is nearly obliterated by a long chimney and the smoke or steam that issues from it, whilst there are other long chimneys close to the cathedral, just as they might present themselves in a photograph. By this needless

degree of fidelity M. Pissarro loses one of the great advantages of painting. He would probably answer, that topographic accuracy is not his object, but that he remains faithful to his impressions, whatever they may happen to include. His real source of inspiration is the love of light; he does not paint the incidence of light on objects with any scientific precision, but has a synthetic conception of light permeating landscape, and his works are undeniably luminous. They are also perfectly harmonious in the key chosen, as, for example, this quiet sketch of a woman sewing, which is more easily reproduced than a sunny landscape.

An Impressionist who, so far as I know his work, gives me unfailing satisfaction is M. Dauphin. He paints water admirably, whether in stormy waves that break on a Mediterranean shore during the mistral, or in long trailing reflections in a sheltered harbour like the port of Toulon, which has afforded him material for more than one brilliant and interesting picture. All his work seems to be frank, fresh, and observant, and though he admits colours which exist in nature, but which the narrowness of the old criticism forbade in art, and the timidity of the old landscape-painters shrank from representing, I do not perceive in M. Dauphin any of that rashness in colouring that comes from a spirit of protest or defiance; he is simply observant and independent. Again, his execution is remarkably straightforward; his touches are laid in their places and never disturbed afterwards, yet at the same time there is no bravura, no false excitement in his execution, as there is, for example, sometimes in that of the Swedish Impressionist, Zorn. This decision of handling appears to be a virtue that the Impressionists cultivate with a special intention—and certainly it *is* a virtue. It becomes a vice only when the decision is that of pretentious ignorance, which can never be the case with a student of nature like M. Dauphin.

HAYMAKING. BY A. SISLEY.

The first impression produced by the paintings of M. Degas is that their extreme originality is due to wilful eccentricity, but a more accurate account of them might be that they are the result of observation independent of other art. M. Degas sees human nature in his own way, and describes it with a candour that must be shocking to people who have any illusions left. It has been said of a certain class of his works that they represent men and women, especially women, as if they did not know that they were watched. The artist seems like an invisible spirit, malicious rather than discreet, who can pass through keyholes or partition-walls, whilst nothing betrays his presence. He is a most expressive character-draughtsman, a close observer of attitude, and pitiless in his revelation of bodily imperfection. He refuses obedience to the maxim, 'Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire.' Some pictures of his give plain evidence of a serious study of colour. I do not know enough of them to set any limits to the artist's experiments, but suppose that his chief interest is in the study of quiet tones, and in harmonies or contrasts not too obvious to the multitude. In landscape he is extremely realist; perhaps if I said he had no sense of beauty or the ideal, he would answer that he saw beauty and ideality where I am incapable of seeing them. However this may be, it seems to me that his choice of material (if it is a choice) is commonplace, but that his painting is not commonplace.

It is impossible in this brief notice to mention all the Impressionists who have won some degree of reputation, but it would be wrong to omit M. Sisley. In some of his works he is

nearer to Claude Monet than others, but he has his own originality.* Like Monet, he does not shrink from the frankness of natural colour, and from the unexpected oppositions that it offers; yet in some of his works—as, for example, a broadly picturesque sketch of Moret, with its church and houses, bridge and river—he has sought unity of colour rather than any surprise of contrast, which leads one to the remark that in Impressionism there may be several distinct tendencies. In Claude Monet the protest is in favour of what seems strange and heterodox in natural colour and light; in Degas the protest is in behalf of neglected characteristics and the commonplace formerly condemned as prosaic; in Renoir it is in behalf of colour, in Camille Pissarro for the diffusion of light; but whatever may be the object aimed at, there is always in these men some special interest in Nature that justifies, in their view, a revolt against the traditions of Art. No one can see more clearly than I do that the products of such revolts are but partial successes, that they have never the completeness only attainable in tranquility when there is no antagonism; yet these movements of rebellion in favour of Nature are the refreshment of Art itself, like waters brought from a distant lake or river to the heart of some populous city, some dingy Glasgow, some thirsty and sunburnt Marseilles.

P. G. Hamerton.

CHATSWORTH AND THE DERWENT

IF some have burst into rhapsody in describing the many glories of Chatsworth, one can scarcely marvel at their extravagance, for there is, in this 'Palace of the Peak' and its wooded valley, such a rare conjuncture of the fascinating beauties of nature with the finest expressions of art that language can ill describe the things that are indelibly impressed upon the memory. The placid Derwent, here flowing gently between the meads on which the fallow deer are wont to herd—the graceful slopes bestudded with many a noble tree, whose spreading boughs cast down a wide expanse of shade—the hills on either hand rising in varied height and contour, crowned with a rich woodland of oak, chestnut, beech, and lime—a palace wherein every art finds most fitting expression, and where the fruits of learning are plenteously upstored—small wonder, indeed, if here the imagination of many be stirred. Chatsworth House may be seen to full advantage from several points in the valley and on the slopes. From across the classic bridge of three arches, which Caius Gabriel Cibber (the father of Colley Cibber) adorned with statues, the dignity of its many-pillared façade has an imposing effect. More varied, however, is the view from the slope of the hill to the northward on the right bank of the river, where the later wing, added by the sixth Duke of Devonshire, lies prominently before the spectator; or again, further southward, where the same wing recedes in the perspective. If one would gain a fine view of the panorama of this part of the Derwent, and of the palatial edifice itself, there can be no better plan than to climb to the old turreted hunting tower, which is such a conspicuous object on the eastern hill.

There is nothing in the regular, classic lines of Chatsworth to remind us of that Chetel, the Saxon, who gave his name, as many believe, to the place in which he dwelt. His homestead and oxgangs of land fell, as Domesday records, to the Crown, and were given in custody to William Peverel, the Conqueror's natural son, who also had Haddon and Castleton. Nothing now remains of these times at Chatsworth, save the grove of venerable oaks, gnarled, shattered and timeworn, upon the neighbouring hill. At a later date, long after the disgrace of the Peverels, Chatsworth was in the possession of the family of Leech or

* The little *croquis* given above as an illustration is extremely hasty and slight, but it contains as many truths as could well be set down on paper in the very short time given to it. A sketch of this kind is completely synthetic and suggestive of many things at once in its swift shorthand. I give it as an example of the impressionist way of taking very rapid notes from nature.

Leche, of whom John was chirurgeon or leech to Edward III., and, of his descendants, one Roger Leech became Lord High Treasurer of England in the days of Henry V., while others were engaged in the French wars of that king. After having passed through the hands of the Agards, the manor of Chatsworth was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, the younger brother of Wolsey's 'gentleman usher,' and second husband of the celebrated 'Bess of Hardwick,' whose passion for building and match-making was the theme of so much gossip in the court of the Tudors. It was, in fact, her imperious will, if reports be true, that determined Sir William to forsake his estate in Suffolk, and establish his family in the Derwent valley, though it should be remembered that certain of his ancestors, the De Gernons, had been lords of the neighbouring manor of Bakewell. Sir William Cavendish and his wife built the first Chatsworth House of which we have any definite knowledge, for there is scanty record of any mediaeval structure, and it was she who completed it some time after his death. It was a quadrangular building of 'surprising height,' as Cotton says, with an embattled top, and massive angle and lateral turrets strengthening its many-windowed walls, as may be seen by a painting of it which now hangs at Chatsworth. The third husband of 'Bess of Hardwick' (Sir William St. Lo) being dead, she married that powerful nobleman, George, earl of Shrewsbury; and it was during his lifetime that Chatsworth became the residence of Mary, queen of Scots, when she was in captivity under his charge. The unhappy prisoner is said to have passed many of her lonesome hours in that moated garden called Queen Mary's Bower, which was laid out on the top of the low square tower or platform, seen by the visitor amid the trees as he approaches the house from the bridge; and certain rooms in the great quadrangle, though they were built long after her day, are still traditionally said to be hers. If the scandal of the Tudor court be true, the lovely queen and her imperious hostess did not well agree, and the story is not hard to believe. At any rate the bickerings of the lady with her husband, the Earl, are matters of record, notwithstanding that Fuller has said she was 'happy in her several marriages.' 'Her Majestie,' wrote Roger Manners to his brother John, at Haddon, in 1584, 'hath bin sondry tymes in hand with him for his wiffe, but he will nowais agree to accept her;' and again, some time after, 'Your greet Erle is very well, sayfe that he is more stoute agenst his lady than ever he was, and will in no wyse be reconsyled.' Yet a truce was made between them, to be, however, again ere long broken, for the Earl himself wrote to John Manners, in July, 1586, that he should have been down 'before this but for my wiked wyfe, her tyteling in her Majestie's ere. . . . . She wold have me to kepe her of my charge, and she to have her lyving to pledge me withall.' Queen Mary was brought to Chatsworth in 1570, and was there long afterwards. In that year, Cecil visited the house to conduct certain negotiations, and subsequently wrote that Elizabeth was willing her rival should 'take y^e^ ayre about your howss on horsbacke, so your L. be in company, and not to pass from your howss above one or twoo myle except it be on y^e^ moores.' During the Civil Wars the house was held by both parties. Sir John Gell occupied it for the Parliament in 1643, but, in the December of that year, the Earl of Newcastle captured it, and garrisoned it for the King, and Colonel Shalcross was besieged there in 1645 by the Parliamentary forces, but the leaguer was raised by the order of Colonel Gell.

The descendants of Sir William Cavendish, and of his celebrated wife (the builder also of Hardwick Hall) were content, during these years, to preserve Chatsworth as it had been left to them. The present quadrangular building is the work of William, the fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire, who was one of those who brought about the Revolution of 1688, and placed the Prince of Orange on the throne. During the reign of James II. the Earl was committed to prison, as it is quaintly said, because he led Colonel Colepepper out of the royal presence-chamber by the nose, whereupon, after sundry

difficulties, he betook himself to his estates, and, as a chronicler of the new order of things puts it, in order to prevent his patriotic mind from dwelling unduly upon the woes of his country, rebuilt the south side of Chatsworth. This portion of the new structure was, in fact, begun in April, 1687, from the designs of William Talman, an architect of some repute, who appears to have worked under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, for that architect visited Chatsworth in 1692. The Earl is further said to have rebuilt the east side of the house (which was approaching completion in 1690) in token of joy at the accession of the House of Hanover. The north-eastern portion was finished in 1700, when the old west front was pulled down, and the present quadrangular building was completed (the north wing being a later addition) not long after the year 1706. Whatever the age possessed of skill and merit in every branch of art was employed for the beautification of the new Chatsworth. Caius Gabriel Cibber, the Laureate's father, with Geeraerslius, Augustine Harris, Nost, Davis, Lanscroon, Nadauld, and others, carved the friezes, adorned with rich foliage the door-cases, worked upon many vases and other objects in and about the mansion, and peopled the gardens with nymphs and goddesses. Cibber himself has left notes of some of the sums he received, and it appears that he executed two statues in the pediments, others, both in the round and in relief, heads of Roman emperors, figures of dogs, sphinxes, and such-like. 'For two statues as big as life, I had 35*l.* apiece, and all charges borne, and at this rate I shall endeavour to serve a nobleman in freestone.' There can be little doubt that much of the best wood-carving at Chatsworth is by the Derbyshire artist, Samuel Watson, a native of Heanor; but there has long been a controversy as to the share of Grinling Gibbons in it. Whatever documentary evidence we have shows Watson busily at work, and makes no mention of Gibbons. Yet many refuse to believe, such is the character of the work, that Gibbons had no hand in it as designer or otherwise; and indeed, as Allan Cunningham says, 'The birds seem to live, the foliage to shoot, the flowers to expand beneath your eye,' as we should expect in the works of the great carver. But why in his alone? Thomas Young also did much wood-carving at Chatsworth, and the names of Joel Lobb, William Davis, and Lanscroon, occur. Of painters, Verrio was the chief. He came to Chatsworth in 1690, and completed his work upon the altar-piece, ceilings, and staircases in 1692; but, before his coming, Laguerre and Ricard were employed, probably under his instructions. Others who assisted in the painted decorations of Chatsworth were a certain Huyd, Richard Highmore, who was sergeant-painter to William III., one Price, and finally Sir James Thornhill, who executed several very great pieces in Verrio's manner.

So completed, as a noble Palladian quadrangle, divided externally into sections by fluted Ionic pilasters, crested by a balustrade which is adorned with decorative vases, and having on its principal front a fine compartment with a sculptured pediment, Chatsworth remained even then one of the noblest mansions of its kind in the kingdom, until the sixth Duke of Devonshire (ob. 1858) added to it the great northern wing, containing the magnificent dining-room, the sculpture gallery, the orangery, and many other chambers, as well as a whole range of offices in the basement. Of this wing, which is 385 feet in length, Sir Jeffrey Wyatville was the architect, and it will be observed that he has adopted a more broken style, and a somewhat more picturesque method, than that of Talman; but there are many who think that his addition detracts from the classic character and fitting symmetry of the whole, to which, nevertheless, it must be admitted it gives a greater aspect of grandeur and magnificence.

It is unnecessary in this place to dwell at great length upon the many treasures of which Chatsworth is the storehouse. Passing from the porter's lodge, the visitor, having traversed the whole length of the new wing, arrives at the quadrangle, which is entered through the sub-hall, where the ceiling is painted with a copy of Guido's *Aurora*. A corridor leads thence

to the Great Hall, on the eastern side of the courtyard, which is a very impressive apartment, with its floor of black and white marble, laid down by the son of Watson, the wood-carver, the fine staircase at its further end, its walls painted by Verrio and Laguerre with scenes from the life of Julius Caesar—amongst others the crossing of the Rubicon, the passage of the Adriatic, and the assassination by Brutus—and the great scene of Caesar's apotheosis on the ceiling, where he goes to join the Immortals. One very noteworthy object in it is the immense slab of Derbyshire encrinitic marble which forms the top of its table. The south corridor leads from this hall to the Chapel, one of the most interesting chambers in Chatsworth. Here everything that art could do to lend enchantment to the classic interior has been done. The lower walls are richly panelled with fragrant cedar; above, Verrio and Laguerre have depicted the miracles of our Lord; and on the ceiling is the *Ascension;* over the altar, Verrio's *Incredulity of St. Thomas* is regarded as his masterpiece, though the work has been attributed to Laguerre; the baldacchino at the east end is of the choicest marbles and spars of

CHATSWORTH.

Derbyshire, with figures of Faith and Hope by Cibber; and there are marvellous wood-carvings, probably by Thomas Watson and Samuel Young, but perhaps from the designs or with the assistance of Grinling Gibbons. Passing onward, the Gallery of Sketches by the great masters is a place where not hours only, but days, might be spent with equal pleasure and profit. We shall here, of its contents, say only that they include original drawings and studies by Michael Angelo (for figures in the Sistine Chapel), Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Raffaelle, Correggio, Salvator Rosa, Andrea del Sarto, Albert Dürer, Vandyck, Hans Holbein, and a host of others. In the Picture Gallery, and elsewhere in the house, are works of rare interest, sweetness, or power—the wonderful representation by Jan van Eyck, dated 1421, of the *Consecration of Thomas à Becket;* Murillo's *Holy Family; Monks at Prayer*, by Granet, a recent French painter (to which attention has often been called because of its masterful effect of light and shade); pictures by Titian, Paul Veronese, Dürer, Poussin, Mabuse, Holbein, Vandevelde, and many others, as well as numerous portraits, including works of Holbein, Zucchero, Tintoretto, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, and Lawrence. Entering the State Apartments by the dressing-room, with its painted ceiling of the *Mission of Mercury to Paris*, its carved marble door-cases, and its *tours de force* in wood, by Gibbons or Watson, as the case may be, we notice the great vista through the open doors of the suite, and pass on into the State

bedroom. Here Aurora chases Night on the ceiling; we notice the fine embossed leather on the walls, the canopy, the coronation chairs, and much else, before we enter the music-room, which has similar decorations, and a strangely deceptive painting of a violin on its door. Next is the State drawing-room, where Phaeton drives the horses of the Sun above us, where the walls are hung with Gobelins tapestry after the cartoons of Raffaelle, and where, in the malachite table and other fittings there is much to attract the attention. In the State dining-room, which is the last of the suite, Verrio has depicted upon the ceiling, in his best manner, the Fates cutting the thread of Life. In this luxurious chamber it is hard to think the wood-carving can be by any one but Gibbons, if there be anything in characteristic manner; but whoever he may have been, the skilful craftsman has surpassed himself in giving the very touch of nature to these marvellous representations of flowers, fruit, birds, and shells. Much might be said of other gorgeous rooms in this great house, but we pass on to the noble library, the ante-library, and the cabinet library, which are not usually shown, where—in the MS. of Caedmon, the beautifully illuminated missals and books of hours, the rare manuscripts, the priceless Mazarine Bible, specimens of the work of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and other early printers, the 'Liber Veritatis' of Claude, and a host of other treasures—there is surely enough to enthral. Passing into the new wing through the dining-room (rarely shown), which is a grand chamber, more simple in its style, but with rare marbles and splendid furniture, adorned with family portraits, and having sculptures by Westmacott and others, we enter the sculpture gallery, which is so well known that we need say here only that it contains works by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Schadow, Gibson, Wyatt, Westmacott, and several foreign artists. Having then passed through the orangery, which is filled with sweet-scented blossoms or rich in ripening fruit, we leave the house and enter the gardens. Though these stand high among the attractions of Chatsworth, we can only allude here to their varied character of the natural and the artificial, their terraces and walks, their gay parterres, their fine trees, their fountains and rocks, their great conservatory, and their many other houses stored with the choicest exotics. No visitor who has lingered in these enchanting places will fail to appreciate the graceful compliment which Marshal Tallard, who was taken prisoner by Marlborough in 1704, paid to the Duke of Devonshire on leaving Chatsworth. 'My Lord Duke,' he said, 'when I compute the days of my captivity in England, I shall omit those I passed at Chatsworth.'

Before following the downward course of the Derwent, the wayfarer will have visited the model village of Edensor, which stands beyond the bridge and flourishes under the sway of its ducal proprietor. Having belonged to Levenot and Chetel, it went at the Conquest to Henry de Ferrers, and passed through the hands of the Shirleys, Plumptons, Cliffords, Langfords, and others, before it fell to the Cavendishes. Edensor is a village situated in a singularly pleasant spot, and consisting of trim little houses (villas they would be called in London suburbs) in perhaps a dozen different styles of architecture. In the midst of them stands a fine church built from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott, on the site of an old structure, and there lie buried many of the Cavendishes, as well as John Beton, a faithful servant of Mary, queen of Scots, who died during her captivity at Chatsworth.

Southward of Edensor the Derwent pursues a smiling course, between the high land on the right bank which separates its valley from that of the Wye and the elevation of Beeley Moor on the left, towards Rowsley, where the Wye falls into its stream. Near the village of Beeley there was fine views of Derwent Dale, both north and south, and the gentle curves of the lower slopes are seen to be dotted here and there with woodland, while above, bordering on the moorland heights, there are everywhere umbrageous plantations of trees. Rowsley, that paradise of the fisherman, is chiefly remarkable for its quaint old Elizabethen hostelry, the 'Peacock,' a place of many gables and clustering chimneys, whereto the brethren of the angle do much resort. Whoever, at a suitable

season, will climb that knoll-like hill named Peak Tor, which, with its crown of many trees, is a conspicuous object on the right bank at Rowsley, will be amply repaid by gaining a commanding view of the valleys both of the Derwent and the Wye—the heights of Beeley, with the thick woods on the slope, and the hunting tower at distant Chatsworth ; the sinuous course of the Wye, with the towers of Haddon just visible among the trees, and many a far-off hill. Indeed, in following the further course of the Derwent, although it is pleasant enough in the valley, the wayfarer will have far finer views if he keep upon the eastern hills. Then, from the edge of Stanton Moor, which is now planted with pines and other trees, where the squirrel and the rabbit have their home, there are glorious prospects of the receding valley—the river winding its untroubled way between tree-clad hills and mellow cornfields, pleasant farmhouses on the slopes, the village of Darley by the stream, the lonely hill of Oaker, which gave Wordsworth a motive for a sonnet, and the distant height of Masson. On this hill, too, there are places that well deserve to be visited. Stanton Moor is of abounding interest to those who seek the pre-historic monuments which are attributed to the Druids. Here are the Gorse Stone, the Cat Stone, the Heart Stone, the King Stone and the Andle Stone—rough monoliths, the circle of the Nine Ladies, and several tumuli. Then there are the little hamlets of Stanton, Birchover, and Wensley, and the larger village of Winster, with its curious market-house and the old-fashioned Georgian houses in its streets. Darley is notable for its ancient church and venerable yew. Then, beyond Oaker, we come to Snitterton Hall, the ancient seat of the Shirleys, the Sacheverells, and the Milwards. Everywhere the roadsides are gay with myriads of wild flowers in the spring, and the woods and fields are melodious with the notes of many birds.

But, as we reach Matlock Bridge and Matlock Bank, the character of the scenery begins to change. The hill of Masson rises abruptly and grandly on the right, and Riber Castle frowns from a great elevation on the left. The river then, having received a narrow tributary which comes down from Darley Moor, runs southward, and the scenery becomes more impressive at every step. We are in Matlock Dale, and language will ill describe the grandeur of the scene. The river, flowing sometimes peacefully, sometimes murmuring over its bed, washes soon the base of that tremendous cliff called the High Tor, which is clothed at its base with birch, mountain ash, and stunted oak, and with a wild undergrowth of brambles and climbing flowers, but rears its naked head, as appears from the vale below, as a precipitous limestone peak to a height of more than 350 feet. Facing it is the rocky escarpment which forms the base of the Heights of Abraham, and at this point the dip of the limestone stratification may be finely seen. The river sweeps sharply round to the right at the base of these heights, which are a part of the hill of Masson, and exceed the High Tor in altitude, though not in grandeur, and upon their steep, but not inaccessible declivities, the pleasant villas of Matlock Bath are built. Opposite to the heights the limestone cliffs rise again on the left bank, often precipitously, covered with leafy growth and tangled underwood, or ascended by winding paths ; and so, between the rock on one hand, and the slopes, with their houses, on the other, the river, turning southward again, passes a disfiguring factory, and reaches Cromford, where we shall leave it, having indicated, albeit imperfectly, something of its character. Several such articles as this might, indeed, be devoted to Matlock and its vicinity—the character of its geological situation, its caverns and thermal springs, its history, the neighbouring town of Cromford, and the pleasant village of Bonsall, with its charming church and market cross, the Via Gellia—that most delightful of all roads when the wild flowers bloom in the spring —and many other sources of interest that are found near the Derwent stream.

JOHN LEYLAND.

THE MASTERS OF WOOD-ENGRAVING

BY W. J. LINTON

MR. LINTON complains—if indeed it be right to use such a word in connexion with a book in which it would be hard to find a querulous word—that wood-engraving is of all arts the least understood. Allowing for that risk of error which nearly always accompanies the use of the superlative, this opinion may be accepted, and what is more, despite all Mr. Linton's efforts to spread sound information, anything like an accurate knowledge of the subject is not to be expected, at least for the present, from any but engravers or specialists. To the public it is only a cheap and inferior method of reproducing the designs of an artist, and till recently (except in the case of Bewick), their concern as to the persons employed in cutting the blocks has been so slight that they have not cared to know even their names. Such a temper is not favourable to the 'understanding' of an art in Mr. Linton's sense.

Some indication of the slight interest taken by the world in general in the *technique* of wood-engraving may be found, perhaps, in the imperfection of its terminology. The word 'engraving,' to begin with, is scarcely appropriate, as the process (except in 'white-line' work) is the exact converse of engraving proper, incision being made not for the purpose of drawing lines, but for clearing them from the surrounding substance. 'Cutting' is better, but not quite adequate; 'carving' would be better still if it were not otherwise employed. Nor is the word 'relief,' as used to distinguish its lines from those of engraving on metal entirely apt, for relief means raised above the surface, whereas the surface of a wood block is flat. Mr. Linton mentions (not, I think, these, but) some other misuses of words in connexion with his subject, such as that of 'block-books' for volumes composed of leaves printed from pieces of wood sawn plank-wise, and not across the grain, as is the modern use. They ought properly to be called 'plank-books,' he thinks. Here he is, perhaps, hypercritical. The word 'block' meant a piece of wood long before its technical use in connexion with modern wood-engraving, and it has a compactness suitable to small thick pieces of wood which is lacking to the word 'plank.'

If any one be competent to teach the true merits of wood-engraving as a separate art it is Mr. W. J. Linton. He is known to some of us as a painter; to more, perhaps (especially of the younger generation), as an anthologist of 'Rare Poems;' and to a privileged circle, at least, as a poet—the writer of dainty lyrics, like roses plucked from some old Elizabethan garden; but he is best and most widely known as a wood-engraver, as a master of his craft, and the Nestor of it. Too modestly he declines to speak with the authority of an artist, but he claims, with a right which not even his enemies (if he have any) would deny, to be heard as an expert on an art, or craft, to the practice and study of which he has devoted more than half a century of his lifetime. Indeed he is an expert of experts, at whose feet there are few critics who may not be content to sit down and exchange their robe of judge for the more comfortable tunic of the pupil. Of his own remarkable skill as an engraver I wish that I could give some samples, but, unfortunately, those contained in this volume, or at least all those which would be suitable for reproduction here, have been transformed into metal plates, which practically precludes their reappearance in these pages. Of these not last I should have chosen the exquisite feather on p. 78, which with the light on its rib drawn clear with a 'white line,' and curved like Hogarth's 'line of beauty,' may serve to 'show his hand,' and his faith also, to all time.

Nor is this the only drawback to the plan pursued by Mr. Linton throughout the book, of representing the masterpieces of wood-engraving by impressions from metal, and as a rule from metal plates in intaglio. No doubt he did not determine upon it without due consideration. The facilities afforded by the many photographic processes were probably too great to be passed aside. He was able to choose the choicest impressions of the finest blocks, and reproduce their lines without suspicion of falsification by another hand.

GROUP FROM DÜRER'S ARCH OF MAXIMILIAN.

But if their accuracy is up to a certain point indisputable, they have been reproduced seldom without loss and often with very serious deterioration of the whole cut. Of the copies of the earliest engravings I shall say little, as I have not had the opportunity of careful comparison with the originals, but their general appearance wants the clearness of wood-cutting; they look like worn metal prints, faint and smeared—an effect which is no doubt favoured by the tint of the India paper on which they are printed.

I can speak, unfortunately, with more certainty with regard to the later prints, little masterpieces of English xylography, like the illustrations to 'Puckle's Club,' and the 1810

edition of the 'Pleasures of Memory.' Of the prints from the former, Thompson's *Moroso* has lost much of its delicacy and nearly all its colour; the same admirable engraver's *Youth* has suffered quite as much, and Nesbit's *Zany* and his companions are all but shadows of their former selves. The loss is even greater in Luke Clennell's lovely facsimiles of Stothard's pen-and-ink drawings. In some places his delicate but always firm and clear lines, like those which shade and model at the same time the limbs of his children, have almost disappeared, leaving nothing but a faint blur, and in others—as in the cut of a woman and two children, one of whom is plucking her gown—they are too heavy, rendering of little effect the skill with which the creases in the gown are suggested. In some cases, where the woodcuts themselves were done in rivalry with steel or copperplate engraving, like the delicate landscapes by S. Williams and Orrin Smith in the 'Solace of Song,' one would have expected their transfer to the metal might have been accomplished without loss; but this is far from being the case, the original woodcuts being much superior in every way.

Such instances might be too easily multiplied, but I mention them not for the sake of finding fault with an admirable book, but to show what difficulties stand in the way of any one who tries to demonstrate the subtler qualities of a wood-engraver's skill by means of reproductions. These are better for the purpose (according to Mr. Linton's judgment, which in such a matter is not to be disputed) than cuts re-engraved by other hands, but yet some of them seem (at least to the inexpert) to miss so much of the finer qualities of the masterpieces they stand for as to be comparatively useless. As reproductions of the designs, the subjects and style of the artists, they are interesting and instructive enough; but this is not the object of Mr. Linton. If I have apprehended him aright, his main, if not his sole intention, in writing this elaborate treatise, and in spending so much taste and judgment in selecting his masterpieces for illustration, was not to instruct us in the history of design, but in the differences between this and that method of cutting the wood, and the special technical qualities which are to be sought for and admired in a woodcut, irrespective entirely of its subject.

DER FORMSCHNEIDER, BY JOST AMMAN. (1568.)

Yet he undoubtedly wished, besides this, to write a history, and spread out before us, as in a panorama or procession, the progress of his favourite art and the great things it has done. Indeed, without some purpose of this kind much of his labour would have been lost, for the purely technical part of the matter might have been disposed of—has already been disposed of by himself—in comparatively few words. That early knife-work, for instance, in his view, is scarcely art at all, the mere cleansing, as it were, of lines already laid down on the plank before the Formschneider touches it, a task requiring a certain amount of care, but no intelligence and little skill. So he disposes of the *Helgen* and the *Playing Cards* and the 'block-book' of the Apocalypse; and even when we come to the later block-books and the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*, there is little more to say with regard to the technique than that the lines seem to preserve something of the feeling of the hand that drew them. Not even that *chef-d'oeuvre* of knifework, *The Triumph of Maximilian*, escapes such depreciation. Years of experience and tradition have increased the power of the engraver to follow with obedience the task which is set him in the lines of his master. Even of Jerome of Nürnberg, the most able of the cutters of Dürer's designs, the best that can be said is that 'none like him could cut so neatly or precisely.' It is not before we come to Lutzelberger and his famous

cuts of Holbein's *Dance of Death* that Mr. Linton can be said to speak enthusiastically of the work of a wood-engraver, as not only able handicraft but real art, and then the technical interest ceases till we come to Bewick. Yet half our book is well over by this time, and we have seen a hundred things of beauty and interest, which, if it were not for the sake of the subject and the genius of the designer—or, in other words, for some other qualities than those contributed by the wood-engraver—would have afforded text for but a very short discourse indeed. Nevertheless, the pages are well filled with letterpress, which, when not occupied with mere lists of prints, is nearly always interesting; and Mr. Linton, though occasionally, to the no little joy of the reader, diverging into praise of a design, sticks with creditable persistency to his attitude as an expert.

INITIAL FROM DURER'S ARCH OF MAXIMILIAN.

That he has been able so to extend his discourse is due more to the faults of others than his own virtue. The subject of at least the first part of his book is not so much the history of wood-engraving as of the mistakes of previous historians. These gentlemen seem, for the most part, to have been but poorly equipped with technical knowledge. Mr. Linton deals with them gently, almost kindly, but he does not hesitate to expose their ignorance. Viewed even as a method of teaching the truth, this clear statement and prompt demolishment of error has its advantages over a bald succession of undeniable propositions. To be made to see how foolish some one else has been is always pleasant, and in order to attain this enjoyment one is content to take a little trouble to understand in what precisely the folly consists. So many persons who would never have found out unaided that the monogram signatures of Theodoric and Charlemagne could not possibly have been produced by stencil, will see it quite clearly with the assistance of Mr. Linton, and will probably retain to their dying day a clearer notion of the essential difference between a stencilling and a print than they would otherwise have acquired.

It may cause them, however, a little more trouble to learn what is really good or bad cutting, and a little more still to see where in wood-engraving the mechanic ends and the artist begins. To distinguish a good print from a bad print, in one sense, is easy enough for any one who has taste. By placing side by side impressions of different blocks of the same subject from different editions of the 'Biblia Pauperum,' Mr. Linton makes it quite plain that the designs in one case are much more correctly given than in the other. In one we have much of the freedom and feeling of the original artist's drawing; in the other, all has become dull, stiff, and wooden. But yet the actual cutting may be as well done in one print as the other; the difference may be in the lines, which have been drawn by another hand. It is a little hard on the cutter: if his lines are ever so pretty the credit of them goes to the draughtsman; if they are coarse and ugly, the evidence by which alone he could clear himself from blame has entirely disappeared. In any case, unless the lines are not only clean but show some sensitiveness as of the touch of the designer, he is set down as a mere mechanic. Indeed, Mr. Linton seems to think that artistic quality of line in these early cuts, when it occurs, demands some special theory to account for its appearance. There is much of it in the cuts for the 'Ars Moriendi' and the 'Biblia Pauperum,' and on

this ground Mr. Linton suggests that these block-books (and the 'Canticus Canticorum') were executed by the designer himself, 'an artist-engraver, some enthusiast monk perhaps, with time and care to cut his own designs.' Where the artist 'comes in' is perhaps the most interesting, as it is the most difficult question throughout that portion of the book which is devoted to knifework. When the lines are monotonous, it is certain that the cutter has not displayed any artistic feeling; when, on the other hand, they are varied and expressive, it is 'fair' to suppose that at least some living spirit of artistic sympathy must have guided the cutter's hand. But this again must depend very much on the character of the lines. If they are originally strong, decisive, and of a meaning unmistakable, like Dürer's, there would appear to be less merit in following them accurately than when they are more delicate in emphasis, more subtle in their variations, as in the illustrations to the 'Hypnerotomachia,' or Holbein's *Dance of Death*. Mr. Linton will not go so far in praise of the 'Hypnerotomachia' as Professor Colvin, but I think all are in accord on the subject of Lutzelberger's wonderful cuts. Here at least the artist *has* 'come in.' But what is meant by artist? Not the artist draughtsman, not even the artist copyist, but only the artist cutter, for he has neither made nor remade, he has only had the skill and feeling not to 'unmake.' A negative merit certainly, but one involving the possession of many positive ones.

In the course of his comments on this or that print throughout this first part of the book, Mr. Linton does not seem to be quite of one mind as to how much of artistic merit is possible to knifework. In some places he speaks as though it were the easiest thing in the world—to be done perfectly by a child without intelligence or training; in others he speaks of the skill acquired by years of practice. Now one would think that the worker could not show any artistic feeling even if he had it, and now our attention is called to evident proofs of its exhibition. No doubt these inconsistencies are more apparent than real, but it is somewhat of a relief to find a clear summary of his opinions at the end of the section. 'The sole business,' he writes, 'of the cutter (except so far as permitted by the draughtsman to choose a certain closeness or wideness of line for a regular series representing merely colour) was to strictly follow the lines before him; enough if, like Andrea and Lutzelberger, he could see what these lines were, and, having seen, preserve them so that his lines might be, not mistaken for, but really the lines of Dürer and Holbein. His utmost was perception and fidelity.'

It is in the latter section of his book — that on graver-work — that Mr. Linton's interest is most acute, and his authority, perhaps, most indisputable. And here at the very outset we are met with an example of the extraordinary difficulties which beset the man who endeavours to set before the public the true merits of relief engraving as an art. The *Kirkall Ticket*, which here figures in the foreground of the history of that art of the 'white line,' which by the genius of Bewick may be said to have revealed for the first time the true distinction of wood-engraving as a separate means of graphic expression, is an engraving which has little or no attraction of appearance except for the expert. It lay unnoticed among the prints in the British Museum for years, and might have remained buried there for centuries if it had not caught the eye of Mr. Linton. He pronounces it to be *the* relief engraving of the century (the eighteenth century), and for its technical qualities it no doubt deserves all that he says of it. It is a piece of masterly graver-work, it is a revelation (or was when it was executed) of the possibilities of graver-drawing in white; but in spite of all this, its probable effect upon most of those who first see it in Mr. Linton's book will be to turn the page hastily in search of something more 'artistic,' and if they linger long enough over the page to read Mr. Linton's eulogy of it, they will probably shake their heads and say, 'This the best relief engraving of the century! then all I can say is, bad is the best.' And they would probably say something not very different about even some of Bewick's best cuts if they were not delighted with the subjects, for they

would compare them unconsciously with steel engravings, and vote them crude and unfinished. The feeling of Papillon against the innovation of the 'white line' still lives. It is still an innovation as far as the usual experience of most persons is concerned. White lines are scarce in nature, or at least they are not obvious, except on the edges of wet or polished surfaces, but black lines are common enough. For reducing the tint of an object to grey, the black line reducing white has been so much more often used than the white line reducing black, that the latter seems a comparatively clumsy expedient, especially in cross-hatching. But quite apart from the question of 'white' and 'black' lines, which, though really exceedingly simple, is rendered extremely puzzling to any but an engraver, by the great similarity of the results obtained by both processes and the employment of both in the same prints, the difficulties in 'understanding' wood-engraving as an art are quite sufficient. Mr. Linton has absolute knowledge of his subject, and he writes in a clear and simple manner, not using a jargon of technical terms; but even he has to say things which will dash the uninstructed reader. Not a few will have their ideas confused when they are told that Bewick was not as an engraver so great as some of his pupils, like Luke Clennell, and that Luke Clennell, though the greatest artist-engraver who ever lived, was not so good an engraver as J. Thompson. These are 'hard sayings,' and only to be construed after much cogitation on the meaning of the word 'artist' in connexion with engraving. On the whole, wood-engraving would seem to be not only the least understood, but the most unfortunate of the black and white arts. The interest in it has always been for the designs rather than for the method of execution. If it attempts facsimile, it can at the best only attain the negative merit of producing a more or less inferior substitute for the original drawing; and if it attempts interpretation, and with ever so much 'choice of line,' it comes into competition with more popular kinds of engraving. Probably nothing has been so much against it as this constant competition with engraving on metal. It had no sooner partially emancipated itself under the guiding genius of Bewick than it fell again into bondage under Thompson and his followers, and the public has never at any time been so enamoured of its special qualities as to encourage their development for their own sake. They have listened to the sirens of Copper and Steel, and if they have of late years been smitten with the effective tint-cutting and delusive finish of the American school, it has been from the appreciation of qualities which obscure altogether the peculiar language of the graver—the language of line. No doubt in rendering of delicate tones of grey in even masses, modern wood-engraving has revealed a capacity which is (or was) surprising, and it is not wise to underrate, as Mr. Linton is inclined to do, any additions even to the mechanical resources of the art; but he is quite right in saying that these modern engravings are not to be compared in the rendering of the texture of the things imitated with the works of the older school. It is not necessary to go back to Bewick's animals, like the *Cur Fox* or the *Cheviot Ram;* Mr. Linton's own engraving of the sumptuous fruit-piece by Lance, *The Peacock at Home,* will prove this—in grape, and melon, and nautilus shell, and a score of other things, the surface-textures of which are produced, as they only can be produced, by pure line.

FROM THE BIBLIA PAUPERUM (*reduction*).

Will wood-engraving ever revive? Will it ever take its place as an independent art worthy to be ranked with etching and mezzotint? When we look at its power of suggesting variety of colour, as in Bewick's *Tame Duck;* its brilliant play of black and white, as in Thompson's *Dinner at Versailles;* its capacity to render the light and form of the sky, as in

Lingny's *Satan*, after Gustave Doré—its resources seem to be yet but half discovered, and its superiority in some things over other methods of engraving to be quite beyond dispute. Perhaps in its present greatest rival, 'Process' (whose name is legion), it may find its greatest friend. Hitherto the public have been mainly aware of its shortcomings because it has always appeared in competition with its more brilliant rivals of the burin and the scraper. But its superior crispness and richness, its distinction of form, its beauty of line, must soon tell against the flatness and insipidity of the ordinary 'process.' In the pages of many magazines, and in the leaves of many a book where woodcut alternates with 'process,' the comparison can be made every day, and let us hope it will be made, and not without good results. There is yet no lack of admirable wood-engravers at home or abroad, and if one should arise who is not only an able craftsman, but an interpreter or designer of genius, he can count upon one advantage not possessed by his predecessors, and that is the advantage of being printed to perfection, for in that respect at least we excel our grandfathers.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ELIZABETH LOUISE VIGÉE-LE BRUN*

IS there, or is there not, some truth in the doctrine of fate? Does it not seem at times, when we observe the different careers of those around us, as if destiny were the active force which ruled their lives? Some are from their birth unfortunate in all they undertake, while others, for no apparent reason, succeed in everything they attempt. Doubtless a great deal depends upon temperament, and a great deal more upon the possession of the talent of making the best of all opportunities. As a broken-down old man said when he was dispossessed of all his former gentilities except a threadbare frock-coat and a well-browned top hat, 'Madam, we all have a chance once in our lives; but if we let it go, we don't many of us get another.' But putting aside this capacity for seizing our opportunity, it seems sometimes as if fate were working for or against us. Some of us get the chestnuts, but many more spend their lives in pulling them out of the fire for more fortunate friends. Some of us trudge through life in an atmosphere of mental fogs and storms; others dance through it with the gayest of steps, and to the sound of the liveliest music. Some feel thankful if they get a little soup to eat with their wooden spoons, while others are not only born under a lucky star, but the silver spoon finds its way into their hands from their earliest moments.

Such was Madame Le Brun. Born in 1755, the obscure daughter of a fifth-rate painter, she won a great reputation as a portraitist before she was out of her teens; and although there is a rare charm about her work, her fascinating manners and personal beauty must be taken into account, when we compare her early success with the lifelong struggles of many a greater artist. From the age of fifteen she was besieged by would-be sitters, and her *atelier* literally swarmed with all the talented men and wits of the day. At twenty she was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, and at twenty-eight she became a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture. When she fled from the terrors of the Revolution, all the capitals of Europe were eager to receive her, and their academies invited her to enter their ranks; whereas Prud'hon, her junior only by three years, and a far greater artist, hid himself in Franche-Comté, unknown, poor, and struggling for very life, obtaining no success as a painter until he was nearly fifty, and receiving no academical honours for another ten years.

As a child, Elizabeth Vigée seems to have shown a love of art by the usual scribbling of faces upon the margins of her school-books, much to the disgust of the good nuns, her teachers. But her father commended these early efforts. 'Tu seras peintre, mon enfant, ou il

* 'Madame Vigée-Le Brun,' par Charles Pillet. (Paris: Cité d'Antin.)

Madame Vigée Lebrun and her Daughter

n'en sera jamais!' he exclaimed on seeing a sketch of a man's head drawn by lamplight when she was only ten years of age; and he was right. Brought up in an artistic atmosphere, she had every opportunity of good teaching and wise direction. Doyen, an intimate friend of her father's, was ready to help her, and Daverne, professor at the Academy of St. Luke, begged for the privilege of instructing her. His lessons seem, however, to have lasted but a short time, and consisted mainly in hints as to setting her palette. At the age of thirteen she lost her father, and her grief was so great that, had it not been for the sympathy and encouragement of Doyen, she would have given up painting, although she was already working from Nature. Through Doyen's advice she entered the *atelier* of Gabriel Briard, a mediocre painter, but an excellent draughtsman; and there she made such rapid progress, that at fourteen the whole town was talking about her. Some advice which she received about this time from Joseph Vernet is worth recording: 'Mon enfant, ne suivez aucun système d'école. Consultez seulement les oeuvres des grands maîtres de l'Italie, ainsi que celles des maîtres flamands; mais surtout faites le plus que vous pourrez d'après nature; la nature est le premier de tous les maîtres. Si vous l'étudiez avec soin, cela vous empêchera de prendre aucune manière.' In these words may be summed up the whole duty of art students—Nature, the great Masters, and good direction; all else tends to make them mere copyists and mannerists.

Doyen and Greuze also gave Mlle. Vigée advice and help, but Nature remained her master, aided by her own acute observation. She studied the *chefs-d'oeuvre* of the old masters in the museums and private collections, and worked assiduously from Life. No doubt her youth and beauty helped her in her profession, for she became the fashion as a *femme du monde* as well as a painter, and being as charming as she was beautiful, she naturally met with a considerable amount of admiration from her sitters; but when she found their eyes fixed upon her, to divert them she was wont to exclaim, 'J'en suis aux yeux.'

It was at Marly that Mlle. Vigée first met Marie Antoinette, to whom, later on, she became paintress in ordinary; and it speaks well for the artist's modesty and common sense that, although her *atelier* was constantly filled with the *grand monde*, she never became spoilt, nor did she lose her *amour propre*. But in her marriage she was singularly unfortunate; indeed, it was the one mistake of her life, and that she doubted the wisdom of the act is clear by her long wavering and indecision. Perhaps love of art got the better of her womanly instinct, and she sacrificed her prudence to her desire for fame, for doubtless Le Brun's connexions as an expert were of some slight value to an artist. Or was she weary of standing alone without a natural protector? Every unmarried woman who enters upon a professional career finds certain difficulties in her way; and to one so beautiful and fascinating as Mlle. Vigée, and with such surroundings as the *habitués* of the French Court during the last ten or fifteen years preceding the Revolution, those difficulties must have been innumerable. But that she should not have been able to tie herself to some one better than Le Brun seems extraordinary. Much older than herself, a dissipated gambler and a spendthrift, having made away with his own fortune, he took the earliest opportunity of spending his wife's earnings, which at this time (1776) must have been considerable; for sitters were obliged to write their names down in her order-book, and many, amongst whom were Mme. d'Aguesseau, Mlle. Pigalle, the Duchesse d'Orléans, the Comtesse de Vieuville, and the Marquis de Choiseul, were compelled to wait months for their turn. Naturally, her fame being in every one's mouth, both prose and verse were, according to the fashion of the day, put into requisition to sing her praises. The Marquis de Villette, when he received her at his *château*, saluted her in extravagant verse worthy of the 'Tibulle français,' as Voltaire called him:—

> 'O sublime Le Brun, vous l'orgueil de la France,
> Dont l'esprit créateur, dont l'immortel crayon
> De plaire et d'étonner a la double puissance
> Et fait naître l'amour par l'admiration.' . . .

And the 'Almanac des Muses' was not far behind the Marquis in her praise when it inserted the following lines in celebration of her portrait of Mlle. Dugazon in the *rôle* of Nina :—

'Que j'admire, ô Le Brun, ta sublime merveille!
Ton pinceau fait parler le silence à mes yeux,
Comme de Dalayrac le luth ingénieux
A su le peindre à mon oreille.'

But a still greater panegyric was uttered by Laharpe in his eulogy of the talent of women at one of the *séances* of the Academy:—

'Le Brun, de la beauté le peintre et le modèle,
Moderne Rosalba, mais plus brillante qu'elle,
Joint la voix de Favart au souris de Vénus.' . . .

LA FEMME AU MANCHON.

When the orator recited these words, 'où l'éloge est si fort exagéré,' she says in her 'Souvenirs,' all the audience, including the Duchesse de Chartres and the King of Sweden, rose to their feet, and turning towards her, applauded 'avec transport.' But 'ces jouissances d'amour-propre,' she writes to a friend, were not to be compared to the pleasure she felt in becoming a mother. Do we not see the result of this maternal love in that exquisite picture in the Louvre (engraved for this number) in which she is embracing her little girl?—the most charming of all her works and a perfect model of tenderness and refinement.

In the portrait of Mme. Molé-Raymond (*La Femme au Manchon*), exception may be taken to the attitude, as it is always doubtful whether movement be desirable in pictorial art, especially in portraits. Mme. Molé wears a huge hat and feathers, and holds a gigantic muff close up to her face, apparently running to keep herself warm. The merry, laughing expression upon her countenance, the harmony of the colour, and the perfect individuality of the woman, are all most successfully depicted; while the treatment of different yet similar substances, such as the fur, the hair, and the feathers, is exceedingly happy and clever.

(To be continued.)

SOPHIA BEALE.

APRIL 1.—By the death of Giovanni Morelli, Europe loses one who took a leading part in the inauguration of modern connoisseurship. Many of his conclusions may be far from general acceptance, and it may be denied, with some show of reason, that he had any deep feeling for art, or even that he put his own non-artistic methods into force with that candour without which trustworthy results are scarcely to be won; but no one can refuse to acknowledge that he at least breathed a new enthusiasm into art criticism, and did much to counteract the often-mistaken ideas by which critics were led a generation ago. Morelli was born at Verona, in 1816, of parents in whom Swiss blood was mingled with French. He was brought up to medicine, chiefly at Paris and Munich. He made German a sort of foster-mother-tongue in later life, writing his books in it and writing them with elegance. In the troubles of the year of revolutions, he fought on the side of freedom, and was afterwards sent to represent Lombardy at the Diet of Frankfort. After the unification of Italy he joined the Moderates, became a senator, and was on terms of friendship with Minghetti, Alfieri, Visconti-Venosta, and others of similar standing. He was a Protestant in religion. Morelli's books are professedly treatises on the Italian pictures in the Borghese Gallery, and in the museums of Dresden, Munich, and Berlin. As a fact, however, they excurse over the whole field of Italian painting. It may be as well here to give their titles: 'Die Galerie Borghese' in the 'Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst,' Vol. X., 1875. 'Italian Masters in German Galleries,' first published in German (1877) under the name of 'Ivan Lermolieff;' secondly in English (1883); and thirdly in Italian, with additional notes (Bologna, 1886). In the beginning of the present year a new version of the essays on Munich and Dresden appeared, and it is understood that a similar recasting of the essay on Berlin was in hand at the time of its author's death. These books are disfigured by a method of treating opponents which is often unfair and constantly discourteous, and in parts they are astonishingly inaccurate and superficial; but in spite of all this a knowledge of their contents is indispensable to the serious student. Morelli had long been in weak health, but the heart disease which killed him was only of recent development. He died at Milan on the first of March. It is said that his small collection of pictures has been left to the town of Bergamo.

THE deaths are also announced of Professor Lürssen, the well-known German sculptor; of J. A. Benouville, the French landscape painter; and of J. Dick Peddie, the Scottish architect, who was not only a member of the R.S.A., but also represented the Kilmarnock Boroughs in Parliament from 1880 to 1885.

THE spring exhibition season is now in full swing, remote as spring weather still seems to be. The show of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is open in the rooms of the 'Old Society,' in Pall Mall East. Like its predecessor, it has a special feature—this time, a collection of plates etched by Turner himself and mezzotinted under his own supervision for the 'Liber Studiorum.' These are chosen from the collections of Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Knowles, Mr. W. J. Rawlinson, Mr. F. Stevenson, and Mr. J. E. Taylor, and form such a display of the master's power in the *genre* to which they belong as we have not seen before. The rest of the exhibition is about on a level with that of last year. Mr. Strang supplies most of its originality, but fine work is to be found in the contributions of Mr. C. J. Watson, Colonel Goff, Mr. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. Bryden, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. Charles Holroyd, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and Mr. T. J. Dalgleish.

MR. WATSON, the etcher, has an interesting little show of studies made in Norman towns in Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery at the 'Rembrandt Head;' Mr. Alfred Parsons, a remarkable collection of drawings from English gardens and orchards at the Fine Art Society's; and Mr. E. P. Bucknall a series of drawings from our woods and forests at Messrs. Buck and Reid's.

THE death of Meissonier has been the immediate cause of exhibitions (at the Messrs. Tooth's and at Mr. Obach's) devoted to his work in black and white. Mr. Obach's, the more complete of the two, is still open. It includes a set of the illustrations to the *Contes Rémois*, as well as a copy of the rare *Paul et Virginie*. In these the deceased master's best work as an illustrator is to be found. Meissonier's last picture, the large composition to which he gave the title of *1806*, is also to be seen at Mr. Tooth's. It deals with an episode in the battle of Jena, and may be called a kind of antistrophe to the *1807*. In the latter the foreground is filled with galloping cuirassiers, while the Emperor and his staff crown a hillock in the background. In *1806* it is the other way about. Napoleon sits on his grey charger in the immediate foreground. Behind him is grouped his staff, while in front a line of Guides mark off, as it were, the royal enclosure; beyond them a column of cavalry are advancing towards the Prussian lines. Had Meissonier lived the workmanship would, no doubt, have been carried further; the composition, too, might have been improved in parts; but even as it is, the picture is not unworthy of the hand which painted *1807* and *1814*.

'THE Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours,' a Glasgow reply to the R.S.A. of Edinburgh, has invaded London, and opened its exhibiton in the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell. Most of its better men — Mr. Francis Powell (the President), Mr. Robert W. Allan, Mr. Colin Phillip, and Mr. David Murray, for instance — are well known here, but the fine drawing which Mr. Thomas Scott calls *A Check*, will come as a surprise upon most visitors. Three years ago a water-colour landscape by Mr. Scott was reproduced in THE PORTFOLIO (April, 1888), but his drawings have seldom appeared in London. Capable and original work is also shown by Mr. MacTaggart (the Vice-President), by Mr. Robert Little, by Miss Constance Walton, and others.

THE members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club have organized an 'Exhibition Illustrative of the French Revival of Etching.' It consists of one hundred plates, etched by men so diverse as Millet and Jacquemart, Bracquemond and Méryon, Lalanne and Jules de Goncourt. The impressions are mostly very fine and occasionally very rare; they are, of course, so disposed that the student can examine and the amateur enjoy them to the full. Our thanks for this are due mainly to Mr. Frederick Wedmore; the graceful introduction to the catalogue is by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse.

THE gallery at the British Museum, which was last filled with kakemonos, has been turned to another use. Mr. Sidney Colvin has arranged in its cases a selection from the drawings under his charge, a selection mainly from those purchased during his own seven years' incumbency of his present post. The result is the most instructive exhibition now open in London. The period covered is from about the end of the fourteenth century down almost to the present day, the work of living men being alone excluded. The collection includes examples of almost every material and process which has been employed for making studies since the revival of the arts. It is divided into three main sections, namely:—(1) The Early and Renaissance Schools; (2) the Schools of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; and (3) the Modern Schools. Within these divisions there are geographical sub-divisions, and every effort has been made to help the student in grouping characteristics. Perhaps the most interesting drawings in the room are those which belong to a book purchased in 1889 from Mr. Ruskin. They are ascribed by Mr. Colvin to Maso Finiguerra, the Florentine goldsmith to whom the invention of engraving is traditionally given. Mr. Colvin sets forth in the catalogue his reasons for naming Finiguerra in connexion with the drawings, and his reasons seem to be good. Certain it is that they show a strong affinity to the work of Antonio Pollajuolo, who was closely associated with Finiguerra; that they are by the same hand as the 'Prophets' series and other very early Florentine prints which, if by Finiguerra,

would justify the tradition alluded to above; that they strongly resemble the panels by Finiguerra preserved in the sacristy of Santa Maria dei Fiori; and that Vasari, Baldinucci, and others say that Finiguerra left a great number of drawings carried out in the same manner as these. It is probable that the anonymous picture of *Chastity resisting Love*, in the National Gallery, is closely allied to these same drawings. In the remainder of the collection nothing is of more interest than the studies by Michelangelo presented by Mr. Henry Vaughan. We hope to return to this exhibition at a future opportunity.

A COLLECTION of pictures by Diaz is on view at the Goupil Galleries. It contains much of his finer and little of his inferior work, and so goes farther to justify his fame than some previous gatherings. The gems are the *Orage*, the *Fontainebleau*, the *Carrefour d'Apremont*, and the *Sunset*.

THE Nelson Room at the Fine Art Society's is filled with a large collection of Charles Keene's original drawings for 'Punch.' Those who have admired him in the dress put upon him by the woodcutter will find their admiration doubled when they meet him in *puris naturalibus*. No one suffered more through translation, and if to say so is to condemn, it cannot be helped. The draughtsman for a rough-and-ready print, it may be urged, should not indulge in such shades of expression as we find on many of these heads. His aim should be to show the strength, and not the weakness, of the methods of reproduction which he means to use. That is true, no doubt, but we are glad that Keene did not see it so. Such drawings as *Undaunted* and *Festive* will descend through many generations to comment on their shadows in 'Punch.' Keene was to the comic draughtsman —the phrase is bad, but we can think of no better—of to-day what Constable was to the landscape painter of yesterday. It is upon him that the cleverest Frenchmen, men like Willette, Forain, Legrand, Lunel, and the young Englishmen who find their opportunity in the smart if flippant 'Pick-me-up,' have built much of their method, and the present show will do much to convince people that it is so.

THE spring exhibition at Mr. McLean's Gallery is chiefly notable for the presence of a picture by Sir John Millais, which shows his hand to have recovered much of its cunning. *Lady Betty*, as he calls it, is the fancy portrait of a young woman in a red-brown dress, with grey fur about her and a black hat. It is good in colour, not amiss in modelling, and pleasantly conceived. The rest of the show is made up for the most parts of dexterous but most uninteresting productions of the Munich school. There are two good Henry Moores, however; Mr. Goodwin's *Royal Windsor* is poetic and true; M. Lhermitte's *Gleaner*, modest and accomplished; while Signor F. Vinea's *Flora* is a very great deal too clever.

LORD FRANCIS CLINTON-HOPE has lent the famous Deepdene collection of pictures by the Seventeenth-century Dutchmen to South Kensington. One of the water-colour rooms have been cleared for their reception, and they fill it comfortably. The gems are the two great Metsus—one an early work, with a considerable though entirely superficial likeness to Vermeer, the other an almost unrivalled specimen of his maturity; a De Hooghe, as fine in quality as the *Interior* in the National Gallery and even finer in condition; three Paul Potters—one of them, *A Man Mounting his Horse at the Door of a Stable*, of extraordinary charm; a superb *Marine* by Jacob Ruysdael; a good *Interior, with a Lady and Gentleman*, by Vermeer; a fine Cuyp; a good Terborch, and an Adrian van de Velde of exceptional beauty and importance. With this collection, the 'Old Masters,' and the National Gallery, all open together, London has been for the last fortnight the best place in the world for the study of the giants of the Dutch school—and that is leaving the private galleries out of account.

THE Director of the National Gallery has just published his report for 1890. The most interesting paragraphs are those which allude to the purchase of the three pictures from Longford Castle. These, as most readers of this page will remember, were bought for 55,000*l.*, towards which the Treasury contributed 25,000*l.* The balance was made up of three gifts of 10,000*l.* each from Lord Rothschild, Sir Edward Guinness (now Lord Iveagh), and Mr. Charles Cotes, Lord Radnor's brother-in-law. As the Berlin Museum was prepared to give 45,000*l.* for the Holbein alone, the price cannot be considered extravagant. Eight pictures were purchased during the year out of the Parliamentary grant, the more important being the Tintoretto, *The Origin of the Milky Way*; the Paul Veronese, *An Allegory of Unfaithfulness*; and an *Ecce Homo*, ascribed to Giovanni Bellini. Two pictures were bought with the interest on the Gallery's own permanent funds, and three were given or bequeathed, making a total increase for the year of eighteen pictures.

As to the building questions relating to the Gallery, the Office of Works is displaying its usual incapacity. After accepting Mr. Alexander's munificent offer of funds to build a new Portrait Gallery, they have assigned him a site which (1) involves putting a fourth patch on the already absurd conglomerate in Trafalgar Square, (2) which will lead before many years are over to an irresistible demand for the removal of the National collection from the neighbourhood altogether, (3) which brings two collections made on totally different principles into such close contact that the one will destroy the effect of the other, and finally (4) which makes hopeless for the future any attempt to provide the 'finest site in Europe' with a monument worthy of it. Such disgraceful mismanagement would be tolerated in no country in the world but England. Meanwhile the said Office is doing its best to bring about a similar *fiasco* at South Kensington. It has invited certain selected architects to send in schemes for completing the Museum, which is right enough. But, according to a statement made in Parliament by Mr. Plunket, the jury which is to decide between those schemes is to be made up of laymen, with an architect (Mr. Waterhouse) for assessor. That is to say, the procedure which has led to disaster in every competition of the kind for the last thirty years is to be followed once more. And yet one would think that even Parliament-men might understand that an amateur's taste must always be an uncertain quantity. Even the excuse of practical acquaintance with the requirements to be met does not avail at South Kensington. Lawyers, Foreign-Officers, and Admiralty clerks might have some claim to a say in fixing the design of Law Courts, Foreign Offices, and Admiralty, but what have non-artistic men to do with a Palace for Art?

The Hop Gatherer.

THE HOP-GATHERER

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, FROM A DRAWING IN WATER-COLOUR BY T. UWINS, R.A.

THIS little figure has an old-fashioned elegance which we should scarcely expect from a painter who died in 1857. But Uwins's career was a long one, and this drawing was exhibited in 1813, when Flaxman was Professor of Sculpture at the Royal Academy, and Stothard was Librarian. It is in the old style of water-colour, of small size, in brown and grey tints, with scarcely a suggestion of colour, and is probably seldom noticed by visitors to the South Kensington Museum, where it now hangs. The singularity of the artist's career indicates considerable force of character. Born in 1782, ten years before the death of Reynolds, he was apprenticed to an engraver in 1797, but quitted him almost immediately with the determination to become a painter. He entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and in 1809 became a member of the Water-Colour Society, making drawings of rustic subjects and illustrations for books. Then, in 1817, he fell into embarrassment through the default of another, retired from the Society, and devoted himself to any kind of drudgery until he had set himself free. In 1824, being then forty-two years of age, he went to Italy and studied there for seven years, exhibiting nothing in London during that time. Returning in 1831, almost forgotten, or remembered only by his water-colours, he began in his fiftieth year to exhibit oil paintings, and was almost immediately elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and six years afterwards an Academician. He afterwards became Librarian, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, and Keeper of the National Gallery, and died at the age of seventy-five.

ELIZABETH LOUISE VIGÉE-LE BRUN

IN 1779 Mme. Le Brun painted the first of her thirty portraits of Marie Antoinette. As an artist and woman of taste, she could not but dislike the stiffness of the prevailing style of costume, and in one of her letters she expresses herself upon the subject as follows:—'Comme j'avais horreur du costume que les femmes portaient, je faisais tous mes efforts pour le rendre un peu plus pittoresque et j'étais ravie, quand j'obtenais la confiance de mes modèles, de pouvoir les draper à ma fantaisie. On ne portait pas encore les châles, mais je disposais de larges écharpes légèrement entrelacées autour du corps et sur le bras.' . . . Nor could she endure powder, and she prevailed upon the lovely Duchesse de Grammont-Caderousse to omit using it when she sat for her portrait. 'Ses cheveux étaient d'un noir d'ébène; je les séparai sur le front, arrangés en boucles irrégulières. Après ma séance, qui

finissait à l'heure du dîner, la duchesse ne dérangeait rien à sa coiffure et elle allait ainsi au spectacle. Une aussi jolie femme devait donner le ton ; cette mode prit doucement, puis devint générale.' But she could not get the Queen to adopt scarves, or to leave her hair loose upon her forehead. 'Je serai la dernière à suivre cette mode ; je ne veux pas qu'on dise que je l'ai imaginée pour cacher mon grand front.'

Mme. Le Brun was an indefatigable worker, beginning early and ending late ; but her palette laid aside, she gave herself up to the pleasures of society. She held receptions, at which all the leading artists, musicians, and *littéraires* were eager to be present ; Grétry, Sacchini, and Martini gave forecasts of their new operas in her *atelier ;* and so numerous were her guests that, for want of chairs, all the great world, including some of the marshals of France, were compelled to sit upon the floor — the poor old Maréchal de Noailles, stout and stiff, once finding great difficulty in rising from his lowly position.

We read of a famous supper, *à la Grecque*, at one of these receptions, which was improvised during the recitation by the poet Ponce Le Brun (le 'Pindare français'), of a passage in the travels of Anacharsis. It made a considerable noise in the Parisian world at the time, and led to a great deal of scandal and exaggeration ; for although Mme. Le Brun received the homage of a large number of admirers, she did not entirely escape calumny, and her intimacy with the Queen only added fuel to the fire. 'Lorsque Le Brun arriva à l'endroit où en décrivant un dîner grec,' she relates, 'on explique la manière de faire plusieurs sauces : "Il faudrait, me dit-il, faire goûter cela ce soir."' Thereupon she rang the bell for her cook, and taking her into her confidence, suggested that they should have a certain sauce for the fowl, and another for the eels. Then it occurred to her to 'faire une surprise à M. de Vaudreuil et à M. Boutin,' by dressing up some very pretty friends she expected, and herself, in costumes *à la Grecque*. Her studio furnished the necessary draperies, and for other properties, she begged the co-operation of the Comte de Parois, who lived in the same house, and possessed a fine collection of Etruscan vases. The Count entered into the spirit of the scheme, and brought a number of cups and vases from which to choose ; these she placed upon a table, and putting a large screen behind the chairs, draped after the manner of Poussin's pictures, *de distance en distance*, and suspending a lamp over the table, her studio had quite the effect of *une salle Grecque*.

The first arrival was the charming daughter of Joseph Vernet, Mme. Chalgrin ; 'aussitôt je la coiffe, je l'habille.' Then came Mme. de Bonneuil, 'si remarquable par sa beauté,' Mme. Vigée, the hostess' sister-in-law, who, without being pretty, had 'les plus beaux yeux au monde . . . . et les voilà toutes trois métamorphosées en véritables Athéniennes.' Enter Le Brun-Pindare. His powder and curls were removed, a laurel crown was placed upon his head (the one which Mme. Le Brun had used for her portrait of the young prince Henri Lubomirski, *en Amour de la Gloire*), and with a purple cloak belonging to the Comte de Parois draped around him, behold the eighteenth-century French poet transformed '*en un clin d'oeil*,' into 'Pindare-Anacréon.'

The next arrival was the Marquis de Cubières, who was put into costume, while a messenger was sent for his guitar ; this was transformed into a golden lyre, and then it was the turn of MM. de Rivière, Ginquené, and Chaudet, the sculptor, to be metamorphosed. Of herself she had little time to think ; 'mais comme je portais toujours des robes blanches en forme de tunique, ce qu'on appelle à présent des blouses, il me suffit de mettre un voile et une couronne de fleurs sur ma tête. Je soignai principalement ma fille, charmante enfant, et Mlle. de Bonneuil, aujourd'hui Mme. Regnault-d'Angely, qui était belle comme un ange. Toutes deux étaient ravissantes à voir portant un vase antique très léger et s'apprêtant à nous verser à boire.'

When all was ready, and they had placed themselves at table, the effect was 'si neuf, si pittoresque, qui nous nous levions, chacun à notre tour, pour aller regarder ceux qui restaient assis.' At ten o'clock the carriage of the Comte and M. de Boutin was heard entering the courtyard, and when 'ces deux Messieurs' arrived at the door of the 'salle à manger, dont j'avais fait ouvrir les deux battants, ils nous trouvèrent chantant le choeur de Gluck : *le Dieu de Paphos et de Gnide*, que M. de Cubières accompagnait avec sa lyre. De mes jours, je n'ai vu deux figures aussi étonnées, aussi stupéfaites, que celles de M. de Vaudreuil et de son compagnon . . . . Outre les deux plats dont je vous ai parlé, nous avions pour souper un gâteau fait avec du miel, des raisins de Corinthe et deux plats de légumes. A la vérité, nous bûmes, ce soir-là, une bouteille de vieux vin de Chypre, dont on m'avait fait présent, mais voilà tout l'excès, nous n'en restâmes pas moins très longtemps à table, où Le Brun nous récita plusieurs odes d'Anacréon qu'il avait traduites.'

MME. LE BRUN AND CHILD. BY HERSELF.

The veritable cost of this pseudo-Greek festivity was some fifteen francs, but Mme. Le Brun's enemies soon gave it the proportions of an orgie worthy of a Sardanapalus. The day after it took place the Court discussed it, and the King was informed that it cost no less than 20,000 francs. By the time the news arrived at Rome, it had become a still larger affair, amounting to 40,000 francs, and the further the account travelled, the more exaggerated the costliness became — 60,000 francs at Vienna, and 80,000 francs at St. Petersburg. But in spite of enemies and scandalous reports, Mme. Le Brun's reputation increased, and although a contemporary critic went beyond strict truth when he called her a great colourist, and equal as a portrait-painter to Van Dyck, there is still in most of her work a charm and an elegance, allied to perfect ease and naturalness, which is not to be found in the portraits of some of her contemporaries. Her great *forte*, perhaps, was a happy power of posing her models; no mean talent, for half the portraits which are exhibited fail in this very matter. To pose a man, a woman, and a child in the same manner, is obviously absurd, and Mme. Le Brun never attempted it. She was in perfect sympathy with her models. What can be more childlike than the position of her daughter, a little girl, looking at herself in a mirror? It is true there is a certain conventionality in some of her pictures—as, for instance, that of Mme. de Polignac standing by a harpsichord with a music-book in her hand, but turning away from the instrument while she touches the notes. But art in 1787 had scarcely began to shake itself free from the shackles of convention, and Mme. Le Brun's work was no less realistic than that of David—in fact, it was far more so.

When the Revolution broke out, Mme. Le Brun, feeling herself in danger from her intimacy with the Queen, fled to Italy, where her sojourn became one continuous series of triumphs. No sooner had she arrived at Bologna, than she received letters offering her membership of the Academy and the Institute. At Florence she was invited to paint her portrait for the gallery of artists. At Rome, the *pensionnaires* of the Academy, with the Director, Ménageot, at their head, gave her an official reception, and, offering her the palette of Germain Drouais, who had recently died, begged her, in return, to honour them by the gift of some of her brushes. At Naples she met the notorious beauty, Lady Hamilton, and naturally fell under the spell which no painter could resist: 'Je la peignis,' she says, 'couchée au bord de la mer, tenant une coupe à la main; sa belle figure était fort animée (elle excellait à mimer toutes les poses et toutes les passions), elle avait une quantité de beaux cheveux châtains qui pouvaient la couvrir entièrement, et, en bacchante, les cheveux épars, elle était admirable.'

It was also at Naples that Mme. Le Brun painted the fine portrait of Paisiello, which was placed in the Salon opposite one by David, and called forth the exclamation of the latter: 'On croirait ma toile peinte par une femme et le portrait de Paisiello peint par un homme.' Greater praise could not well be accorded to a woman artist, especially when given by such a man as David, in the presence of his pupils.

At St. Petersburg she met with as much success as elsewhere, and crowded as the city was with French *émigrés*, Mme. Le Brun felt herself quite at home. She stayed there five years, and received the usual honour—membership of the Academy. The day of her reception she was the object of a veritable ovation, making no small sensation as she walked down the long gallery with her habitual gracefulness, clad in a *coquet habit d'amazone*—a violet waistcoat, a yellow skirt, and a hat covered with black feathers.

In her domestic life Mme. Le Brun cannot be said to have been happy. Her husband disported himself in riotous living, and her daughter married, at St. Petersburg, M. Nigris, secretary to Count Czernicheff. The mother opposed the marriage, but to no end; and the separation thus caused made a wound in her heart which was never thoroughly healed.

After an absence of twelve years, Mme. Le Brun returned to Paris, and her advent was made the excuse for many *fêtes* and revellings. 'M. Le Brun, mon frère, ma belle-soeur et sa fille vinrent me recevoir à ma descente de voiture, pleurant tous de joie de me revoir, et j'étais moi-même bien attendrie. Je trouvai l'escalier rempli de fleurs et mon appartement parfaitement arrangé . . . . M. Le Brun avait fait surmonter le lit d'une couronne d'étoiles d'or.' Then she naïvely adds: 'Quoique M. Le Brun m'ait fait payer tout cela bien cher, je n'en fus pas moins sensible aux soins qu'il avait pris.' Of a truth, the manners and customs of the eighteenth century were different to those of our own time—people expected less, and were pleased more easily. Her twelve years' absence had not lost her any friends; on the contrary, she became, more than ever, the darling of the Parisian world. The *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française asked to be allowed to perform a play at her house, and Vestris, of the Opera, proposed a ballet to succeed the comedy. But she refused these flattering offers with her usual modesty, and only consented to the distinction of having her name placed upon the free list of the theatre.

In 1802 Mme. Le Brun came over to England on a short visit, but she received so many commissions to paint portraits, that she was compelled to stay three years in order to finish them. Amongst her sitters were the Prince of Wales (George IV.) and Lord Byron. Her appreciation of Reynolds was great, but she found his work, with the exception of the heads, unfinished. Finish was her ideal of good work, and in answer to a critic who taunted her with having no merit but patience, she said that she 'never left a picture until she felt she could finish it no more;' indeed, 'Je ne les crois jamais assez finis . . . . Il paraît que mes dentelles vous ont choqué . . . . Quant à ces étoffes, à ces coussins

parlants, à ces velours, mon avis est que l'on doit soigner tous ces accessoires autant que la chose est possible, mais sans nuire aux têtes;' which is, as M. Charles Pillet remarks, a complete confession of faith.

From England Mme. Le Brun returned to France viâ Holland and Belgium; but much as she loved Paris, she seems to have become too restless by her wanderings to stay there for any length of time, and it was not long before she started off for Switzerland, to find Nature, 'the great *consolatrice*.' 'Les spectacles de la nature consolent et distraient de bien des peines,' she says in a letter to her daughter; 'je viens de l'éprouver plus fortement que jamais; tu ne peux avoir l'idée des jouissances que j'ai ressenties dans nos courses en Suisse; tu ne peux te figurer tous ces tableaux, tous ces points de vue, tous ces sites si variés, si pittoresques. . . . Il me semble avoir vécu dix ans depuis deux mois et demi; ce n'est pas que le temps m'ait paru long, mais toutes mes heures ont été si intéressantes et si remplies, que j'en ai pour ainsi dire fixé et noté les intervalles.' The results of all these hours, '*si remplies*,' were two hundred landscapes in pastel and some portraits. 'J'ai passé une semaine à Coppet chez Mme. de Staël, je venais de lire son dernier roman: "Corinne et l'Italie;" sa physionomie si animée et si pleine de génie me donna l'idée de la représenter en Corinne, assise, la lyre en main, sur un rocher; je la peignis sous le costume antique.' The picture was finished in Paris and sent to the celebrated authoress, who wrote to Mme. Nigris: 'Madame votre mère a fait de moi Corinne, dans un portrait vraiment plus poétique que mon ouvrage,'—which was possible, but it is not one of her happiest pictures.

LOUIS XVII. BY MME. LE BRUN.

The rest of her life was passed between Paris and Louveciennes, where she had bought a house. She had the misfortune to outlive many of her friends and relatives, as is inevitable to those who arrive at the ripe age of eighty-seven; but up to the end she was happy in forming new friendships, and she never wearied in her devotion to art. 'On pourrait croire qu'une pareille femme a passé sa vie dans un enivrement continuel. Nous tous, qui l'avons connue et qui l'avons tant aimée, nous sommes bien certains qu'elle n'a jamais cessé d'être simple et naturelle. Plus passionnée qu'enorgueillie de ses succès, la vanité lui était aussi étrangère que la vie. . . .'

Such is the judgment passed upon her moral qualities by a contemporary at the time of her death, which took place in the Rue St. Lazare, Paris, on the 30th March, 1842. With regard to her position as an artist, there is no doubt that the work left behind her proves her to have been equal to most of her contemporaries, and superior to many. Gros was more dramatic, David had more force and vigour in his touch, and Prud'hon was

immeasurably above her in his subject pictures—a line in which Mme. Le Brun never shone; but she is vastly superior, in technique and bold handling, to Hubert Robert or Gérard, and there is an elegance and grace about her portraits which is eminently womanly in the best sense of the word. Still, although her talent was considerable, she owed a great deal of her success to her personality and her industry; for she had the love of work and perseverance, without which even genius is of little use. At the same time, we cannot but feel that the Academies of the eighteenth century were more just to women than those of the nineteenth. France has now living a woman painter far superior to Mme. Le Brun, inasmuch as she is the equal of any man in her own line. Is it exaggeration to say that Rosa Bonheur is superior to any *animaliste* that the world has yet seen? And yet she has never been elected a member of the Academy, and had it not been for the graceful thoughtfulness of the ex-Empress, she would probably never have been *décorée*. Henriette Brown, Madeleine Lemaire, and other women painters, have been passed over in France as they are in England; it is true that upon rare occasions they are *médaillée* or receive *mentions honorables*—but that is all. In our country they receive nothing—which is a slight difference.

M. Pillet is a sympathetic writer, and justly estimates the subject of his memoir. Mme. Le Brun was not a great portraitist; but if not a Velazquez, a Rembrandt, or a Rubens, her work is elegant and refined, and possesses a charm which is not common: 'Elle n'en a ni la puissance ni la virilité, mais l'exquise délicatesse de son pinceau a fait d'elle un des peintres les plus aimables de l'école française.' *Aimable*—that little French word exactly expresses her position in the great army of portrait-painters.

SOPHIA BEALE.

PAY-TIME IN HARVEST

BY LÉON LHERMITTE

THIS is one of the most characteristic of M. Lhermitte's pictures of rural life in France. It is extremely truthful, and the artist has shown his appreciation of the dignity of labour by treating his subject with all seriousness. Few figures in modern French art are more truly dignified than the strong elderly man with the scythe, and the remaining figures are quietly natural. No rustic pictures give evidence of more honest observation than those of M. Lhermitte, who knows rural life most intimately. The present work was exhibited in the Salon of 1882 and purchased by the State for the Luxembourg Gallery.

P. G. H.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

V.—*The Survival of Classical Sentiment*

THE best chance for a sentiment to be genuine is that nobody should be compelled to profess it. In literature, a language that we love is usually one that we have studied of our own account, and the poetry that is most enjoyed is that which has not yet been imposed upon us in school-books. There is a rebellious element in our nature, and especially in the artistic and critical part of it, which lives in secret revolt against the

pedagogue who tells us what to admire, and which goes for its private pleasure to sources that he has not indicated. There was a time, lasting well into the nineteenth century, when a sort of classicism was imposed upon all students of literature and art, and the effect of it was to impel many of them to seek intellectual pleasures in almost anything that promised emancipation. At the present day the deliverance is complete so far as liberty of doctrine is concerned. We may be classical, romantic, realist, anything that we like; and the effect of this emancipation has not been to destroy the classical spirit, but to give it a fresh vitality in new forms. If an artist is classical in these days, it is because he has the genuine sentiment, and just because the sentiment is genuine it reveals itself in personal and peculiar ways, unlike what any authoritative classical teacher would have prescribed for it.

The vast mural painting by M. Puvis de Chavannes in the new amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, is an excellent example of the genuineness of the classical sentiment that survives at the present day. The work is as modern as possible, yet it is connected with antiquity, not by obedience to an ancient authority felt to be foreign, but by the effects of assimilation.

FROM A MURAL PAINTING. BY M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

I happened to be looking at this remarkable performance with an eminent French artist and he said, 'The picture seems like a revelation of ancient art: the Greeks must have painted so.' The technical execution of a Greek wall-painting would probably have been different, because this work is in oil with a dull surface, and we believe that the Greeks employed distemper, protected afterwards by varnish; but in one quality this work may be a renewal of antique art, and that is in its elevation of idea and its complete detachment from the actual. Before going into the details of the allegorical intention, we feel that it admits us into a world which is not ours, a world of serene dignity, as of souls in a sacred garden occupied with grave and noble meditations. Even the landscape, majestically beautiful, is hardly terrestrial. It is in that land of poetry and allegory where the light is not of the sun, and the colour is an imagined harmony of pale hues. We learn from the inscription that the central personage is the Sorbonne; that other figures represent Eloquence, Poetry, Youth that drinks of knowledge, and Age with trembling hands. The great central compartment is divided from the side compartments by two trees.* To the left, the lateral composition represents Philosophy and History, with the contest between Spiritualism and Materialism, and

* The central compartment is the only one indicated in the accompanying sketch from the original cartoon.

Archaeology examining the *débris* of the past. The composition on the right is devoted to Science. One might easily criticise the allegorical conception on the ground of a certain incongruity. Material realities, such as the land and the sea, are personified along with special sciences, such as botany and geology, whilst geometry is not represented by a figure but by a group of students, and electricity is a flame carried by a youth. It is odd to see two such different ideas as Spiritualism and the Sorbonne, a doctrine and a teaching and examining college, represented by two female figures. Perhaps it is better not to trouble ourselves too much with the allegory, which serves as a pretext for a work of this kind. This vast composition is successful as a piece of noble and serious decoration, which is enough. I may add that it harmonises admirably with the minor decorative work that accompanies it in the magnificent amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. One does not look for the imitation of nature in such a composition as this, but for the artistic unity of a great scheme in which the painter's will and idea are throughout indisputably predominant. The painter has been roughly criticised for want of refinement in drawing and for falsity in colour; but this is pre-eminently one of those cases to which the wise defence, 'Had it been better it would have been worse,' is most applicable. There are several French artists who can draw an outline with much elegance and precision; but if the quality of their drawing could be added, by way of correction, to this work, it would ruin it by the addition of a minor and unnecessary order of beauty beneath the gravity of this noble form of art. And as for colour, the colouring here is decorative and takes only just so much of nature as the artist cares to have. To ask for complete truth, or for more subordination to nature, is to misapprehend the object of decorative painting.

The entire mass of French work from the nude figure is connected directly with classical studies as painters understand them—that is, with the study of antique sculpture and drawing, and with the painting of the Italian Renaissance. The painter of rustic figures may look to contemporary life and forget antiquity as completely as a modern novelist, but he who attempts the nude is led back irresistibly to classical times and becomes more or less imbued with classical ideas. A sort of gentle Paganism pervades all that section of the French school which still concerns itself with the beauty of the body. According to the student's estimate, this is of all subjects the most serious, because it most requires the long labours of the *atelier*, but the outer aspect of the art produced is usually either dreamy or frivolous. The poetic minds go back to a Pagan dream, the prosaic ones fall into frivolous details of the bedchamber and the bathroom. The sympathies of the higher criticism must here be entirely with the Pagans. They do at least preserve us from a realism that easily borders upon indecency. M. Franc Lamy is a devoted student of the nude who enjoys the contrast of it with landscape, especially with the beauty of the woods; and so he imagines for himself a poetical woodland world, whose inhabitants are all of the female sex and almost unacquainted with the use of clothes—a sunny and a flowery land of idleness, with quiet ponds to bathe in, and grassy lawns to lounge upon, and never a prying eye to disturb the serene equanimity of the beautiful human animals that dwell therein. It is a Paradise before the Fall, with a plurality of Eves and neither a serpent nor an Adam. The birds are doves that fear no falcon, the season summer that will never give place to winter, the time of life is youth.

Another inventor of prettiness is M. Aubert, who is closely in sympathy with classical feeling, and, having a touch of humour, amuses himself and us with playful fancies about little Loves and girls who guard them, or meet them unexpectedly, or take them to be sold in the market. In one picture (1885) Aurora trims the wings of Love as he stands on the rocky margin of a rivulet—a pretty fancy very gracefully realised. All these pictures are essentially French in conception, with little more than an allusion to antiquity; and though they seem pretty trifles almost without thought, they are not without some novelty and

Pay time in Harvest.

originality of invention. It is a common mistake to undervalue this light kind of art because the ideas expressed in it are unimportant, yet the training required for it is at least as serious as that of the historical painter. An artist of M. Bouguereau's experience in religious painting finds in *The Disarming of Cupid* a subject difficult enough to tax his strength, though the figures are but a young woman and a little boy. One of the most important pictures by the same artist in the Universal Exhibition of 1889 was his great composition of *The Youth of Bacchus;* and in the Salon of the same year, Carolus Duran exhibited an important bacchanalian picture representing the god sitting on his chariot and drawn by serving-men, whilst he is followed by a crowd of revellers. This work was conceived more in the spirit of the Renaissance than in that of Greek antiquity; it was composed in well-massed groups, full of movement, and afforded the painter a good opportunity for displaying his mastery of flesh in the often-sought contrast between fair women and sun-browned men. The real motive of such works as the two just mentioned is the interest of a trial of strength with the old masters. A modern painter reaches great executive ability, feels that he has powers of invention, and is attracted to bacchanalian subjects because Rubens painted them, but they hardly belong to our age. The genuine and unaffected classicism of our time is either dreamy and fanciful, or else an archaeological attempt to resuscitate antique life. There was a picture in the Salon of 1890, by M. Gaston Bussière, which was entitled *La Gloire.* In a dreamy landscape, on the banks of a melancholy stream, a poet is lying with his head in the lap of a maiden, his lyre having dropped from the dead hand, whilst a stately draped figure advances slowly towards him, bringing the laurel crown too late. Here the pictorial conception and treatment are purely classical, yet the motive is modern—it belongs to the artist, and does not set up any contest with the great men of the Renaissance. So it is with the delicate and charming pictures by R. Collin, such as *The End of Summer*, in the Salon of 1888, and *Youth*, exhibited in the following year. The first was intended for a decorative panel, and represented a woodland landscape with girls dancing on an open sward. Another girl in the foreground comes towards the spectator with her arms full of plants that she has gathered. The attraction of a work of this quality (which, as with all poetical works, increases on further acquaintance) is due to its ideality, which is classical, and not remote from that of Corot. This is equivalent to saying that it is at the same time French and connected with a close observation of nature. The other picture, *Youth*, is an idyll of very early rustic love. A shepherd boy, stretched upon the grass, is kissing a young shepherdess on the tip of her chin—a liberty that she does not resent, but permits with a certain natural gravity and decorum. They have not much clothing, yet they have a little, and it is not cold in the land of idyllic poetry. There was a beautiful moderation in the painter's treatment of the incompletely developed forms. The accompanying very slight sketch from a picture called *Adolescence*, exhibited by the same artist in 1890, gives evidence of what seems to me the admirable negative quality of not seeking for beauty out of place. The sketch is delightfully simple and harmonious; the artist has not given the subject the least addition of a beauty that did not properly belong to it, yet the result is essentially classical.

THE END OF SUMMER. BY R. COLLIN.

The mere naming of pictures may sometimes be a misfortune, as it may, in itself, be the only cause of discord or incompatibility between the expectations awakened in our minds and the work that ought to satisfy them. M. Falguière exhibited in the Salon of 1889 a study of the nude, which was creditable simply as a study from a rather slight and insignificant model, not by any means representative either of opulent physical beauty or of superior mental force. The model had posed with one hand on her hip and the other raised to the back of her head, one foot on the ground and the other on a step, as if descending a staircase. There was no harm so far; but, unluckily, the artist called his model *Juno*, put a cloud behind her, and a peacock, and poised her in front of a precipice as she descended into a rocky dell. The title immediately required more than what was given; it required the utmost expression of feminine authority.

ADOLESCENCE. BY R. COLLIN.

As Juno should be a great Queen, so Venus ought at least to be a beautiful woman. In 1890 there was a Venus by M. Lemaire standing on a dolphin, and holding out her long tresses—a very straight and tall person, but not in the least seductive, and more like the personification of Moral Superiority than of Woman's dangerous power over men. The picture, nevertheless, was admirably and truly classical in the sentiment of the Renaissance, and would have served effectually as a part of some noble decoration.

M. Jules Lefebvre has, I think, been uniformly successful in his classical pictures, and the reason I take to be the union, in his case, of a fine taste with sufficient imagination and sympathy to throw himself heartily into the spirit of antique legend. I do not know any modern classical work more perfectly successful than *Psyche*. She is sitting on a rock in hell with the box in her hand that Venus gave her, and that Proserpine filled with mephitic vapour. She has not yet opened the box, but is looking wearily on the black infernal sky and the gloomy waters. The enduring charm of that beautiful tale about Psyche is that it suggests so many interpretations. One that occurs to us in the presence of M. Lefebvre's picture is the hard situation of mental beauty in the dark and rude environment of a lower world. The sky may be black, the waters gloomy and deep, the rocks pitiless, yet Psyche, sad as she is, has still a star upon her forehead.

The same painter had a lighter and less significant, but equally classical, picture in the Salon of 1887, *Morning Glory*, of which we are able to give a sketch. The same classical culture is visible in pictures by Lefebvre which have no connexion with antique subjects—in fact, it permeates all his work; but he has sometimes painted important mythological compositions, as, for example, the beautifully composed *Surprise of Diana* in the Salon of 1879—a lesson to some artists of the extremely modern school, who reject composition altogether.

Another eminent painter whose mind is naturally classical is M. Henner. He has the antique love of simplicity in subject with the preference for the nude, and a willingness to remain satisfied with few colours and a few strong, plain oppositions, hardly more complicated than the black and white, or the red and black, on ancient vases. The element

in M. Henner's taste which is not antique is his love for extreme softness and vagueness of contour, which he may have learned from the ripest Italian art. It is curious that a painter who has so little to say, whose subjects are usually confined to one or two figures doing nothing in particular, should be always interesting, yet he undoubtedly is so by the essentially artistic nature of his conceptions. There is his *Eclogue*, for instance, painted in 1879, with one female figure leaning on the edge of a well, and another sitting on the grass playing on a pipe, her long hair trailing behind her to the ground. The landscape is a dark, dense wood, a gleam of a pond, a bit of ordinary hill, and a limited space of sky. Yet, notwithstanding the absence of detail, the work is so complete, so harmonious, and its few masses so well ordered, that one asks for nothing more. In 1880 a famous picture by M. Henner represented a nude female figure with her knee on the stone edge of a well or basin as she looks down into the water, her hair falling in a great mass against the usual mass of sombre foliage. Intellectually a picture of this kind is nothing, artistically it leaves nothing to be desired. So with the *Weeping Nymph* of 1884, a girl kneeling, or sitting on her heels, the head bowed forward, the face hidden in her hands, and again the same opposition of flesh against dark twilight foliage. These are not exactly recent instances, but Henner is always the same, always satisfied with the same few notes of colour and chiaroscuro, meaning little, yet exquisitely attuned and performed with a 'virtuosité' in its own way unsurpassed. And this satisfaction with few and simple ideas, perfectly expressed, I take to be the special mark of the classical genius.

SURPRISE OF DIANA. BY LEFEBVRE.

Of all contemporary French painters, the one who is most in harmony with antiquity itself, and who most constantly dwells upon it, is M. Hector Le Roux. From the very beginning of his career, some years before the Franco-German war, M. Le Roux began to live in the life and poetry of the ancients, and having himself a delicate poetic sense, he produced works which, if they did not become popular in the vulgar sense of the word, assured for him the respectful attention of the more cultivated French critics. He has never worked for effect, never attempted to draw attention to himself by those displays which are the common resource of the self-advertiser, and it is not probable that he will ever have the sort of success that makes a name known to all sorts of people; but if refined visitors to the Salons ever miss his works, it can only be by accident. His colour is usually pale and delicate, and he does not care for those strong oppositions of light and

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dark that are always present in the works of Henner, besides which his figures are usually draped, and he enjoys the beauty of draperies almost as a Greek sculptor might have enjoyed them. The subjects chosen by M. Le Roux are sometimes from the beliefs of the ancients and sometimes from their daily life. The picture entitled *Brother and Sister*, of which a sketch is given here, is supposed to be an example of antique portraiture, and gains a little additional interest from this make-belief. M. Le Roux exhibited in 1883 *The Sacrarium*, or holy place in an antique dwelling, and in another Salon a *Sleeping Vestal*, both pictures strongly imbued with a respect for past sanctities. M. Le Roux has not that strong realism which gives such a peculiar interest to the restoration of antique life by Mr. Alma Tadema, his art is more a poetical souvenir of a vanished past than an actual realisation of it. A more powerful but much less refined artist, M. Boulanger, often realised very powerfully certain episodes of life in ancient Rome, as, for example, a brutal dealer in slaves, stuffing his mouth as he exhibits his unfortunate merchandise. A well-known picture by M. Boulanger, entitled *The Mother of the Gracchi*, was exhibited in 1885. She is coming down steps with her two boys, one on each side, looking proud and happy, but with an intensely French expression on her face. Quite recently M. Rochegrosse, without imitating antique art, has given a glimpse of private life in Rome in his *Quail-fight*, which takes place on a table with a family sitting round and looking on. It does not follow that because ancient life is vividly represented, there is anything of the classical spirit in the representation. A good deal of the painting that illustrates Greece and Rome is merely modern *genre* painting employing itself on other subjects. On the other hand, there may be much of the antique spirit in works that have no direct reference to antiquity. I have noticed this in some pictures by M. Munier, especially his *Guardian Angels* in the Salon of 1890, and a charming domestic scene in that of 1889, where a little boy was being dressed — a work most classical in sentiment and taste, yet absolutely modern at the same time. The sentiment of a picture called *Spring*, exhibited by M. Mangeant in 1887, was also classical, but rather of the early Renaissance than derived directly from antiquity.

BROTHER AND SISTER. BY LE ROUX.

As for the permeating influence of the classical spirit in the treatment of purely modern subjects, it is an interesting matter of investigation for a critic, but the reader

would not thank me for dwelling upon it, and these things cannot be explained without very numerous illustrations. It is enough to say that although classicism does not

SPRING. BY MANGEANT.

survive as an exclusive dogma, it still survives as an active influence in culture, lending to many works a charm of elegance and taste that we seldom meet with in those from which it is altogether absent.

P. G. Hamerton.

MR. VARLEY'S PICTURES FROM JAPAN

ANOTHER English artist is now in Japan, picturing for us with skilful brush and indefatigable zeal the beauty and the quaintness of that fascinating land. Last autumn Mr. John Varley, a grandson of the famous landscape-painter, landed in Japan. Already he has sent home a first instalment, and an ample one, of his artistic labours. Amongst his drawings and paintings there are no flowers, but he remains in the country of blossoms, and by this time has doubtless transferred to paper some of the delicate charm of the plum-blossom or *mumé* and of the cherry or *sakura*. During this month of May the Tree-peony or *botan*, and the Wistaria or *fuji*, will probably engage his pencil, to be followed by the Iris in June, and various water-lilies in August. But if Mr. Varley has sent us no flowers, he has caught some of the passing glories of autumnal foliage as it glows with crimson and gold, and some of the sombre greenery of the pine and the cedar. We have here, too, before our eyes faithful transcripts and poetic visions of temples and village streets, tranquil waters flecked with white sails, warm sunset skies, and mist-enshrouded mountains.

In the charming gallery of No. 28 New Bond Street, Mr. T. J. Larkin has arranged a large number of Mr. Varley's drawings and paintings, adding to them a few figure-subjects from the brush of Mr. C. E. Fripp, of the Institute, who has lately returned from Japan.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Varley's work to say that not a few of his landscapes recall very decidedly the quiet beauty of much English scenery. For example, No. 43, the Chiuzenji road near Nikko with the Daiya river below, might have been painted in England, so far as the atmosphere, the woods, and the rough road are concerned, only

there are a couple of small but unmistakably Japanese umbrellas carried by the wayfarers. Another English scene (No. 15) represents fishing craft making for Tokiyo for the evening market. On the other hand, we are strikingly reminded, not only of what we have come to consider as Japanese landscape, but also of its peculiar treatment under the brush of Japanese artists, in the weathen-beaten pines and mountain heights dimly looming through heavy layers of mist, of No. 76. A strange isolated rock, rising from the waters of the Inland Sea near Hiroshima (No. 66) affords another example of Japanese style, and might almost have been drawn by the hand of Hokusai or Hiroshigé. Yet we may be sure of this, that no considerable group of landscape drawings by any Japanese artist could have been collected together without showing at least one glimpse of Fujisan, the 'peerless mountain.'

Although these drawings of Mr. Varley's constitute but the first instalment of his pictorial work in Japan, and are taken from a comparatively limited area of that richly varied country, they yet serve to introduce us to many objects and much scenery which is eminently characteristic of the Land of the Rising Sun. In our large plate, in which a thoroughly Japanese scene is depicted, the most conspicuous feature is a strange wooden structure—a kind of portal, or gateway without a gate. Such gateways were once peculiar to Shinto temples; one temple may possess several. That represented in Mr. Varley's drawing (No. 66) belongs to a Shinto temple on the island of Miyajima, in the Inland Sea. It is of unusual height, quite sixty feet. The Japanese call these structures *Tori-i*, a word which is generally believed to be compounded of *tori*—a bird, and *i*—the root of the verb *iru*, to rest or sit. This etymology, which has, however, been disputed, seems to be confirmed by the employment, in writing this word, of the two Chinese characters which are used respectively in the two senses named above, rather than of any of the other characters, which, although they are pronounced in the same way, yet bear other meanings. The artist has made a very broad and impressive picture of this 'bird-rest,' with its interrupted reflections in the quiet pools on the sandy shores of the sea, the mountains in the distance, and the wooded heights below them. Besides these bird-rests (of which, by the way, it should be said that they are generally of far simpler construction than that of Miyajima) our attention is frequently called in these drawings to another class of characteristically Japanese objects. These are fixed stone lanterns, or *ishidoro*. They are met with everywhere. Their strange mushroom-like forms constantly appear amidst the foliage of private gardens, but they are seen in perfection in temple-grounds, often in great numbers and of gigantic size. They vary much in shape, but consist essentially of three parts—a supporting base, the lantern proper, and a protecting roof. When in use a lamp or candle is placed within the lantern, which is hollowed out and has several perforations in its sides. Square, hexagonal, and circular forms are common. Some of the large temple lanterns are of bronze; earthenware and even porcelain are also occasionally used. There is a very ancient *ishidoro* of stone on Miyajima. In one of Mr. Varley's drawings (No. 34) a remarkable avenue of stone lanterns is shown; it occurs in the court of one of the temples of Shiba, close to Tokiyo; other lanterns will be noticed in the drawings numbered 19, 27, 40, 41, 48, 53, and 68.

Temples, both Shinto and Buddhist, are well represented in these drawings; they constitute *the* architectural features of Japan. There is, indeed, a considerable degree of picturesqueness and some variety in the native houses, cottages, and inns of the country, while the remains of the old castles of the *daimyos* or feudal princes are not without interest; but on, or rather in, the temples, especially those of the Buddhists, will be found the richest developments of the architectural art. The true Shinto temples are, indeed, of the plainest, most meagre character, but the gorgeousness and complexity of the Buddhist ritual has often modified the original simplicity of the typical thatched hut which served for temple in the native religion or 'Way of the Gods.' Mr. Varley has given us many of the external features, especially of

the rich colouring and carvings, of the Buddhist temples at Nikko and Shiba (see the gateway at Nikko, No. 32); for the interior adornments we must turn to some of Mr. Fripp's drawings (see Nos. 113 and 115).

Amongst other curious temples, those known as 'Fox-shrines' may be named; one of these, at Mino, is shown in No. 41. The fox in Japan is a centre of many strange superstitions. The belief in a kind of demoniacal possession by the spirit of a fox is widely prevalent. But the shrines in question are not dedicated directly to Kitsune, the fox, but rather to the God of Rice, Inari, the fox being regarded as his servant, and reverenced accordingly. Small fox-shrines are common in country places: the *tori-i* leading to them, being invariably painted red, stand out conspicuously amidst the dark foliage of many hillsides.

TOMB OF SHOGUN IYEMITSU AT NIKKO.

Many of the studies of Mr. Varley represent street and village scenes. Note particularly No. 24, the street in Yumoto leading to the famous Hot Sulphur Bath; and No. 52, the little village of Yumoto itself, with its picturesque cottages clustered beneath the trees above the end of the lake—this is a characteristic and forcible picture. No. 39, a sunset view of Kobé, one of the most important ports of Japan, makes a charming picture of glowing colour. No. 65, representing the hot sulphur lake of Yumoto with house-boats on the water, is in a particularly broad and noble style. A bath-house on the shore of Tokiyo Bay is given in No. 1, a stone bridge in No. 2, a street in Shiba in No. 10, an inn at Nikko in No. 11, a dyer's shop in No. 18, a tea-house in No. 50, and another inn at Nikko in No. 68. These, and many of the other drawings in the collection, afford interesting records of the dwellings and of the ways of life in old Japan. These mementoes will become more valuable as years go by, obliterating the quaintness and originality of native fashions. But it is impossible to do justice to these delightful scenes by means of any verbal description, and so we must ask our readers to gain their impressions of picturesque Japan, not from our words, but by means of a visit to Bond Street.

Yet the vegetation of the country demands some notice. The trees belong to sub-tropical as well as to temperate climes. The *sugi* or Japanese cedar (*Cryptomeria japonica*) frequently attains a height of 150 feet, and constitutes one of the grandest features of the landscape: one must not judge this tree by the poor specimens in English gardens. In many parts of Japan, avenues of great length of these noble trees border the high roads; one of these avenues lines for nearly fifty miles the approach to Nikko. Many fine specimens are to be found in the sombre groves which surround with a perpetual twilight both Buddhist

and Shinto shrines. Mr. Varley evidently rejoices in the deep shade, the rugged trunks, and the graceful foliage of the Cryptomeria (note particularly Nos. 5, 14, 28, and 84). The glowing hues of the Japanese maples are reproduced in Nos. 36 and 48. A tree with large lemon-yellow leaves (perhaps the *Paulownia imperialis*) is shown with telling effect against the dark gates of the tomb of the Shogun Iyemitsu at Nikko: this drawing (No. 57) is reproduced in our smaller illustration. In another picture (No. 21) the pale autumnal foliage of a tree is charmingly introduced in the interior of an inn at Chiuzenji. Owing to the time of year when Mr. Varley's work was done, most of the foliage shown in his drawings belongs to coniferous evergreens. Of these, as I have already stated, the Cryptomeria is the chief, but there are several kinds of pine and fir, of juniper, cypress, and thuja. Two of the largest and commonest pines are called *Kuromatsu* and *Akamatsu*, which may be translated Black Pine and Red Pine. Both trees contribute very considerably to the beauty of the winter landscape; both will be found in these drawings. The Japanese regard the fir or pine with reverence; it is one of their symbols of longevity, and figures in all kinds of ornamental work as well as in paintings. There is one particularly famous specimen of the black pine (*Pinus thunbergii*) at Karasaki on Lake Biwa, which certainly affords an example of old age, for there is no reasonable doubt that its years number over one thousand. Although its height is not more than 130 feet, the spread of its branches is immense, something like 120 yards being the average diameter of the disc of ground which they cover. Mr. Varley may, perhaps, not feel tempted to paint this sacred pine; but it is a strange object, made not less strange by the 380 poles which serve to support its giant limbs.

Mr. Varley's oil-paintings are gathered together on the south wall of the gallery, and pourtray a considerable variety of scenes at Tokiyo, Shiba, Nikko, and Miyajima. Three of them represent maple-trees (Nos. 77, 81, and 82); to the avenue of cryptomerias at Nikko (No. 84) I have already directed attention. In No. 79 is a pool or bank of lotus, the superb water-lily which is extensively grown in the grounds of Buddhist temples and in the public parks. The leaves and flowers of the lotus adorn the vases which are set upon the altars of Buddhist temples; the sitting figures of Buddha repose upon coronals of lotus leaves carved in stone or wrought in bronze; this plant forms the motive of countless forms of Japanese decoration, and is a constant theme of the poets. Although it is usually difficult for the Western mind to appreciate the poetry of Japan, the following verses on the lotus, translated by an anonymous writer from the native original, will commend themselves to Western taste :—

'The waters are soiled and dark below—
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!
Why art thou fair as a flake of snow?
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!

'Over the waters thy lifted leaves—
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!—
Thrill with the fragrance their heart receives,
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!

'Now is the mystery plain to me—
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!
Heaven came down with its love to thee,
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!

'And the angel in thee arose to view,
Crystalline pure from the mire she grew—
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!
Morning and even the gift was new,
Heaven that came in a drop of dew—
Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!'

The Great Torii of Miyajama, Japan.

I have said enough already to indicate how interesting is this collection of drawings of Japan, and I have introduced here and there a few words as to some special characteristics of Mr. Varley's work. It may be stated, in conclusion, that the large majority of these drawings combine topographical exactness with that expression of nature's fitful moods which infuses spirit into the forms of literal truth. Nature, like a child, is not always a good sitter, and it was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for Mr. Varley that the time at his disposal did not permit of his lingering long over the minuter details of the scenes before him; he has not lost the whole in its parts. He has escaped the temptation—a temptation which often tries the leisured artist—to introduce into his works, even at the sacrifice of congruity and of unity of effect, every element that might seem capable of enriching and completing them. There is essential truth here, but style and feeling as well. We want to know what Japan is like: Mr. Varley tells us, we feel sure, many substantial objective facts, but he has translated these facts into the poetic diction of art.

I have left myself no space to speak of the interesting annotated Catalogue which has been prepared for this Exhibition by the proprietor of the Gallery. Mr. T. J. Larkin knows Japan well, and was for ten years in the service of His Imperial Majesty the Mikado. The Catalogue opens with a Prefatory Note by Sir Edwin Arnold, who often watched Mr. Varley at work in Japan, and who testifies to the great fidelity of his drawings, recognising at the same time the 'freedom of his touch and the large handling of his themes.'

A. H. Church.

DOVE DALE

'Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show;
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compared to thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.'

SO wrote Charles Cotton, the careless minstrel of the Dale, with fond exaggeration, of the place he loved so well; while Izaac Walton, whose discourse was 'like the honey balm, distilled along these waters wild,' remarked of the pleasant anglers' rest—'Piscatoribus sacrum'—where they twain smoked together: 'Some part of the fish-house has been described; the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows cannot, unless Sir Philip Sidney were again alive to do it.' Rare conjuncture, indeed—Dove Dale the subject, and Sidney the artist! It is a hard thing to avoid superlatives in describing this romantic gorge, when one remembers all that has been said of it from Cotton's time to this very day. We think of Johnson pacing sedately through the Dale, of which he remarks that he who has seen it 'has no need to visit the Highlands;' we picture Jean Jacques Rousseau walking pensively by the solitary stream; we can hear Byron singing to himself as his soul is moved by the music of its waters, and tempting Tom Moore to betake himself thither; we remember Wordsworth's Lucy, who

'Dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove.'

All this, and much more, of laud, legend and song, flashes upon our minds as we think of the celebrated river, and peaceful are our reflections as we remember the untroubled hours of those, 'smit with the love of angling,' who fish for trout and grayling therein.

It is necessary, indeed, to visit Dove Dale, as any other place, at a suitable time and, in a fitting frame of mind—not, for example, like that amusing writer, Mr. Louis J. Jennings ('Rambles among the Hills'), with a heavy heart, longing rather to be off to the moorland heights, and finding, therefore, beyond the 'Twelve Apostles,' and the ginger-beer man who stood by, all the rest 'mere weariness and vexation of spirit,' though 'no one has ever had the frankness to say so.' We must endeavour, if we can, to elude the noisy tourist and fight shy of the days when sandwich papers and orange peel testify to the passage of the light-hearted and careless excursionist. I have myself traversed the Dale when January held it frost-bound, when the boughs were weighted with snow, and when the white rocks grew dark in their wintry vesture, and when, save a ragged herd of mountain kine that looked at me as if in angry amaze that any one should intrude on their solitude, and a single crow which, from a tree, held noisy argument with an echo, there seemed to be no other living thing in all that lonely gorge.

Leaving behind us the old town of Ashbourne—which is a place, nevertheless, to be lingered in, with its magnificent church, and tall, slender spire—there are two routes by which

THORPE CLOUD, DOVE DALE.

Dove Dale may be approached. The first—a pleasant way in dry weather when the days are hot—crossing the little valley of the Shoo, descends to the banks of the Dove, which it keeps as a footpath, by the village of Mappleton on the Derbyshire side, following every sweep of the stream, and crosses to the other bank just before it reaches the 'Izaac Walton Hotel' (whence there is easy access also to that notable house on the Staffordshire side, Ilam Hall); the other crossing the Shoo somewhat further north, and giving fine expansive views, climbs diagonally the ridge which divides the Shoo from the Dove, passing a venerable ivy-clad oak on the way, and descends to the village of Thorpe, and thence to the 'Izaac Walton;' or, avoiding the village, leads by a footpath past that fine timbered structure, the 'Peveril of the Peak,' across a field, and behind Thorpe Cloud, to the stepping-stones at the foot of Dove Dale. The village of Mappleton, which is pleasantly situated amid the broad and fertile meadows and fruitful orchards of the Dove, unlike most of the Peak villages, is built in great part of brick, and has an odd-looking church, re-erected in a debased style about the middle of the last century, with a diminutive dome and lantern. Far more interesting is the little ivy-clad church of the picturesque village of Thorpe, though the wayfarer, generally pressing forward to the neighbouring portals of Dove Dale, rarely finds time to inspect it. This church, dedicated to St.

Leonard, is, indeed, a plain building without aisles, but its tower, probably even to the battlements, is Norman, with a round-headed western door, and each of its semi-circular belfry windows is divided into two lights by a characteristic pier. The plain three-light east window is Decorated, and there are Perpendicular windows elsewhere in the structure. A few of the sepulchral slabs also possess interest.

That part of the valley of the Dove to which the name of Dove Dale is given—though there is no very good reason why it should not be applied to the whole course of the river—is a narrow chasm in the carboniferous limestone formation, where the scarps are shattered and weathered into all manner of fantastic shapes, and garbed, at every nook, cranny, and steep, with a rich and varied verdure. The stream below, unsullied by any darkening stain, plunges—with many a still, deep pool, where the trout lie glistening, and many a foaming shallow—over its rocky bed, where the black marble emerges here and there. Nothing can surpass, in their kind, some aspects of this enchanting gorge, where, for example, above a shadowy pool, the sun shining through the depending foliage turns every leaf to

DOVE DALE.

the hue of golden green against the dark, umbrageous gloom of the trees beyond; or where, over some grey rock or tor rising from the water's edge, the pointed ivy shoots up its clinging tendrils, and in every fissure some wild flower has found a root; or, again, when the swollen stream in the autumn is whitened over its stony bed, and the cliffs glisten with the recent rain, while all the woodland is turned to red, purple, and gold. There is infinite variety, too, in the changing scene: for now the river sweeps calmly by some richly wooded steep, now it winds by the base of some weather-beaten cliff, anon it madly careers at the foot of some fantastic pinnacle, or again it dallies in a hollow where the foliage dips in its stream.

By whichever route the wayfarer approaches Dove Dale from the south, the great hill of Bunster (1000 feet) on the Staffordshire side, and Thorpe Cloud (942 feet) on the opposite bank, will impress him as solemn sentinels at the portal of the chasm. Bunster is notable chiefly for its height and massive bulk, but Thorpe Cloud is one of the strangest hills in England. From below, it has quite the aspect of a mountain, rising, like a green Vesuvius without the crater, in something approaching a regular cone, and its grassy slopes are bare of trees. If the traveller cross by the footpath from the 'Peveril Hotel,' and descend

to the stepping-stones between the mighty steep of Thorpe Cloud and the grassy elevation of Sharplow Hill, he will not fail to be impressed by the wild sublimity of the scene, where these barren declivities descend from their towering crests to the narrow, rugged pass, through which he makes his devious way.

From the stepping-stones at this point—there is a foot-bridge lower down—the wayfarer crosses a grassy glade on the Derbyshire side (for there is no pathway through the chasm on the opposite margin), and meets the river, shut off now from all the world beside by the steep declivities of the hills on either bank, which are covered with flowering shrubs and with primrose patches in the spring; and there the stream, falling from ledge to ledge in its downward course, forms still, deep pools, where the May-fly, the red caterpillar, and the March-brown are often thrown to lure the speckled trout below. Beyond the shoulder of Bunster there is a sharp turn in the gorge, and, as the pathway reaches the angle, the more rocky character of the Dale is disclosed, for on the Staffordshire side, as we reach Little Sharplow Cliff, the great Sugar-loaf Rock is seen, with the Twelve Apostles beyond. Then a hoary precipice ahead frowns upon the stream, to the summit of which, amid gorse and hawthorn and ash, we climb. This is Great Sharplow, one of the most effective view-points in the Dale. Southward, the gorge is seen as a deep cleft between the wooded steeps, through which the grey rock protrudes, and the strange form of Thorpe Cloud bars the distant prospect. The massive, deeply-fissured forms of the Apostle rocks are then full in front, rising from the rich foliage by the stream; while northward, curbed by the advancing scarps, we see the waters closely hemmed in between the weather-beaten cliffs. Beyond Great Sharplow, a diverging track ascends from the Dale, through a wild gorge dominated by the huge, grey, finger-like peaks of Tissington Spires, which rise from the grassy steeps, to the delightful village of Tissington, celebrated for its well-dressing; and during this ascent, for those who have time to make it, there are views both up and down of singular loveliness. It was hereabout that Dean Langton, of Clogher, who lies buried in Ashbourne Church, lost his life through attempting to ride up the hill upon his horse, which, losing its footing, rolled with him down the steep, while a young lady named La Roche, who had foolishly promised to mount behind him, was saved only by her long tresses being caught by the branch of a friendly tree.

Advancing still—now by a grassy track near the margin of the stream, bespangled with wild flowers, and through the same wild scenery, where half-columnar crag and hoary scarp rise from the rugged steep, festooned and clothed with clinging verdure—we soon reach, on the opposite bank, beneath the height of Ilam Tops, that fantastic isolated pile known as Dove Dale Church, or sometimes as the Abbey, whose massive base is seamed and scarred, while, above, the dark deep fissures and crannies, crested with jagged points and pinnacles, seen from a little distance, and at twilight, by not too great a licence, entitle it to the name by which it is known. Now, by a rough and stony path, on the Derbyshire side, at the base of the hill named Cromwell's Low, the wayfarer may ascend to Reynard's Cave or Hall, which is approached through a natural archway in a sheer cliff of the limestone, perhaps twenty feet wide and twice as high, beyond which an open space and a wild and difficult pathway give access to the cave itself in the steeply scarped side of the hill. There are no special features in this 'antre vast,' nor in the neighbouring and smaller cavity, known as Reynard's Kitchen, to call for remark; but the height affords a fine view of the wildest part of the chasm, where, to the northward, the river is lashed into an angry torrent as it escapes from that narrow cleft known as the Straits of Dove Dale, while everywhere around the shattered rocks rise up in wild disorder, amid the bright green leafage of the larch, the drooping foliage of the graceful birch, and the dark shades of the yew.

At the Straits, the rocks on the opposite side descend sheer to the water, which washes

their dark-green bases, while on the Derbyshire bank there is but a narrow, difficult way between the stream and the limestone cliffs, and even this, in rainy weather, is often flooded. Here, the river has channeled a deep way between the rocks, and, entirely shut in by their mighty cliffs, which are clothed with the tenderest green, flows silently over its bed, and there, beneath the bank and drooping foliage, the speckled trout are not seldom seen in the still clear waters below. Beyond this narrow chasm the gorge widens somewhat, and the path winds onward through the midst of straggling hazels, to where, on the Derbyshire bank, that massive rock known, from its fancied resemblance, as the Lion's Head, advances upon the stream; while higher up, balanced, as it were, on the top of a tor, is the huge rectangular block which has received the name of the Watch Box. Just beyond the Lion's Face the wayfarer reaches the northern portals of Dove Dale, which, differing entirely from the mighty hills at the south, are not less striking in their character. Pickering Tor, on the Staffordshire side, is a giant isolated column of the limestone, its height being at least four times its extreme diameter, and its cracked and fissured form, clad with the greenest of ivy, rises needle-like and considerably overhangs its base. The rock on the right is caverned below, and at the top is cleft into detached pinnacles, known as the Steeples, which succeed one another up the side of the hill. The whole of the points of this northern portal of Dove Dale are, however, known to some as Pickering Tors.

Beyond this point the character of the gorge changes; the rocky scarps are no more seen, save where some rugged cliff protrudes, and the traveller makes his way over stones and spongy turf, amid heather, bracken, and straggling bushes. Hurts Wood rises on the opposite side, and clothes the slope of the wild dell, named Hall Dale, which there opens in the hill. The Derbyshire side is also well clothed with dwarf trees, and, as the path rounds the shoulder of the hill to the right, a tall grey cliff is seen rising from the hazel and thorn about its base, and a little way up its side, beneath a singular natural archway, are the twin yawning caverns known as Dove Holes. It is near this point that the tourist often forsakes the gorge—and, indeed, if he have come from Ashbourne, and traced the river in a leisurely way, the time is apt to be short with him—ascending the hill through Hanson's Gully, and so, by sundry fields, gaining the Buxton and Ashbourne road, which runs almost parallel with the river behind the heights.

Mill Dale, which we now enter, is entirely different in its character from the rocky chasm we have left, but as wild and much more barren. Now, save where occasionally some solitary scarp protrudes from the hills, the valley is shut in between steep, dark slopes, with much brushwood and few trees, while, at the bottom, the river winds through a flat covered with rough, coarse herbage, and varied with patches of bog, shallow pools, and rushes. The wild character of Dove Dale, and the sombre appearance of this portion of the valley, make it not difficult to understand how Cotton's Viator comes to put the question, 'Have you any churches in this country, sir?' To whom Piscator: 'You see we have, but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, sir?' Whereto Viator replies, with something of a twinkle in his eye, 'Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you—I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom!' This remark applied to the church of the Staffordshire village of Alstonfield, which is on the hill-top to the left, reached by a bridle-road from the hamlet of Mill Dale, which we soon reach in the valley—a collection of little stone-built cottages, well in harmony with the barren scene. The whole Dale hereabout is filled with the memories of gentle Izaac Walton, who by these waters—

> 'Beguiled
> With his adopted son the hours away,
> Whilst Cotton owned the fondness of a child
> For him, in whose glad company to stay,
> And made the whole year pass like one sweet month of May.'

'Why, farewell, Hanson Toot!' exclaims Viator in a fume, referring to a huge brown hill round which the river winds beyond the hamlet: 'I'll no more of thee; I'll go twenty mile about first. Puh! I sweat, that my shirt sticks to my back!' A short distance further on, a bridle-road from Alstonfield crosses the river at Lode Mill by a substantial bridge, and climbs by a very steep way the opposite acclivity to the high road, beyond which lie Alsop-en-le-Dale, Parwich, Ballidon, Brassington, and a whole county drained by the Shoo and its tributaries into the lower waters of the Dove. It is interesting to note that in Cotton's time this crossing was by 'the sign of a bridge which a mouse could hardly go over,' which circumstance leads Viator to ask, 'Do you use to travel with wheel-barrows in this country?'—such a slender span, I fancy, as the Milking Bridge, which I know well, leading across the Colden Brook, a tributary of the Yorkshire Calder. Lode Mill is generally the extreme northern point reached by Dove Dale tourists, who, by the turnpike road can thus reach Ashbourne, or even Buxton, without great difficulty.

There is a footpath all the way hence on the Derbyshire bank (except through Beresford Dale, where it crosses to the other) to the celebrated 'Fishing House'—a distance of more than three miles—and beyond it across the fields to Hartington. As far as Cold Eaton Bridge the character of the scenery changes little, but very soon the wayfarer enters Narrow Dale, a sombre and gloomy ravine, where the waters are pent in by the dark hills that frown upon their banks. There is something weird and solemn about this lonely glen, if we traverse it at twilight, when, perchance, the bats are flitting about, and the neighbouring owl hoots from his nest in some deeply rifted tor. Here the path winds sharply under some impending steep, over a stony way; anon it crosses some dark-hued, sedgy shallow, and again it leads through a rugged chasm between the scarps, where, when the river-bed is full, there is scarcely foothold; but still there are spots of verdant beauty in the gorge, though these seem only to enhance the impressive effect of the lonesome dale. As the traveller reaches its northern end, he sees a barren hollow on his right leading up to the heights by the dark form of Wolfscote Hill.

A little further on, having crossed to the Staffordshire bank, he reaches Beresford Dale, which, though it is not more than a quarter of a mile in length, is like a miniature Dove Dale—the same limestone precipices, the same fantastic shapes, the same verdant slopes, the same pellucid stream. The most notable natural feature in the gorge is Pike Pool, where a grey columnar limestone rock, in form resembling a fish, shoots up from the midst of the waters—'One of the oddest sights that ever I saw,' says Viator—backed by the rich foliage of the bank. Behind the rocks on the Staffordshire side is Beresford Hall, which passed in the seventeenth century with an heiress of the Stanhopes, who eloped with the father of Charles Cotton, the gentle, careless angler, and fond disciple and 'adopted son' of Izaac Walton. The Cottons did not, however, long retain their prize, for it passed from them with the angler's son, and after sundry vicissitudes was purchased in 1825 by Marshal Viscount Beresford, the victor of Albuera. The ruinous house of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been rebuilt with the same materials and in the same style.

(*To be continued.*)

JOHN LEYLAND.

MAY 1.—By the means of letters interchanged between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Humphry Ward, the public has been made acquainted with the fact that the example set by Mr. Alexander in the case of the National Portrait Gallery has been followed by another generous donor. This gentleman, who withholds his name, but whose identity is an open secret, offers 80,000*l.* to build a Gallery of British Art at South Kensington, at the south-eastern corner of the Imperial Institute Road, on condition that—(1) The Government give the site, and that it shall have a frontage of about 300 feet to the Exhibition Road, and 180 feet to the Imperial Institute Road; (2) that the piece of land adjoining, in the last-named road, shall be reserved, to the extent of 250 feet frontage, for future extension; (3) that no building, except a corridor, adjoin the proposed gallery; (4) that the organization of the gallery be entirely separate from the Science and Art Department. To these conditions the Government has practically agreed, and so the scheme for an English Luxembourg, or something very like it, may be said to be at last well afloat.

FIVE new pictures have been hung in the National Gallery during the last month. No. 1317, a small *Marriage of the Virgin*, has been placed with its kin in the little side-room devoted to the school of Siena. No. 1319 is a *Roman Landscape*, by Claude. On the right the church of the Trinità de' Monti rises above the buildings on what is now the Piazza di Spagna; on the left there is a clump of trees, with rather large figures disporting themselves in the shade. It is a fair example of the master. Nos. 1320 and 1321 are portraits by Cornelis Janssens (Janson or Jonson) van Ceulen. They have been given by 'the widow of Mr. Zouch Troughton.' The identity of both sitters appears to be known. No. 1320 represents *Aglonius Voon*, No. 1321 *Cornelia Remoens*. Janssens often painted with more vigour than we find here, notably in two portraits (*Sir Kenelm and Lady Venetia Digby?*) at Cologne, but he never worked with more refinement nor with a profounder sense of grace. No. 1323, bequeathed by the late Sir William Drake, is a portrait of *Piero de' Medici* (Il Gottoso), by Angelo Bronzino. Although Sir Frederick Burton has hung it rather high, it seems to be a capital example of the master, especially in the matter of colour. It is worth noting, however, that Vasari, who was the intimate friend of Bronzino, says that Piero de' Medici's portrait was painted by himself and by Antonio de' Rossi, but says nothing of Bronzino having done the same thing. The Velazquez and Moroni from Longford Castle have been covered with glass, and replaced in the Umbrian room, but some considerable time will yet elapse before they are rejoined by the Holbein.

THE New English Art Club has come back to civilised regions for its sixth annual exhibition. After a gallant endeavour to seduce the 'shilling public' away to Knightsbridge, and in believing that pictures are best seen in cross and competing lights, it has returned to the uneccentric Dudley for the submission of its wares. These wares are not so desirable as we have seen them. Mr. Walter Sickert sends a delightful street scene, *Dieppe;* Mr. J. E. Blanche a capital portrait, which he calls *The Pink Rose;* Mr. George Thomson *An Impression from a Skating Rink* (Olympia?), which is true enough so far as it goes; Mr. Theo. Roussel a clever nude, *Evening;* Mr. R. O'Connor an *Old French Peasant*, that we like; Miss S. C. Harrison a perfectly sane and sincere, if rather immature, portrait of *Arthur Somervell, Esq.;* and Mr. J. J. Shannon dexterous sketches of *Mr. Henry J. Hudson* and the *Duchess of Portland*. On the other hand the kind of kakemono called *Prima Ballerina Assoluta* and signed by Mr. P. W. Steer, is pure rubbish. Even the Philistine eye can see its falsity as an impression. It has two horizons, one extravagantly higher than the other; its drawing is childish; its colour is neither true nor decorative. Against acceptance of such a thing as this, or the piece of affectation Mr. James Pryde calls *A Study for a Portrait*, or Mr. Steer's portrait group of *Mrs. Cyprian Williams and her Children*, or Mr. Roche's perfectly futile *Court of Cards*, or many more things that we cannot stop to particularise, a sense of humour is perhaps the best antidote.

THE one hundred and fifteenth Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is not very good. Many of the best members are below themselves, the recruits do little to keep up the credit of the show, and a few of those who are past doing good work are too much in evidence. The chief disappointment is caused by Mr. Thorne Waite, who has lost for the moment the breadth, freshness, and apparent simplicity of his art. His *Old and New Hay* and *Between the Showers* are woolly in texture and broken up in accent. *Late Autumn* and *Gloucester* are better, but is the latter new? Among the younger associates, Mr. T. M. Rooke, with his *North Transept of the Cathedral* and other subjects from Troyes, does most for a Society which we can only pity for having to put such things as the *Summer Gale* of Mr. G. H. Andrews, the *Loch Avon* of Mr. George Fripp, and the *Holy Rock* of Mr. Carl Haag, in conspicuous places. The drawings we may welcome with most favour are Sir Oswald Brierly's *First Day of Oysters, Swansea Bay;* Mr. Albert Goodwin's peculiar but very clever *Springhead, Wells*, and his *Lucerne;* Mr. C. B. Phillip's *Near Ballater;* Mr. Herbert Marshall's *January, 1891*, and *Piccadilly;* Mr. H. G. Glindoni's *A Freak of Nature;* Mr. E. A. Waterlow's *Bossiney Bay;* Mr. David Murray's *A Sussex Sand Pit;* and Mr. Napier Hemy's *A Soft South Wind*. Mr. Arthur Melville's *Procession of Corpus Christi, Toledo*, is a mere map of 'values.'

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has written a short note of recommendation for a show of pictures from Japan at Mr. Larkin's Gallery in Bond Street, which is well worth a visit. The drawings and pictures there to be seen are the work of Mr. John Varley, the grandson of old John Varley, and Mr. C. E. Fripp, the son of a master of more recent fame. Mr. Varley's contributions are mostly landscapes and sketches of architecture; Mr. Fripp's mostly deal with people and their ways. Both seem to have been affected slightly and unconsciously by the habits in art of those among whom they lived. While it adds, perhaps, to their interest, this takes away from the actuality of such works.

AT the Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery a number of 'paintings, drawings, etchings, and diamond points on ivory' by Mr. Mortimer Menpes are to be seen. They have all been made in the course of a tour in India, Burmah, and Cashmere, and form a collection of aesthetical notes of much charm. Mr. Menpes succeeds vastly better when he has pencil or etching-point between his fingers than when he is complexed with colour. His colour harmonies seldom ring true; he is no master of texture, and his hand on the brush is heavy. His pencil drawings, his drypoints, and his experiments on ivory with a diamond are admirable. The best things in each of these groups are respectively: *A Corner in Benares* (122); *A Strong Man in his Day* (138); and a *Jeypore Boulevard* (171). Of the colour notes we like one called *Sisters in Art* (92) better than the rest.

AT the French Gallery you may see three fine examples of Josef Israels, *The Sick Wife*, of 1869; the *Old and Worn Out*, of 1879; and *The Seamstress*, just painted. Still more interesting is *The Malcontent* of Ludwig Knaus, a painter whose work is now not often seen in this country. It is a study of some fanatical democrat in a beer-house; Socialistic prints lie about, and his gestures express the restless, dissatisfied energy of his character. Holmberg is represented by a wonderful piece of elaboration in the way of still life, and a minute Meissonier will please the devotees of the last 'Little Master.'

THE Royal Society of British Artists has opened its exhibition. The best things are the work of Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Nelson Dawson, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Anderson Hague, Mr. Julius Olsson, and Mr. Dudley Hardy. A *Rue du Caire*—frankly called a sketch—by Mr. Hardy, is one of the most satisfactory 'impressions' we have seen on this side of the Channel.

The Glasgow Corporation has honoured itself and pleased Mr. Whistler by giving a thousand pounds for his portrait of Carlyle: the old man against a grey wall, with his rug over his legs, and his large soft hat perched upon his knee.

The Jubilee coinage has been condemned. Its vulgarity has forced the hand even of English officialdom, and invitations have been sent out to eight artists, sculptors and others, to compete for the honour of designing our money. The names of those invited have not been published, but it would not be difficult to guess them. Meanwhile Sir Frederick Leighton has consented to act as one of the judges, and so we may expect that something very different from the Jubilee coins will be achieved.

M. Félix Bracquemond has lately etched Meissonier's *Partie Perdue*, and the plate has been published by the Messrs. Tooth of the Haymarket. The picture is in the collection of Baron Steengracht, at the Hague. As to the etching, we may tell a story not generally known. When Bracquemond had carried the plate a certain distance towards completion, Meissonier came to see a pull, and objected that one of the figures was too big. Comparison with the picture proved Bracquemond to have correctly transcribed his author, and then Meissonier insisted upon designing a new and smaller figure for the place. This was done; the first figure was taken out and the new one etched into its place, and so the print as it appears is a revision of *Partie Perdue*. Another important etching published within the month is Waltner's plate after Jules Breton's *Eve of St. John;* but more interesting, and on the whole more artistic, is Mr. Frank Short's mezzotint after a fine Crome in the collection of Mr. Henry Tate. The picture is one painted at the time when Crome's admiration for Hobbema was at its frankest, and nothing he ever did could be put before it in quality. Mr. Short has done it complete justice in a method not, perhaps, the best suited for the expression of foliage. The plate is published by Mr. S. T. Gooden of Pall Mall.

Mr. Keeley Halswelle, the well-known Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy and Member of the Institute, died in Paris on the 11th of April. Born at Richmond, Surrey, in 1832, Mr. Halswelle began his artistic career by working for the 'Illustrated London News,' and for Mr. Nelson, the Edinburgh publisher. In 1857 he commenced exhibiting with the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he was elected an Associate in 1866. Between about 1870 and 1880 he painted in Italy, producing many scenes of picturesque life in the streets of Rome, and some in which attempts at archaeological restoration were made. Among these latter, the best, perhaps, was *Non Angli, sed Angeli.* For the last ten or twelve years his subjects have been Scottish highland landscapes and the scenery of the Thames valley and of the most wooded parts of Hampshire. In 1884 there was an exhibition of sketches by him at the Old Bond Street Galleries, under the title of 'Six years in a house-boat.'

The month's obituary also includes the names of Mr. John D. Sedding, the well-known architect, whose latest important work was the Church of the Holy Trinity, at the bottom of Sloane Street; of Mr. Daniel Cottier, to whom, more than to any other individual, should such credit as belongs to the introduction of Barbizon to the British buyer be given; and of Mr. George Cavendish-Bentinck, long known at St. Stephen's as 'Little Ben.' Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck took a lively interest in art, made collections, opposed innovations, denounced what he thought to be heterodoxies in design, and generally played the part of a well-meaning, sometimes wrong-headed critic, who had been, and thought he ought again to be, in power. Abroad we have to note the deaths of M. Karel Ten Kate; of Mons. Georges Seurat, the impressionist; of Professor Ciseri, a painter of religious subjects, who was well known in Italy; and of K. W. Oesterley, painter and critic, who was long Professor of Art at Göttingen.

The seventh exhibition of the 'Société des Artistes Indépendants' is now open in the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris, behind the Palais de l'Industrie. The 1254 pictures and drawings do not include many that justify their existence. Among the contributions of MM. Félix Vallotton, Rusiñol, Renault, Alphonse Osbert, Pierre Huas, and Paul Gondrexon, and the sixty examples of the late Albert Dubois-Pillet brought together *in memoriam*, certain things may be found with some artistic value of their own. But the show, as a whole, is mere *blague* and impotent affectation.

Very different is the exhibition of drawings brought together by the manager of the 'Courrier Français' at the Elysée Montmartre. Here English and (we should have thought) French notions of what is decent are often outraged, but there is abounding cleverness, both in design and technique. Louis Legrand, Forain, Faverot, Quinsac, Willette, Lunel, and Heidbrinck, are all artists, developing new methods in their logical direction. It is a pity that their work should be diluted by the presence of anything so poor as the drawings of Uzès and one or two more. Not the least remarkable things here are the designs for posters of him whom his friends delight to call 'Le Maître Chéret.'

'Poil et Plume' is the title of an exhibition opened at the Théâtre d'Application, in the Rue St. Lazare. It consists of essays in art made by wielders of the pen. M. Bergerat, the 'Caliban' of the 'Figaro,' explains in a note to the catalogue how he and some of his friends determined to have a Salon of their own, and to give it a name which should express its origin. The show is divided into two sections—a Louvre for dead, and a Luxembourg for living 'masters.' In the former we find scribbles by Victor Hugo, pastels by 'Théo,' and sketches by Musset, Merimée, Jules de Goncourt, and Baudelaire; in the latter, M. Bergerat himself, the surviving Goncourt, Haraucourt, Verlaine, Jules Lemaître, Sardou, and Madame de Martel—the 'Gyp' beloved of all healthy laughers—are responsible for the contributions least worth forgetting.

The Louvre has lately been enriched by an interesting pair of portraits. They are painted on two panels, hinged, like a small diptych. They are believed to represent King Réné of Anjou and his wife, Jeanne de Laval, and are ascribed to the King himself. They come from the last of the Matheron family, of Aix, and are said to have been given by King Réné to a Matheron of his time.

The following are the chief artistic publications since the 17th of February:—'The Life and Works of Giulio Clovio, Miniaturist,' by John W. Bradley (Quaritch); 'George Cruikshank' (Great Artist Series), by F. G. Stephens (Sampson Low); 'Architecture of the Renaissance in England,' by J. Alfred Gotch and W. Talbot Brown, Part I. (Batsford); 'Tel-el-Hesy' (Lachish), by W. M. Flinders-Petrie (A. P. Watt); 'Records of the Past:' New Series, edited by A. H. Sayce. Vols. I.–IV. (Bagster); 'An Easy Walk through the British Museum,' by Louis Fagan (Dallas); 'The Pre-Norman Date of the Design and some of the Stonework of Oxford Cathedral,' by James B. Harrison, M.A. (Frowde); 'Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches of England and Wales,' edited by T. G. Bonney (Cassells); 'Corot,' by L. Roger-Milès; 'The great Screen of Winchester Cathedral,' by G. W. Kitchin; 'Terres-Cuites Grecques,' by A. Cortault; 'L'Habitation Humaine,' by C. Garnier and A. Amman (Part I.); 'Vincigliata and Maiano,' by Leader Scott; 'Meissonier: a Collection of Etchings and Engravings from twelve of the choicest of his Paintings;' and 'La Science de la Peinture,' by J. G. Vibert.

The Dutch Kitchen.

THE DUTCH KITCHEN

AFTER THE PICTURE BY QUIRINUS BREKELENKAM IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND

ONE of the most fascinating pictures in the Gallery, which has been so greatly enriched of late years by the judgment of Mr. Henry Doyle, is reproduced on the opposite page. It carries us with a curious sense of illusion into a Dutch kitchen of two centuries and a half ago. Along one side flour-barrels, knife-boards, tubs, saucepans, and other paraphernalia, have been arranged with the solicitude of youth, and an old servant—or, perhaps, an indulgent aunt—has been procured to sit and give human interest to the scene. Stipulating for a brazier, and that her spinning-wheel should be put in as well as herself, she has taken up the pose with a combination of curiosity and the stock uneasiness of the amateur model. The result is pathetic in its truth. As we contemplate the little panel, we *know* that seven years before Charles I. lost his head this old woman sat just as she sits here; looked with just this doubtful complacency on the proceedings of the boy whom she had watched from his birth; and, finally, hung over his shoulder as, with the pride of creation, he pencilled in the corner the four cyphers of the date, 1642. Poor old lady, gone to dust two centuries ago, how her heart would have swelled had she known that her picture would one day be sold for a great price, hung up in a palace, and discussed by art critics!

This picture is the earliest known work of its painter. Until quite lately nothing, practically, had been learnt of Brekelenkam's career. In the Louvre catalogue of 1878 it is thus summarised: 'BRECKELENCAMP or BREKLINCAMP (*Quirin van*), *living* 1660–1668 (Dutch School). The dates of his birth and death, and the name of his birthplace are unknown. By some writers he is called the pupil of Gerard Dow. No proofs of this, however, have been advanced beyond an asserted similarity between the works of the two men. The dates on their pictures prove them to have been contemporaries.'

To these vague statements certain precise though still meagre details may now be added. Thanks for this are chiefly due to Mons. Henri Havard. In the fourth volume of his 'L'Art et les Artistes Hollandais,' he tells us how he sought out Mr. Rammelman-Elzevier of Leyden, and going upon certain indications that Brekelenkam was a Catholic, reconstituted his *état-civil* with the help of that learned archivist. Mons. Havard tells his story with his usual prolixity, narrating the most obvious proceedings as if they implied the cunning and *flair* of a Mons. Lecocq. But his facts seem, in this case, to be beyond cavil, and to be capable of no conclusion other than that drawn from them.

Quiringh, or Quirinus, Brekelenkam was born, then, at Swammerdam, about the year 1625. His father's name was Gerrit. The family appears to have moved to Leyden, where the boy received his education as an artist. It is possible that Abraham de Pape was his master. At any rate there is a very close affinity between their works, and dates support the conjecture. A De Pape at Dublin and a similar picture in the National Gallery were both at one time ascribed to Brekelenkam. Both men built up their pictures in transparent

brown tones, making great use of their ground, and confining their local tints to the lights, which are heavily impasted. Their methods have much analogy with that of Nicholas Maes, and I cannot but think that some connexion with that master has yet to be discovered. Brekelenkam was received as a master into the Guild of St. Luke, at Leyden, in 1648. A month later he married one Maria Jans-dr Carle, by whom he had six children. She died in 1655, and in 1656 he took to wife Elizabeth van Beaumont, who brought him three children. In 1668 the painter died himself, aged probably about forty-three years. If I were to copy out from Mons. Havard's book the names of his four sons and five daughters, I should have told all we know of Brekelenkam's domestic life.

His career as an artist is written in his works. The earliest is the picture at Dublin. Next in date to that comes a *Card Players* belonging to Herr Beer, in Berlin, inscribed with the year 1648. The *Dying Tramp*, in the Munich Gallery, is dated 1668, the year of the painter's death. In the twenty-six years which elapsed between 1642 and 1668, Brekelenkam seems to have painted at least one hundred and fifty pictures. Mons. Havard catalogues one hundred and seventy-five, but the system, if system it can be called, on which he goes, must have led to many repetitions. Allowing for this and for those examples which have escaped notice altogether, it is probable that the total I give is somewhere near the truth. It forms a respectable *oeuvre*. The best Brekelenkams I know, besides that which affords a peg for these remarks, are *An Old Woman Cupping a Young One*, in the collection of Dr. Bredius, at Amsterdam; a *Fishmonger*, small, but excellent in quality, lately in the Buisseret collection at Brussels; and, if the whole of it may be taken as by him, the *Old Woman Eating Porridge*, at Dulwich, which was reproduced in THE PORTFOLIO for December 1889. Mr. John Walter has a good, though rather pale and grey, picture of a *Lady Buying Fish*, dated 1664. At Munich, besides the *Tramp*, there is an *Old Woman Spinning*. The Augsburg Gallery has a fine *Tinker's Smithy*, which I have not seen. At Amsterdam, in the Rijks Museum, there are three capital examples—the *Boy with a Mouse Trap*, of 1660; the *Three Women*, of 1661; and the excellent *Man by the Hearth*, of 1664. The galleries of St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Brunswick, Schwerin, Bamberg, Stockholm, and Lille are rich in Brekelenkams. There is a fine one in the La Caze collection, of the Louvre; and an *Old Woman at Breakfast*, in Stafford House, is a *chef d'oeuvre*.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

SOME RECENT WALL-PAPERS

THE term 'paper-hangings' recalls the time when the walls of our rooms were adorned with real hangings of tapestry, of stamped leather, or of woven fabrics of wool, silk, or painted linen. Some of the earliest wall-papers used in this country were of Oriental origin; the style of ornament which they displayed remained in vogue for a considerable time, and was reproduced with a fair measure of success in Europe. But the small squares of paper on which the designs were printed by means of wood-blocks were troublesome to fix in position and comparatively costly. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the manufacture of wall-paper in continuous rolls caused an extraordinary development of this industrial art—a development which has continued ever since. But the increased use and variety and the improvement of wall-papers, although arising chiefly from this cause, have been stimulated and modified in other ways. The Gothic revival of the early part of the present century, the Government School of Design, the South Kensington collections and teaching, the provincial Schools of Art, the International Exhibitions of 1851 and of subsequent years, the greater appreciation of old European and of Persian and Indian textiles, and the aid of architects, artists, and manufacturers in the production of choice and appropriate designs

—all these factors have united in causing very great changes in the wall-paper industry. Nor have the mechanical improvements effected in this manufacture been confined to the

FIG. 1.—DESIGNED BY MR. WALTER CRANE. (Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.)

paper alone. New materials and new processes have been employed in its decorative treatment, so that we now have at our disposal an almost overwhelming variety of surface-effects in relief and in texture as well as in colour. There are the embossed leather-papers, many of

which, though the patterns are usually European, are manufactured in Japan. Amongst other wall-papers which may be named in this connexion are those known as anaglypta, cortexa, duro-textile, lignomur, lincrusta, and muraline. All these embossed papers act as dust-traps, yet for this drawback there is some compensation in the facility with which they may be cleaned and washed. These fabrics also admit, and have frequently received, very fine decorative treatment, as to both pattern and colour. They are, however, sometimes too showy, with overmuch Dutch metal and translucent lacquer, and with an exuberance of relief.

I had thought that it was now generally conceded that direct imitations of natural objects were not admissible in wall-papers. Cogent arguments have been urged again and again, and with good effect, against the introduction of objects in the round, of cast shadows, and of sham architectural details. But these arguments have not carried conviction so far and so deeply as one had hoped. There is a reaction in favour of the realistic and the pictorial styles.

FIG. 2.—FRIEZE TO FIG. 1.

I read in a trade journal, 'There is a distinct tendency at present to get away from the flat decorative effects of wall-paper.' Another recent writer speaks with commendation of a paper in which were shown 'imitative gold ropes and very naturalistic reproductions of sprays of ivy.' In a third communication on this subject two wall-papers are specially praised—one for its faithful imitation of blue and white Chinese porcelain, the other for its groups of large 'hollyhocks a trifle overblown and running riot through a scale from rose to deepest crimson, with just the faintest purplish tinge upon the velvet petals in premonition of decay.' And these published opinions are corroborated by the examination of a large number of the wall-papers now popular even among the cultured classes. Many of the old French chintz patterns lately reproduced as wall-papers are quite unsuitable for the purpose. The jumble of their colours, the feebleness of their drawing, and the structural impossibilities of their floral groups may arrest attention, but do not commend themselves to trained eyes and sober judgments. Moreover, the frequent occurrence in these designs of direct imitations of objects of human handiwork constitutes another feature of unsuitability. Festoons of fragile lace, bows and fluttering streamers of ribbon, musical instruments, urns and vases, are alike out of place; and every element of design which is really valuable in any of these forms can be introduced

in the way of legitimate ornament on our walls without disfiguring them with insensate repetitions of poor pictures of still-life.

It is not always easy to draw the line between what should be allowed and what condemned in the attempts which are made to reproduce on paper the effects peculiarly characteristic of leather, of textiles, and of tapestry. Some latitude may reasonably be claimed in this matter, for this reason, amongst others, that the materials imitated have been and still are legitimately applied to the same purpose as paper-hangings. Another reason, also worthy of consideration, may be illustrated by the case of leather. The old embossed leathers were so charged with gilding and colour that the real nature of the material employed as a foundation became of secondary importance—was, indeed, no longer recognisable. And it may be fairly argued that any durable substance, readily admitting of the same decorative treatment, may be employed as a substitute for the more costly and less manageable leather. When, however, we find that attempts are made to imitate on paper, and even to emphasise, the texture distinctive of a woven fabric and the stitches peculiar to needlework, there is here a falsity of suggestion which deserves to be condemned. On the other hand, a flock paper, though it may remind one of the stamped and cut velvets the effect of which it was intended to reproduce, is not sufficiently deceptive to conceal its material and mode of manufacture, while it possesses a quality which is quite its own. In like manner, the introduction of crushed mica into the grounds and patterns of wall-papers, although it suggests in some degree the appearance of silk and of silver brocade, yet possesses an iridescent and glistening texture which is sufficiently distinctive and peculiar. Then, too, patterns which were originally prepared for and wrought in silk or linen or wool, may usually be transferred, with very slight modification, to paper; of painted and printed designs the same statement may even more unreservedly be made. But, of course, in all cases the appropriateness of the design for the purpose to which it is to be applied is the first and most necessary condition to be observed.

FIG. 3.—DESIGNED BY MR. G. R. KENNERLEY.
(Messrs. W. Woollams & Co.)

The beauty of a wall-paper depends so largely upon its chromatic scheme that black-and-white illustrations, however carefully they may be supplemented by verbal description, afford a quite inadequate impression of the effect. And it is in the direction of choice colour harmonies that such great progress has been made of late years towards developing the beauty and suitability of fine decorative form for covering walls. If one examines the old pattern-books of fifty years ago, crude colours and cruel contrasts are the rule. A full green and a strong crimson are frequently associated; sometimes they are separated by a no less obnoxious yellowish buff hue, which seems to have been intended for the colour of wainscot oak, if one may judge from its common introduction into the carpenters' work which so often figured in the wall-papers of the time. The advent of cheap artificial ultramarine into the English market occurred during the period now under consideration. This

pigment was often employed in the colouring of wall-papers, not in diluted or modified tints and over small areas, but in its full strength and in lavish profusion. Differing from the majority of pigments associated with it by its comparative permanence, this ultramarine soon became, through the fading of other colours, still more distressingly prominent. Nowadays, in the really choice wall-papers produced by our best manufacturers, both the individual hues and the entire chromatic schemes afford abundant evidence of a delicate, original, and sensitive taste in regard to both colour and tone. Instead of a crude yellow we have amber and saffron and apricot; sea-green, olive-green, and Nile-green replace the staring arsenical emerald-green: turquoise-blue, lavender, plum and puce; aurora-red, garnet-red, and wine-red; russet and marone—these and many other hues, named or nameless, pale or deep, fill with soft light or sober shade the spaces of noble ornament. The true offices of a wall-paper are recognised and realised. We are provided with ample opportunities of choosing materials which in colour and in design will prove exactly suited for the position they are intended to occupy and the offices they should fulfil.

FIG. 4.—DESIGNED BY MR. G. F. BODLEY, A.R.A.
(Messrs. Watts & Co.)

It would not be easy to do justice to my subject in a volume; in a brief article all that can be accomplished is a kind of suggestive sketch. So also in selecting patterns for the purpose of illustrating the chief types of approved decoration in new wall-papers, formidable difficulties are encountered. Colour has, of course, to be ignored; the work of but a few manufacturers and designers can be introduced; the papers lose much of their beauty and character by the necessary reduction in size and condensation in tone to which they have been subjected, and by the absence of several 'repeats' of their designs.

An illustration in point is furnished by many of the ceiling-papers lately introduced. In these the ground is generally lighter than the design, and occupies a larger area; the colours employed are soft and pale; the pattern is unobtrusive, symmetrical, repetitive, and, moreover, marked by structural unity. Among the ceiling-papers brought out by Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., of Essex Road, Islington, there is a design (called the 'Volute') by Mr. L. F. Day which fulfils in a very satisfactory way the conditions of overhead ornament, the pattern being well distributed and not too prominent in form, detail, or colour. It is a kind of radiate design of slender arabesque foliage supporting dianthus flowers, and having an encompassing volute of dotted lines which imparts a suitable architectonic character to the ornament. Of similar but somewhat bolder character is the 'Piazza' ceiling-paper of the same manufacturers, while their 'Rose' pattern, though more obviously based on floral forms, follows more rigid constructional lines.

In Fig. 1, which represents a paper just brought out by Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., Mr. Walter Crane gives us one of his finest and most characteristic designs, entitled *Corona Vitae*. When accentuated by means of strong and varied colour, the figures and ornamental elements, with their symbolical meanings, make the pattern almost too 'interesting' to bear frequent repetition on the walls of a room. But when the design is produced, say, in toned

silver on a ground of pale gold, this objection cannot be urged against it, for then, although it bears studious examination, it does not demand it with insistence. It should be stated that the floral motive of this design is founded on the Great Fritillary or Crown-Imperial, and that the various fanciful winged creatures symbolise the strength and mystery of life. If we refuse a place in ornamental work to animal forms, and to suggestions derived from the human figure, we shall have to condemn not only this design of Mr. Crane's, but a large number of other fine decorative compositions—the products of other countries and of past times ; many ancient Persian motives of great beauty, for example, as well as a vast array of splendid works in painting, carving, and embroidery of the best period of the Italian Renaissance. I may add that the frieze associated with this paper is reproduced by Fig. 2 in the present article.

One of the papers recently published by Messrs. W. Woollams & Co., of High Street, Manchester Square, is represented in Fig. 3. The design, by Mr. G. R. Kennerley, is remarkable for the boldness and variety of the effect produced by means of a single printing in a single colour ; the contrast between the open outlining of the leaves and the solid printing of the flowers is brought about with great ingenuity. This design goes under the name of 'Arras.'

The design in Fig. 4 is due, I believe, to Mr. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A. ; this paper is made by Messrs. Watts & Co., Limited, of Baker Street. A late sixteenth-century, or early seventeenth-century, Italian velvet seems to have furnished the basis of this large and impressive design. Note the skill with which the richly coloured ornament is softened on its edges where it comes in contact with the light ground, by being printed in a paler tint. Mr. Bodley is an advocate of large, emphatic designs, even for rooms of moderate dimensions. And there is no doubt that many small-patterned wall-papers, which look well when seen as a single breadth and near the eye, produce but a poor effect when actually hung on a wall. Not a few fail to please, even as a mere background for pictures, because their decorative elements are too small, too crowded, or too much varied. Another beautiful design, by the same artist and the same manufacturers, is shown in our last illustration, Fig. 5 ; in this, unity of expression, grace of curve, and distributive balance are conspicuous.

FIG. 5.—DESIGNED BY MR. G. F. BODLEY, A.R.A.
(Messrs. Watts & Co.)

I should like to have introduced into the present notice at least three times as many illustrations as I have been able to give. The number of choice papers published by the three firms, some of whose productions have just been discussed, is so great that no fair idea, even of their various *types* of design, can be formed from half-a-dozen figures. And I have been obliged to omit drawing upon the stores of other manufacturers from sheer want of space. To the designs of Messrs. W. Morris & Co. I shall, however, have occasion to refer in a subsequent paper, devoted to some of their woven fabrics. My recent study of the beautiful productions of Messrs. W. Woollams & Co., Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., and Messrs. Watts & Co., though a source of great pleasure, has been tinctured with a feeling of regret because of my inability to do them anything like justice.

A. H. CHURCH.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

VI.—*Historical Genre*

THE title of this chapter may seem contradictory, especially to readers who are acquainted with the definition of *genre* given in the best French dictionaries. They tell us that *genre*, in painting, includes all kinds of subjects except history and landscape, whilst my title may seem to confound history with something else. I find it convenient because, in fact, the painters of historical *genre* do mix together history and the observation of ordinary life. Their object is to make historical subjects lively and interesting, and they attain this by giving a play of character, often in quite subordinate personages who are supernumeraries, and always by transferring to a past age the results of their observation of the present. The device is by no means new, but it may be doubted whether the kind of art that is here called 'historical *genre*' has ever been so successfully cultivated as at the present day. Contemporary painters are so well acquainted with the costumes and other belongings of past times, and so observant of human nature in the present, that a clever mixture of the two produces the illusion of actuality far better than it could ever be produced by historical painting of a formal and dignified kind.

Amongst the younger French artists of the present day, those in the prime of life and in the full energy of production, it would be difficult to mention one more completely representative than M. François Flameng. His interest in the past differs from that of the ordinary archaeologist or historian in its extreme vivacity. The past is always alive for him, and not only his favourite century, which seems to be the eighteenth, but other centuries also, whenever his attention is directed to them by the exigencies of the task before him. The word 'task,' in his case, appears to be almost inapplicable, as, although unsparing of labour, he finds everything a labour of love. A curious and fortunate peculiarity of his organization is that scale of execution is indifferent to him. He will turn from a tiny canvas, finished like a miniature, to a mural painting thirty feet long, without more embarrassment than Nature herself appears to feel when she builds the skeletons of a mouse and an elephant. Few artists have been so fortunate in their studies and in their gifts. The son of a distinguished engraver, who was nearer to painters than any other of his time, young Flameng lived from childhood in the world of art, and received nothing but encouragement and help. Having gained at the Lycée Louis le Grand, a sufficient scholastic training to place literary studies within his reach, he left before it had become too late to make himself an artist, and studied under Cabanel. After exhibiting a few early pictures, especially *The Lectern*, which immediately attracted attention, he became famous in 1879 with his *Appel des Girondins*. The scene is in the prison of the Conciergerie on the morning when they were called forth to execution, after passing the night there. They had eaten their last meal together, encouraging each other, and talking of death and a future state. After the *Appel* they were taken together in carts to the scaffold, where their twenty-one heads were cut off in twenty-eight minutes. In the picture the meal is just over, and the emissary of the revolutionary tribunal is reading the warrant. The variety and intensity of expression in the faces and attitudes, the strength of individual character in all the figures, and the complete pictorial unity of the work, made it one of the most striking and most easily remembered pictures of modern times. It gained the 'Prix du Salon' and placed its author in the first rank amongst the younger artists. Instead, however, of settling down to repeat revolutionary subjects, he went to Italy to study the great masters, chiefly the Florentines, and since then has divided his time amongst works of the most

The Chessplayers.

various character, including great mural pictures, highly finished cabinet pictures, and everything between them.

An indefatigable worker, François Flameng has avoided the danger of swift production by a constant attention to every necessary or significant detail, so that he is not only one of the most rapid of painters but also one of the most accurate. A great part of his well-deserved success is due to the individuality and character that he puts into every figure, even in those compositions where the figures are most numerous. It is so, of course, with the personages in our illustrations. How much character there is in the two chess-players and in the lady who is looking on! One cannot say much for her way of holding herself; her attitude, like her dress, belongs to that state which our fathers called 'dishabille,' but how natural she is, and how feminine! Observe especially the pretty hands, posed just as they should be without a thought. In this picture, and in many others by the same painter, there is an ingredient of quiet humour, whilst in such serious pictures as the *Appel des Girondins*, humour is only banished to make way for a pervading sense of tragedy.

AT THE LECTERN. BY F. FLAMENG.

In pictures neither humorous nor tragic, such as the large decorative paintings in the grand staircase at the Sorbonne, M. Flameng's object has simply been to give life to the past, and in this he has been eminently successful. Whoever they are—Etienne Dolet, Jacques Amyot, Ronsard, Clement Marot, Rabelais, De la Boetie, Brantôme, Montaigne — they are all unquestionably alive, even to the humblest of the nameless students in the school of Abelard on the hill of Ste. Geneviève. The exuberance of life that there is in M. Flameng's nature is sometimes almost a misfortune, by inducing him to give too much attention to subordinate personages. For example, in the great composition that has for its subject Richelieu laying the foundation-stone of the Sorbonne church, the foreground is occupied by large figures of masons and others on a scaffolding, whilst Richelieu and his suite are away in the middle distance. M. Flameng has a taste in the picturesque that it is difficult to approve. He is extremely fond of scaffoldings, poles, ladders, cords, and planks, things that in the reality are but temporary encumbrances—so why make them permanent in a picture? The grand staircase at the Sorbonne is a finished piece of classical architecture, where ladders and planks would be out of place. Why paint them on the wall? The pretty and interesting composition in the same series which represents *Printing at Paris* (1469), is injured, though to a less degree, by the long lever of the screw press, which cuts the picture horizontally in two. The same taste for rather awkward things recurs in other well-known pictures by the artist, but in some of them, such as the *Players at Bowls* (Naples) and *Le Jeu de Fusil* (Dieppe, 1795), it does little or no harm. M. Flameng's extraordinary power of giving vitality to his conceptions of the past has never been seen to greater advantage than in his picture of *The French Army marching on Amsterdam* (1796). The ragged soldiery are making their way painfully but bravely through the snow; never was army at once so miserable and so picturesque.

I may add that in addition to the most minute knowledge of costume, M. François Flameng is very accurate in his representation of buildings of very different styles, from the mediaeval fortifications of an old French town to the details of garden architecture in the eighteenth century. Besides this he is a good landscape-painter, and has mastered several different effects of light so as to paint them well from memory. For example, there is a fine effect when you look to the *east* and it is lighted by the flush of sunset. This effect has been painted more than once by M. Flameng, and with admirable truth. It occurs in the mural picture of Abelard and his school on the hill of St. Geneviève. The master and his disciples are discoursing together in the cold, grey light of evening, but a glow from the west still illumines the church in the background.

An excellent example of what I have called 'historical *genre*' is a picture by M. Toudouze, in the Salon of 1887, entitled *The Edict* (1626). The subject is Richelieu's stern edict against

THE EDICT (1626). *A FRAGMENT, BY E. TOUDOUZE.*

duelling, by which every surviving duellist incurred the penalty of death. In the picture, the edict itself is posted on a wall, but has been torn by a rebellious hand; the slain duellist is lying on the ground, and a monkish procession is issuing from the church, whilst soldiers are coming up the narrow street. The other duellist has disappeared. We should not call this an historical picture, as it does not represent any historical event, nor give the portrait of any known personage, and yet it is more than a simple *tableau de genre*, being connected with one of the most interesting things in history—the vain attempt of a wise ruler to put a stop to an insane practice, too profoundly rooted in the habits of his countrymen. The picture afforded, too, an opportunity for the contrast between life and death which has had an attraction for so many painters, especially French painters. There is the duellist himself, an hour ago 'in lusty life,' now motionless, and there is the contrast between his dreadful calm and the agitation of the living who come upon the scene.

There is a kind of historical *genre* which, without representing any particular incident, and without including the portrait of a single known personage, has for its object simply the realisation of a past time. An artist may propose to himself some date and place, and try to realise in his own mind the life of the nameless and forgotten common people, with the help of all that he knows about them and all that he can ascertain. The work is consequently *genre*, as it is not precisely either historical painting or landscape, yet there is a strong historical element in it, as it realises the past and helps the student of history to imagine life in another century with a probable approach to truth—a much nearer approach than would

be possible for him without the help of pictorial art. In this way the book illustrations of M. Maurice Leloir, though drawn in our own time, are quite as good documents to help us to the understanding of life in the eighteenth century as the drawings and engravings that were executed in that century itself. Many other French artists, more or less known to fame, have devoted themselves to the study of the same epoch, and with the same intention of absolutely presenting it to us as it was. A picture by M. Bligny, in the Salon of 1890, may be taken as an example of a class. The artist proposed to himself as a subject, *A Décadi in Floréal.* The reader will remember that the *décadi* was the tenth day of the week of ten days in the Republican calendar, and *Floréal* was the month of April. The *décadi* was the day of rest answering to our Sunday, or, more accurately, to a French *dimanche.* So these soldiers of the revolutionary army are idling and talking, or going a-fishing, for there are hours of idleness and peace for individuals in the most disturbed times. Nothing can trouble the serenity of a French angler. During the last desperate conflict under the Commune, the anglers sat watching their floats bobbing in the ripples of the Seine.

A DÉCADI IN FLORÉAL. BY A. BLIGNY.

M. Wagrez, though a Parisian by birth, and a pupil of Pils and Lehmann, has, during the last few years, attracted attention chiefly by pictures of Venetian and Florentine life in the fifteenth century. The interest of his pictures is chiefly external; I mean that it belongs to costume and architecture rather than to human character. The personages are well-made, richly dressed, and handsome; they group themselves in a stately manner, with magnificent architecture for a background. These pictures recall and realise for us a kind of existence which must have been more delightful for the eyes than that of any country or time since the fall of the Roman Empire. M. Wagrez paints all he has to paint with consummate skill, doing all his work most faithfully, down to every detail of ornament in architectural and other objects, and his figures are well grouped and behave in a properly genteel manner, as such very well-dressed people ought to do; but notwithstanding all these qualities and veracities, M. Wagrez does not make the past live again for us, simply because his personages are wanting in character. They are very excellent illustrations of fifteenth-century fashions.

Historical *genre* may be taken also to include what are commonly called 'incident pictures,' when the incident is taken from history. For example, suppose an elaborately painted interior of a drawing-room in the style of Louis XV. By itself such a subject would make a picture, and would be valued for its accuracy as a representation of architecture. If figures were introduced the same scene would become a *tableau de genre*, and if the figures were historical it would approach to the character of an historical painting, without, however, being called by that title unless the figures were made of supreme importance. In the Salon of 1888 M. Girardet had a picture entitled simply, *La Duchesse du Maine*, which, whilst truly historical, retained all the qualities and interest of a *tableau de genre.* The Duke of Maine was one of the Council of Regency under the Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., and took part in a conspiracy against the Regent. As the Duchess had been active in the matter, both she and her husband were arrested on the 29th of December, 1718. The arrest of the lady in

her drawing-room is the subject of M. Girardet's picture, which was one of the most interesting of its class, avoiding the stiffness and formality of *la peinture d'histoire* as it used to be understood in France, and also the frivolity of the ordinary *genre* picture.

As I have mentioned in the earlier part of this chapter the mural paintings by M. François Flameng in the grand staircase of the Sorbonne, I may complete the notice of that decorative work by a short account of the pictures by M. Chartran. The upper floor of the staircase is divided into two large halls; that to the right (as you enter) is filled with pictures by M. Flameng, and that to the left with an equal number of works by M. Chartran, an artist who may not have the brilliant gifts of his rival, but who has a strong and clear conception of the scenes that he undertakes to represent. His business appears to have been to illustrate the history of French science as M. Flemeng illustrated that of literature. One of M. Chartran's principal compositions represents Ambroise Paré at the siege of Metz in 1553, when he first applied a ligature to an artery after the amputation of a limb, an improvement in surgery that spared mankind an infinity of suffering and an incalculable loss of life.* The artist has had the good taste to place the patient so that we do not see the limb, whereas we see the surgeon perfectly. The expression of grave self-possession on Paré's face, and of suffering endured with fortitude in that of the patient, as well as in his outstretched arm and clenched hand, is all that can be desired in a work of this character. Some wounded men and other onlookers are interested, without, perhaps, fully understanding the future importance of the experiment. A bishop is giving his benediction, and soldiers in the distance are running to defend the battlements. It would have been difficult to select a more interesting subject, and difficult to illustrate it better.

A BAPTISM AT ST. MARK'S IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.
BY J. WAGREZ.

Another very admirable work in the same series has for its title *Louis IX. at the Abbey of Royaumont studies Mathematics under the direction of Vincent de Beauvais* (1223). This picture is charming for the dignity of the teacher and the earnest attentiveness of the royal pupil, as well as for the severe and simple taste with which the architecture and plain furniture are treated. It is unfortunate, but undeniable, that even the ability of an artist like M. Chartran is baffled by such a difficulty as that of costume. Surely, one may think, the intelligent expression of the faces, when the personages are the most intellectual men

* If I remember rightly, the practice of surgeons before the introduction of the ligature was to plunge the bleeding stump into boiling pitch, a process not only fearfully cruel but in most cases ineffective. The improvement introduced by Ambroise Paré was not only more humane, but at the same time a great advance in surgical efficiency.

A FISHERMAN'S WIFE

in a great nation like France, ought of itself to predominate over such miserable details as those of tailoring. Well, no doubt it does so in real life, and also in literature, but not in pictorial art. Good costumes are a great help to the work of the painter, and bad costumes are an obstacle and an evil against which genius itself could never successfully contend. The power of costume has never been more strikingly exhibited than in M. Chartran's mural paintings at the Sorbonne. When he has to deal with Vincent de Beauvais and Louis IX. everything is in favour of dignity and nobleness; when he comes to Ambroise Paré, to Descartes, or to Bernard Palissy lecturing on mineralogy, the costumes, if not severe, are at least picturesque and do no harm; but when, after that, the artist tries to illustrate the career of Arago in the same way, exhibiting him as he lectured on astronomy,

THE DUCHESS OF MAINE. BY J. GIRARDET.

or when he shows Cuvier getting materials for his work on fossils, the result is perfectly disastrous. There are terrible portraits, too, of M. Renan and other contemporaries. I know that it is difficult to exclude the nineteenth century from scientific history, but it is a misfortune to have to paint it. Modern evening dress, for men, offers bad forms, a uniform dull texture, and no colour. Painters of contemporary French history have already been bold enough to undertake such subjects as presidential ceremonies with the Chief of the State in a black tail-coat. The President himself does escape from being absolutely uninteresting by the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, but he dares not venture to wear the gold collar, as being too splendid for his simple dress. As for the ministers, they have nothing whatever to distinguish them, and the only relief is in the presence of military officers or ladies.

P. G. HAMERTON.

A FISHERMAN'S WIFE

ETCHED BY MLLE. POYNOT, FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY DAVID ARTZ

THE original water-colour of which this etching is a translation was exhibited in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889, and was its author's only exhibit. The drawing

belongs to Mr. Taco Mesdag, of Scheveningen. The painter died last year, and the sale of his works attracted considerable attention, not only at the Hague, where he lived, but in many Continental cities to which his reputation had extended.

MUNTZ'S 'RENAISSANCE'

QUESTIONS will arise as we turn over the pages of the richly illustrated books on art, which are among the wonders of the age, whether in this matter of illustration quality is not sometimes sacrificed to quantity. One is specially inclined to ask such questions when we see a well-known picture with its tones reversed—bright where they should be rich, dark where they should be luminous, or with the subtlety of its modelling confused or smoothed away. Such misgivings may occur even with regard to the latest work of M. Muntz,* in which if there are few prints which can be called bad, there are many which are indifferent. But in a book of this kind, where the object is to give a general view of styles in vogue during a considerable period rather than to study minutely the work of any particular master, quantity, if combined with variety, is a virtue in itself. In this book there is scarcely a corner of art during the period of which it treats which is not investigated in the text, and out of each corner has been brought some example, always interesting and mostly beautiful, to show to the reader. He is taken into the towns and villages, and shown the palaces and the churches within and without; from the library is brought the miniature, from the niche the statue, from the wall the picture; the wardrobes of the noble, the ecclesiastic, and the citizen are ransacked for him; he is shown the armour of their warriors, what weapons they used, and even the manner of their fighting; his eyes are informed of the way they sat at table or entertained themselves with music; he can see the carved coffer of the bride and the sculptured tomb of the prince and the cardinal; and beside all these, he can see the very men and women of the day in bust, and medal, and painted portrait. It is ill to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and we may pardon photography many defects for the grant of this great boon—this power to live in a distant century with no more trouble than the turning over a few pages. The power of the most famous magic mirror or show-stone was as nothing to it. And even as a matter of art-study only, if the reflection of the pictures may be somewhat blurred, it is not so with the buildings, the woodwork, the decorative designs, the prints, the medals, or most of the drawings. And besides the 'process' prints in the text, to which the foregoing remarks refer only, there are in M. Muntz's volume some admirable wood-engravings after pictures, and most satisfactory of all as reproductions of the originals, some thirty or forty plates *hors texte*—photogravures and phototypes for the most part. Of these again, the most perfect are copies of drawings by the great masters, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and others.

To no artist has greater justice been done than Leonardo, and no reproduction of his work is on the whole more interesting than the facsimile of his slightly tinted drawing of Isabella d'Este, which is now one of the treasures of the Louvre. This drawing marks much of the distinction which, throughout this volume, M. Muntz draws with such knowledge and care, between the art of the *primitifs* and of those later artists of the Renaissance who lived in what Vasari called 'L'età dell' oro,' and 'la felice età di Leone decimo.' The distinction is one which it is not easy to draw in a few words, except in a very general way. It is

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* 'Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance.' Par Eugène Muntz. II. Italie: L'age d'Or. (Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1891.)

not difficult, indeed, to see that the art of Giotto and the art of Raphael represent the beginning and the culmination of pictorial design in Italy, and that the ideals of one and the other were as far asunder as their degrees of technical accomplishment; but to draw a straight line of demarcation where the spirit of religion and realism began to be superseded by the love of art for its own sake and a philosophic idealism is a very different matter. There was scarcely a flower of the sixteenth century which had not its roots in the fifteenth, if not the fourteenth; and there are awkward instances of isolated geniuses like that of Fra

ANGELS. FROM 'THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.' BY VERROCHIO.

Angelico with his Christian idealism, of Donatello and Mantegna with their fruitful study of classical models, and most awkward of all, perhaps, the wonderful phenomenon of Masaccio, who, in the first third of the fifteenth century, solved the great problem of reconciling nature with style, and achieved that union of stateliness and truth which scarcely Raphael himself could excel. M. Muntz is one of those who disposes of these difficulties by dividing the Renaissance into two, in one of which these isolated geniuses stand as *précurseurs* of the real Renaissance of the sixteenth century. Not that this enables him to draw quite a clear line, for the natural landmarks of the centuries, useful as they are for broad generalisations, help but little in such nice calculations; and if we take a man instead of a century, as when we speak of the 'the Age of Louis X.,' the result is much the same.

Indeed, the convenience of future historians has been so little consulted in the arrangements made for the appearance of great men, and the development of great movements, that M. Muntz has been obliged to choose a year for the commencement of his age of gold which does not synchronise with the beginning, nor the middle, nor even the quarter of a century. 'Quelle belle et radieuse époque pour l'art italien,' he exclaims in his opening words, 'que celle qui s'ouvre, vers 1470, avec l'apparition de Laurent le Magnifique, de Bramante et de Léonard de Vinci, et qui se termine vers 1520 à la mort de Raphaël et de Léon X.' This is perhaps as near an approximation as can be got, if one wishes to define the limits of the crowning epoch of Italian art. This, then, was the Age of Gold, this the Age of Leo X., who, though he did not become Pope till 1515, was born in the year 1475, and died in 1521.

STUDY BY MANTEGNA.

Perhaps Mr. Muntz might have been inclined to restrict this period within narrower limits if it had not been for Leonardo da Vinci, who was so much the senior of all the supreme painters of Italy. He at any rate could not be ranked among the *primitifs* or the *précurseurs*, or even the transitional men, for in the science of chiaroscuro, in spirituality, in refinement, not to mention a dozen other qualities, he reached a point beyond which no man has as yet advanced, and his name is eternally allied with those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But he was more than twenty years the senior of Buonarotti, more than thirty years the senior of Sanzio — was in fact more nearly the coeval of Perugino and Ghirlandajo than of their still more distinguished pupils. He was, indeed, the link between the golden age and that preceding it — the pupil of Verrochio, the rival of Michael Angelo, the inspirer of Raphael, and no one has a greater claim to represent the spirit of Italian art in that wonderful half-century of which M. Muntz is the latest historian. In this drawing of Isabella d'Este, as compared with the portraits by his predecessors like Piero della Francesca, we see a realism not less thorough if far more refined; but we see, also, the hand of the perfect master, not of the tentative and immature student of nature; we see individuality not less forcibly portrayed or sedulously preserved, but it is not the individuality of the physique only, but of the intellect and the spirit. It is only a drawing, only a portrait, and that not of a very beautiful woman, but it combines that ardent search after truth which was the characteristic of his forerunners, with that complete control of material which they did not possess. In addition to technical mastery it exhibits that power over spiritual expression which makes the faces of Leonardo's sitters seem like mirrors of their souls, and gives them an ideal charm without destroying their personal character.

This drawing forms one out of nearly six hundred illustrations, in and out of the text, with which M. Muntz's book is adorned. The book itself is one of a series of similar volumes which the same writer has published on this inexhaustible subject of the Renaissance. We have seen his 'Précurseurs de la Renaissance,' his 'La Renaissance à l'Epoque de Charles VIII.,' and this is the second volume of a 'Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance.' If we add to these his admirable works on Raphael, Donatello, &c., the mere bulk of his labours upon this period of art history assumes monumental proportions. For one who has so often traversed the same ground, the vigour of his style and the variety of his matter are no less remarkable. In the present volume, if he has little fresh ground to break, he breaks up the

old so dexterously as to give it the charm of a new country. His erudition is never dull, his views are always expressed with vivacity, and he never wanders from his point. Nor is his method less admirable. That sense of organization which is so characteristic of writers of his nation suffices to present the various matters of his discourse in such order and sequence that the reason is spared altogether the trouble of mental re-arrangement, and the search after lost clues. In this history of the Renaissance the thread is never lost or broken.

The introduction contains what may be called the 'Argument' of the volume, and sets out in a brief and lively manner the condition of Italy in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and the causes which conduced to stimulate art of all kinds, till in comparatively few years it reached the highest point of cultivation to which it was destined to attain in modern civilisation. M. Muntz is, we know, a champion of the Renaissance, defending it from the imputations of its enemies, artistic and moral. The co-existence of stupendous depravity with the most refined taste in art, the invasion of pagan mythology into the very sanctuaries of the Church, all those appearances at the same time of art and sin in all their glory, which have proved such stumbling-blocks to many who would fain believe in the beneficent influence of art, all these things do not shake the faith of M. Muntz. To him the coincidence of moral anarchy with artistic perfection is little, if anything, more than a coincidence—and is not to be attributed to the Renaissance, which to him signifies always the recurrence to classical models of beauty. It was the want of patriotism, the natural strength of passion in the Italian character, the power wielded by the noble tyrants of small States, irresponsible and uncontrolled, the corruption of the hierarchy, and not least, the wealth, that enabled men to gratify their unbridled desires; these, according to the views of M. Muntz, are sufficient to account for the demoralisation of Italy in the Golden Age, without accusing Plato, Vitruvius, or the Apollo Belvedere. Most reasonable men are, I think, now inclined to accept the same view, for the germs of national decadence lie deeper than art, or even literature, which reflect and perhaps assist the elevation or the degradation of a people, but are not in either case to be reckoned as prime causes. More questionable, perhaps, are some of the arguments which he employs in defence of his opinions. He insists, for instance, on the profound respect which was shown for art by the nobles, who, instead of having their exploits commemorated in realistic fashion, preferred or suffered them to be treated allegorically or metaphorically, an analogous scene from classical history being selected as a type of the event to be recorded, and their own persons introduced in the mask of ancient heroes. 'Les Mécènes,' writes M. Muntz, 'd'autre part, même les moins scrupuleux, éprouvent devant l'art comme un sentiment de pudeur, de respect religieux. On dirait des impies, pénétrant d'un cœur léger dans quelque sanctuaire vénéré et subjugués tout à coup par la majesté du lieu.' He gives among other instances the *Heliodorus driven from the Temple, the Meeting between St. Leo and Attila*, and *the Coronation of Charlemagne*, those well-known works of Raphael in honour of Julius II. and Leo X., and also the painting by Costa at Mantua, in which Francesco Gonzaga is being conducted by Hercules to the summit of a mountain consecrated to Eternity. Such works may show a respect for art as a means of glorifying themselves, but the higher motive attributed by M. Muntz is at least open to suspicion. A more realistic glorification they did not despise in other forms, and if they suffered artists to adopt a more indirect method, it was probably

LISTENERS TO ANTICHRIST. FROM FRESCO BY SIGNORELLI AT ORVIETO.

to gain an exaltation of themselves not to be obtained in any other way. The modesty which rejects realism in favour of apotheosis is at least questionable, and to some it will seem rather a prostitution than an elevation of art to employ it in such a fashion.

According to M. Muntz's view, the fault (or virtue) of such degradation (or elevation) belongs to the artist, and not to the patron, who showed in such matters 'un respect profond pour l'indépendance de l'artiste, une idée véritablement grande et noble de la mission qui lui incombe.' But here, again, a doubt arises as to the credit due to the Maecenas. He was too wise in the ways of artists not to know that they required liberty if they were to produce their best work, and that liberty was by no means always absolute; the painter, moreover, who was generally not only an artist, but a courtier, would be careful, as a rule, not to spend his time on a composition which he did not think would prove pleasing to his master.

But I have spent too much time over a point of minor importance in a work which is on the whole as healthy in its opinions as it is skilful in its execution — a work, moreover, which I have not sufficient space to describe, let alone criticise. So far as the size permits, the volume is exhaustive. The man who could write these eight hundred and six pages could indeed have written double the number on the same great theme, and still have left much unsaid; but he has selected and arranged his matter so well, and has illustrated it so fully and intelligently, that the scheme may be regarded as complete. It is not only a collection of art criticisms and opinions, but a veritable history, including in its scope architecture and the decorative arts, as well as painting and sculpture, with a section devoted to the patrons of art, and another to its principles and constituents. In the last-mentioned section (which forms Livre I. of the work) he treats of the different forces at work, the influence upon the arts of literature and of the neo-platonic philosophy, the base of that spiritualism which controlled the conceptions of Michael Angelo and modified the ideal of Raphael. Other parts of this section are devoted to the action and reaction of classicism and realism, to the influence of northern art, to costume, to the theory and methods of art, to the manner of teaching; so that it is the fault, not of the author, but of the reader, if the latter does not approach the study of the historical portion of the work with a full and clear conception of the conditions, moral and material, which surrounded the artist of the golden age.

BELL OF LEO X. FROM HIS PORTRAIT BY RAPHAEL.

Indeed, highly as I regard the wide knowledge and sure taste of M. Muntz, and however much I prize his skill as a *littérateur* and his judgment as a critic, I am not sure that his greatest attraction as an author is not the admirable manner in which he imparts his knowledge. Fortunately, in France it is not thought beneath the dignity of a learned man to endeavour to be useful to his less-instructed countrymen; and it is far less the practice abroad than in this country to leave the task of popularising knowledge to those who do not possess it. M. Muntz is a born teacher and one who is to be trusted—for though he holds decided views, he does not omit to state fairly the opposite opinions; he is, as I have said, the champion of the Renaissance, but he feels to the full the freshness, the sincerity, and the simplicity of the *primitifs* — I doubt very much if he does not take almost as much delight

from Giotto and Fra Angelico as from Raphael and Michael Angelo, or whether he would not prefer the dome of the Cathedral at Florence to that of St. Peter's at Rome as a constant object of vision. On the other hand, with all his width and impartiality he is not wanting in conviction or even enthusiasm, without which no teacher is fully equipped. Above all things he is free from prejudice and extravagance. He is always healthy and sane. He is sane, very sane, even about Botticelli; he can be just, very just, about the *Vierge aux Rochers* at the Louvre and its rival in the National Gallery—proofs themselves sufficient, if any were needed, that he holds the equal mind of the historian above the false currents of either aesthetic fashion or national vanity.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE PEAK CASTLE, DERBYSHIRE

THE wild and desolate hill upon which the Castle stands drops from its edge almost as a sheer precipice to the valley, and is scaled with difficulty on one side by a hard and zig-zag pathway; and one shrinks as one stands at the edge of the awful steep. On the east is the grim chasm of Cave Dale, and on the western side we look down the perpendicular rock, to where, more than two hundred feet below, the Devil's Cavern opens its yawning mouth, where the brawling brook bursts forth as if rejoicing at its escape from the dark regions below. Behind, by a narrow and difficult tongue of land, the castle communicates with the barren hill in its rear. The sloping platform upon the summit of this great rock, which surely the castle-builders must have deemed impregnable, is occupied by a long quadrangular enclosure, with the square and massive keep at its south-east angle. The southern wall of this garth or enclosure, which descends rather steeply from the keep to the opposite angle, where is an arch of later character, is rude in the extreme, being formed of rough unhewn stones, and is probably a very ancient portion of the castle buildings. The long western wall is pierced by a sally-port, but the chief entrance to the garth was on the north, where the warder had his station. The eastern wall, which is close to the declivity of Cave Dale, and is not at right angles to the other walls, is 218 feet in length. It is largely modern, but stands upon early foundations.

The walls of the keep itself, which are eight feet in thickness, are formed of rough pieces of the native limestone, bound together with mortar which seems as hard as the rock itself. They have been clothed both within and without with finely-wrought sandstone ashlar, brought from a distance, and raised with no small trouble to the crest of this precipitous cliff, and there laid, but with no intimate attachment, upon the rough structure of limestone. Rising from the talus, there was, in the middle of each face of the keep, a broad flat buttress, and similar ones occupied the corners of the structure, which were finished at the angles by slender cylindrical shafts with the characteristic fluted Norman capitals. A garderobe of beautifully finished ashlar is corbelled out on the east side. This finely-wrought stone covering of the walls has been, to a large extent, stripped from them by other agency than the weather, and much of it was used for building and repairing the church of Castleton many years ago. On the north and west, indeed, very little of the ashlar remains, and the eastern side, which is close to the tremendous precipice, has been almost denuded, but, on the southern front, much of it is still *in situ*. The interior, which has now neither floors nor roof, has an area of some twenty-one feet by nineteen feet, and is totally destitute of fireplaces or other domestic conveniences. In the basement, remains of the rude herring-bone work of an older building may be seen, and, in the north wall, stones carved with a zig-zag pattern are built in, which, as Mr. Hartshorne pointed out,* have clearly belonged to

* 'Archaeological Journal,' 1848.

an earlier structure. The ground floor is lighted by windows on the north and west, that on the latter face being round-headed, and deeply splayed within, and there is a door to the north. A circular staircase in the thickness of the wall at the north-east angle gives access to the second or principal floor, where are round-headed windows on the north and west, a small chamber in the thickness of the wall at the angle between them, a passage through the eastern wall, leading to a building presumed by Mr. Hartshorne to have been built in 1175, and to have been since destroyed, and another passage to the garderobe. The staircase leads to a higher level, where are window openings in the walls; but there is evidence, in the weather-stones within the keep, that above the second floor, a gable ran from east to west, of which the ridge did not rise above the parapet.

PEVERIL CASTLE AND THE APPROACH TO THE CAVES.
BY ALFRED DAWSON.

Such is the place, amid the barren hills, at the very edge of a precipice, and in scenes where the wild freaks and awful convulsions of nature have left their fearsome mark, that the Peverils made their stronghold.

The view of the dale eastward from the castle steep, on a clear day, is singularly charming in its sweet and pastoral beauty, though it is not without disfigurements. Below, the irregular roofs of the picturesque village of Castleton are clustered about the church, whose tower, according to old custom, will be gaily decked with a garland of oak boughs if it happen to be the 29th of May — the day of the Royal Oak. The Peak's Hole Water winds thence through the wide valley amid rich meadows and cornfields, and there are white farmsteads dotted about the slopes among the trees; and then the low, broad spire of Hope rises amid its encircling foliage, and still further we see the vale of Derwent towards Hathersage, and the dim lines of the blue ridges beyond. How different is it if we turn westward to the grim ridge of Mam Tor, with its strange shattered declivity, the barren height of Tray Cliff, the wild and sombre pass of the Winnats, or, at our feet, to the dark chasm of Cave Dale, where nature, in her sternest mood, attracts us yet with a strange and wistful spell.

If we descend by the zig-zag path to the valley, the gloomy portal of Cave Dale, some six feet wide at most, a rift in the precipitous steep, is easily reached, and we leave behind us the broad expanse, to enter the stern and rocky pass. The ground is covered with short and slippery turf, and on either hand the limestone cliffs raise their rough and naked steeps to a prodigious height, or are covered with a dark herbage which defies the gloom of the chasm. For the distance of about half a mile the ravine grows wider, and, as we look up, we see the keep of Peveril's Castle frowning at its very edge.

JOHN LEYLAND.

THE HAYFIELD

JUNE 1.—The one hundred and twenty-fourth exhibition of the Royal Academy is rather above the level of last year, in spite of the dark winter. Some of the older men show better than they have lately, the Cornish painters are about where they were, the young men whose sympathies are frankly French send much that is interesting, and the sculpture, though scanty, is good. The pictures which stand out as the best after a certain familiarity are Mr. John S. Sargent's *La Carmencita* and *Portrait of Mrs. M——*; Mr. Orchardson's *An Enigma*, *Walter Gilbey, Esq.*, and *Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bart.*; Mr. John M. Swan's *African Panthers*; Mr. Fildes' large canvas, painted for Mr. Henry Tate, *The Doctor*; Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's *Ulysses and the Sirens*; and Mr. Hook's *Summer Pleasures*. Some of these are fine for one reason, some for another, but in each you will find some pictorial quality carried to a high pitch. In *La Carmencita* we have a picture conceived and carried out on the lines of Velazquez. There is no sign of selection, no obvious search for the picturesque, in the model or her costume. A Spanish dancer in a garish dress seems to be taken as she stands, and clothed on with art by the skill which puts rhythm into her lines and harmony into her crying colours; which notes, without a fault, her values; which gives her aspect the further unity that lies in direct, coherent, and vivacious brushing. It is the same with the portrait, except that here Mr. Sargent might have gone farther in his respect for the Spanish master: he might have painted his sitter's head with more of the delicacy and fusion of touch Velazquez used when he had to deal with female beauty. Mr. Orchardson goes upon different lines altogether. His pictures are the solutions of aesthetic problems, of which the data are to some extent arbitrary. In *An Enigma* he has set himself to bring out the richness that lies in a combination of shades of crimson with shades of violet, and has done it without the meticulous respect for the actual, in lighting and values, which marks an opposite school. Colour for its own sake is the note. The half-length of Mr. Gilbey is a masterpiece of portraiture, and yet the *Sir Andrew Walker* would be even better were it not for the slightly mechanical background. The introduction of the dark apple-green vase helps the colour enormously. Mr. Swan's canvas attracts us by the intensity of its truth to the life depicted, and by the beauty of its tone; while *The Doctor*, of Mr. Fildes, is a triumph from the dramatic standpoint. As a mere bit of painting it is good, but it is by the skill with which the parts are so disposed, the light and shadow so balanced, and the action so selected as to help the story, that it beats everything else at the Academy. It may be said that in his *Ulysses and the Sirens* Mr. Waterhouse has chosen a non-pictorial motive. No one can understand the picture by the light of nature. We must have read our Homer, or at least our Lemprière, to know what it's all about. But, granting all this, Mr. Waterhouse has still produced a fine work of art. He has managed to be poetic, to give us good design and agreeable colour. In Mr. Hook's land-and-seascape, the sincere personal expression of a true if limited artist is to be recognised, and that in itself is enough to deserve our thanks. In a second line behind the pictures we have named, we should put Sir John Millais' *Mrs. Chamberlain*, Mr. Hook's portrait of himself for the Uffizi, Mr. J. J. Shannon's *Mrs. George Coats*, Mr. Alma Tadema's *Paradise on Earth*, Mr. Bramley's *For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven*, Mr. Clausen's *Group of Portraits*, Mr. Gregory's *Miss Elvira Todd*, Mr. Herkomer's portrait of *The Dean of Christchurch*, Mr. Arthur Hacker's *Christ and the Magdalen*, Miss Mariette Cotton's portrait of *F. T. Martin, Esq.*, Sir Frederick Leighton's *Persephone*, Mr. Lorimer's *Ordination of Elders in a Presbyterian Church*, Mr. Henry Moore's seapieces, the two side-pictures of Mr. Briton Riviere's *A Mighty Hunter before the Lord*, Mr. Solomon's *Judgment of Paris*, Mr. Chevallier Tayler's *Departure of the Boulogne Fishing Fleet*, Mr. Henry Woods' *Rivals*, Mr. Wyllie's sketch for a *Battle of Trafalgar*, the landscapes of Mr. J. L. Barnard, Mr. M. R. Corbet, Mr. Davis, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. David Farquharson, and Mr. David Murray; Mr. Lockhart's *John Polson, Esq.*; *The Mother*, by Mr. E. E. Simmons, a Newlynite whose work now attracts us for the first time; and Mr. Boughton's *Winter Nightfall on the Marshes*, by far the best picture he has shown for years. Turning to the sculptors, Mr. Alfred Gilbert sends a magnificent little replica in silver of the *Victory*, the small, winged Niké, modelled for the globe in the Winchester statue of the Queen. Mr. Brock's *Genius of Poetry*, now carried out in marble, and his new statue—*Song* the purport of it—are both fine, although we should have liked the second better had the back of his model been a little nobler in its scantling. Mr. Goscombe John's *Awakening* is a wonderful piece of modelling; unhappily its motive recalls a certain creation of M. Rodin's, which was at the Academy a few years ago, with over-much fidelity. Mr. Onslow Ford's bust of a child is full of charm, Mr. Frampton's *Caprice* of caprice, and Mr. George Simonds' statue of Mr. Frederick Tollemache of a breadth and unity of accent which does not always mark his work. Sir Frederick Leighton's replica in marble of his *Athlete and Python* lacks subtlety of surface and variety of texture, and recalls in those respects the sculpture of M. Gérôme. Its destination, we believe, is a public gallery in Copenhagen. Another statue, or rather group, which has been here in a different material, is the *Hounds in Leash* of Mr. Harry Bates, which is now to be admired in the bronze. The water-colour drawings and the architectural designs are less interesting than usual, especially the latter. Mr. Norman Shaw, the leader of the modern movement, the picker-up of the tradition left stranded a century and more ago, is absent altogether.

THE exhibition at the New Gallery is scarcely, perhaps, so interesting as it was last year, but the difference is not great. Mr. Burne-Jones sends two huge pictures in water-colours which would make excellent cartoons for tapestry; Mr. Sargent's portrait of a girl in white is almost as fine as his contributions to the Royal Academy; Mr. Alma Tadema's *Love in Idleness* betrays too clearly that it was finished in some haste. The blues of the sea and the sky are much too strong, and overwhelm the rest of the colour scheme. Mr. John M. Swan appears as a portrait-painter in an exquisitely modulated head of *Mrs. Jan Hamilton*; Sir John Millais shows to some advantage in a *Portrait of a Lady*, which reminds us here and there of Paris Bordone; Mr. Orchardson's portrait of *Professor Nichol*, of Glasgow, shows a superbly painted head among rather dull surroundings, and his sketch of *Mr. J. M. Heathcote*, late Amateur Champion at Tennis, a pleasant touch of actuality; Mr. Collier's *Rudyard Kipling, Esq.*, is of great interest, both for thoroughness of art and for accidental reasons; Mr. J. J. Shannon succeeds well with *Mrs. G. C. Chambers*, moderately with *Miss Clough*, scarcely at all with the *Duchess of Portland*, whom he leaves far too painty; while Mr. Herman Herkomer's *Rear-Admiral Edward Seymour, C.B.*, is better than anything shown here by his more famous namesake. Other good portraits are Mr. William Carter's *Sir John Bailey*, Mr. Llewellyn's *Mrs. Reckitt*, Mr. C. W. Furse's *Mrs. Ernest Frere*, Mr. C. N. Kennedy's *A. Akers Douglas, Esq., M.P.*, Mr. Percy Bigland's *Mr. Gladstone*, and Mr. Arthur Hacker's *Miss Ethel Wright*. The best landscapes are Mr. Alfred East's *Daphnis*, Mr. David Murray's *Season of Mist and Mellow Fruitfulness*, two small marines by Mr. Henry Moore, the *Setting Sun* of Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Hamilton Macallum's *Fishermen of Positano*, and the *Frosty Sunrise in the Marshes* of Mr. Broughton, who this year takes a decided step in advance.

THIS year there can be no question as to which of the two Salons is the better. Neither is so good as it ought to be, seeing the prestige our neighbours still can boast, but a far larger proportion of the pictures, at least, at the Champ-de-Mars have something in them to be enjoyed than of those in the Champs Elysées. This, of course, is mainly due to the mere fact that the new Salon accepts as many things as its supporters choose to send. Thus, we have ten pictures by M. Carolus-Duran, eight by M. Gervex, fourteen—some of them in his long-vanished early manner—by M. Alfred Stevens, ten by Ribot, eleven by M. J. E. Blanche, and so on. But besides this advantage, the 'Salon Puvis,' as they try to call it, beats its rival in its hanging, while the one

point in which last year the older institution left it far behind, the arrangements for showing sculpture, have now been vastly improved by taking in the hall in which the statues were accommodated at the 'Exposition Universelle.' The result of this and other improvements is that no more agreeable place in which to spend a few hours with pictures could easily be found than the Palais under the 'Tour Eiffel.' A few notes on the pictures in the order of the Catalogue is all we can give here. M. Adolphe Binet sends a railway station, the *Gare St. Lazare*, painted on the same lines as the *Paddington Station* with which Mr. S. Starr surprised us a few years ago. M. J. E. Blanche exhibits a series of portraits in which the technic of pastel is recalled a little too strongly; Monsieur, or rather Signor, Boldini, one of a boy in grey, on a grey sofa, that cannot be overlooked; M. Carolus-Duran two, at least, in which he puts forth all his powers. One of these shows us *Madame C——*, in a straw-coloured silk dress, partly wrapped in a cloak of two greys, and set against a crimson curtain. Her feet are on a redder crimson cushion, and if there be a fault to find with the conception, it is that the crimson is a little overdone—not that it intrudes by tone, but simply that there is rather too much of it. The portrait which seems to us to share the honours with this is one of *Miss L——*, in pink against a crimson ground. If time is kind to these two pictures they will be worthy one day to hang beside a Rubens, to whose art, in its broader aspects, we would rather compare the art of Carolus than to that of Velazquez. Even finer in some ways, for it ventures farther than the portraits, is a study of the nude, called a *Danaë*. Here the most silvery female flesh is opposed to black, with a *cortège* about it of blood-colour, old gold, and a brownish red. A rose in the model's hand gives a touch of pink which was, perhaps, superfluous. M. Carrière's *Alphonse Daudet* is clever, and the veracity which now gives pain will give it interest in the future—for the signs of mortal illness are in every line. Another much-talked-of portrait, that of *Madame Gautreau*, the beauty, by M. Gustave Courtois, is hardly a work of art at all. *Les Conscrits*, by Dagnan-Bouveret, is rather disappointing. It is a huge *morceau*, well seen but scarcely as well said as we should like. Mr. W. T. Dannat's seven contributions are strong, but ill-conceived; his own portrait, by Raffaelli, one of the smartest things here. M. Duez and M. Edelfelt are equal, perhaps, to themselves; they have not risen since last year. M. José Frappa has hit upon a good idea from his own standpoint in a *Mariage d'Inclination*, an antidote to his *Mariage d'Intérêt*. His picture has little enough to do with art — less even than M. Friant's *Ombres Portées*, where an excellent method and frank eyes blind us to the absence of other qualities. The subject is a young man entreating a young woman, who seems trying, only, to say 'No.' The best of the eight contributions from Gervex is, to our taste, a portrait of Prévost, the fencer. M. Gronvöld, a Norwegian, sends a portrait which repeats, with curious fidelity, the motive of Sir John Millais' *Sir Gilbert Greenall*. From M. Gaston La Touche comes a large canvas catalogued as *La Nursery*. The subject is treated with a frankness which draws a crowd in Paris, especially of smiling mammas, but prevents us from going into details. Miss Lee-Robbins exhibits a *Trois Parques*, in which the fatal three are too obviously from Batignolles; M. Lhermitte, a quartet of rustic scenes in his usual manner; M. Paul Mathey, a strong, not flattering, portrait of M. Paul Renouard, well known in London by his black-and-whites. Meissonier's *Barricade*, a sketch on a Paris battle-field in 1848, always has a crowd about its crape-surrounded frame; so, curiously, has Mr. Henry Moore's *Eve of a Storm*, the delicacy, frankness, and sincerity of which make a great impression. Mr. Allan Osterlind, a Swede, sends a picture of children swinging on a gate, which recalls Collins by its subject, and the Italian, Segantini, by its treatment; M. Ary Rénan, a very poor portrait of his distinguished father; M. Roll, a terrific half-length of Admiral Krantz, in which all the qualities of air are observed except its power to produce a harmony; and Mr. John S. Sargent, a *Portrait de Jeune Garçon*, in which much carelessness is combined with some really superb passages of *facture*. Miss (?) Trotter's *Le Réveil*, a small, naked boy, yawning and stretching as he gets up in a winter's morning; Wilhelm Truebner's *Adam and Eve*—a middle-aged and ill-favoured couple in the costume of to-day, she with apples on a plate; and Zorn's *Portrait de Dame*, are all remarkable for one reason or another; while, finally, M. Alfred Steven's *Dame Jaune*, a magnificent, old-master-like study of a lady in yellow, with notes of red, brown, and blue put in with unerring instinct, once more excites our regret that he, of all people, should have wandered away into impressionism.

At the Old Salon the *clou*, of course, is Rochegrosse's *Death of Babylon*. On a canvas which only just stops short of being too large to go in at all, he has painted the end of a Babylonian orgy. In one of those halls which the discoveries of French and English explorers now enable us to restore with something like certainty, a crowd of men and women are sleeping off the effects of their debauch. They lie about in all sorts of unconstrained attitudes, here and there stripped altogether, here and there twisted up in disordered clothes. The torches are still burning, but the daylight, too, streams in with the victorious enemy. One or two women —their instincts quicker than the men's—have heard sounds, and are already rising in alarm. Pictorially, the effect depends upon the contest of lights, and upon the contrast between the confused mass of tints and textures in the foreground and the coldly gleaming arms and armour of the soldiers streaming in at the back. Nobody but a Frenchman could have created such a machine; it is the outcome, not of art, but of training pushed *à outrance*. Turning to the more modest items of the show, M. Bonnat's *Samson and the Lion* fails, to some extent, through his non-observance of the conditions of his own problem. His Samson is unbusinesslike; he sets to work to tear his lion in such a way that mechanics are against him; moreover, his own muscles contradict each other—his upper arm is straining its hardest, with a forearm in repose. The painter's second contribution, the portrait of a lady in white, is a peculiarly unpleasant example of Bonnat's fondness for setting cold figures against hot backgrounds. Still worse—very much worse—is the much-talked-of portrait of *Madame Sarah Bernhardt*, by Mr. Walter Spindler. It is well conceived, but frightfully painty in texture. There is, in fact, scarcely a good portrait in the whole of this exhibition. The best, perhaps, is a small half-length of a magistrate in crimson, by M. Paul Dubois, the sculptor. The brilliant tints of the official dress are accepted quite frankly, and yet brought into complete harmony with each other and with the head. The landscapes are not, on the whole, much better than the portraits. M. Guillemet's *View on the Seine, near Bercy*, is harsh in colour, and he seems to have damaged its unity by some coarse work in the foreground, put on, perhaps, at the *vernissage*. M. Luigi Loir's *Impression*, a Paris landscape, painted perhaps in the Faubourg St. Antoine during fairtime, is fine in its breadth, balance, and general truth; but its execution is careless to the last degree. Some of the best landscapes are by young men, whose names are now noticed for the first time; but among them all it is difficult to find anything that holds out much hope for the future of this branch in France. The interest for the moment mainly centres on those who are painting for notoriety, the chief of whom is Rochegrosse. M. Chalon's *Death of Sardanapalus*, which might be described almost in the same words as the *Mort de Babylone*, is, however, vastly inferior, although here and there a good passage may be found. M. Rouffet's *Fin de l'Epopée*, charging cuirassiers falling over each other into the sunk *route d'Ohain* at Waterloo; and Checa's *Les Huns*, a crowd of Attila's horsemen galloping away from a sacked town, with women and other booty tied upon their saddles, are conspicuous examples of this sort of effort. Perhaps the most completely satisfactory picture in the whole Salon is Mr. J. M. Swan's *Maternity*—the lioness suckling her cubs which was at the Grosvenor last year. It has a good many English contributions to keep it company. Mr. Alfred East's *Evening*, Mr. Frank Brangwyn's *Funeral at Sea*, and Mr. James Guthrie's *Portrait of Dr. Gardiner* may be named as among the best things from this side of the Channel.

THE subject of Mr. Holman Hunt's new picture gives such opportunities for the painter that it is surprising no one has thought of it before. Every May Day morning the choir of Magdalen College climbs to the top of Waynflete's beautiful tower and salutes the rising sun with hymns and carols. The weather-worn pinnacles, the high, mysterious horizon, the first rays of the sun falling upon the mass of white surplices and upon the eager young faces of the boys, all these lend themselves generously to pictorial treatment. It would be too much to say that Mr. Hunt has made the most of them. His methods are not of a kind to exhaust the aesthetic capabilities of any theme. But his picture is at least well conceived, and in some respects well managed. The figures are grouped with skill, and the light is true. The colour will be better a century hence than it is now. A characteristic touch is the introduction, on the right, of a Parsee from the Indian Institute. By some, perhaps, his presence may be thought to give rather too much point to the ceremony.

AT No. 46 Pall Mall, Mr. Raymond Groom is exhibiting two battle-pictures by the Scottish Academician, Mr. R. S. Gibb, which are worth a visit. One illustrates the feat of the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava, who received a cavalry charge in line, their commander not thinking it 'worth while to form square.' The other and more recently finished picture represents the advance of the old '42nd,' the 'Black Watch,' at the Alma. Here, perhaps, an anachronism has been committed in giving nearly all the men clean-shaven cheeks and heavy moustaches. We fancy 'mutton-chop' whiskers and hairless lips were the rule in '54. Otherwise the scene is said by those who were there to be realised with great fidelity. As works of art, Mr. Gibb's pictures may be compared to the battle-pieces of the late Henri Philippoteaux, which they at least equal.

MR. RUDOLF BLIND has painted an ambitious picture which he calls *The World's Desire*. It is on exhibition at 28 Old Bond Street. An adult Cupid and three smaller Loves are unveiling Venus, round whose frank charms soldiers and monks, scholars and artists, throng with beseeching looks. Mr. Blind has set himself a task beyond his powers.

AT the Old Bond Street Galleries the MM. Agnew have on view a series of drawings by Mr. G. F. Watts. They are in red chalk, and deal for the most part with motives from his pictures. *The Spirit of Christianity*, *Mammon*, *Love and Death*, *Time*, *Death and Judgment*, *Paolo and Francesca*, *Faith*, and *Hope*, all these and a few others have been epitomised, as it were, in the designs, which show Mr. Watts to more advantage in some respects than his works in colour.

THE Fine Art Society has been showing a fourth collection of drawings by Mrs. Allingham, mostly of English rural scenery not a hundred miles from London. At Mr. Lefevre's gallery in King Street a smaller replica of Señor Ulpiano Checa's *Roman Chariot Race* is on view. It is a wonderful outcome of that movement on the Continent which has put violent motion and general melodramatic vigour too often into the place of art. Nothing could be much worse than Señor Checa's colour; nothing much better than his power of feeling and suggesting action. Movement of a scarcely less headlong character is the salt of M. Détaille's *Vive l'Empereur!* which you may now see at the galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. The subject is a French regiment of Hussars charging. The interest centres in the young officer who leads. He, the horse he bestrides, and the troopers behind are painted in a fashion only possible to one trained in a school of drawing as strict as that of Paris. In conception the work is inferior to Lady Butler's *Scotland for Ever*, to say nothing of such a masterpiece of battle-painting as Aimé Morot's *Rezonville*, in the Luxembourg. Art of a different calibre is to be found in *Her Majesty's Garden Party: Buckingham Palace, 1887*,' by Mr. F. Sargent, now exhibiting at Messrs. Graves's. Those who confound Mr. F. with Mr. J. S. Sargent will not find here quite what they expect. Messrs. Buck and Reid are showing a number of M. Jules Lessore's clever exercises in tone; they deal mainly with Plymouth and its neighbourhood. Mr. R. H. Carter has been to Shetland, almost untrodden ground, for the subjects of a number of pictures and drawings, now on view at Messrs. Tooth's.

IT would be interesting to know how the owner of the 'cartoons entirely designed and executed by Raphael,' now being exhibited in Cockspur Street, accounts for the fact that there are just seven of them, and those the same seven as our old friends at South Kensington. How does it happen that the same three are missing from each set? The Cockspur Street 'cartoons' are paintings on unprimed canvas, their execution is quite unworthy of Raphael's pupils, not to say of himself, and their apparent age is nothing like the three hundred and seventy years which separate us from the Roman master's death.

DURING the month which has elapsed since we last wrote, three important sales of modern pictures, mostly English, have taken place at Christie's. The first was that of a part of the collection formed by the Marquis de Santurce. The second was that of the late Mrs. Bolckow's pictures: they included, among other fine things, the *Interior of St. Peter's, Rome*, by David Roberts, which sold for 1400 guineas; *Chess Players at Cairo*, by W. Müller, which brought 3050 guineas; Turner's *Walton Bridges*, which was knocked down at 7100 guineas; and Hogarth's famous *Roast Beef of Old England*, which brought 2450 guineas. The total for the sale was 69,380*l.* 1*s.* The dispersal of Mr. Kurtz's collection was of less moment. The examples were not, as a rule, well chosen, and little interest was excited. The best known among the pictures was Mr. T. Faed's *From Dawn to Sunset*; it fetched 1700 guineas. The finest of the drawings was Turner's beautiful *Rivaulx Abbey*; it sold for 700 guineas.

THE International Exhibition of works of art has been opened at Berlin with every promise of success. The English pictures are numerous, and include a fair number on which our credit might be staked. The French have not entirely abstained after all, while Spain, Italy, and the American colony in Paris are well to the fore. We hope to return to this Exhibition at a future opportunity.

THE German Exhibition in London, which was opened on the 9th of May, includes a most interesting Fine Art Section. No fewer than three hundred painters are represented in the seven hundred pictures which form, perhaps, the most complete illustration of modern German painting yet seen outside the Fatherland. Such names as Menzel, Uhde, Werner, Kaulbach, Becker, Scherres, Liebermann, and many scarcely less familiar, are enough to give a hint of what there is to reward a pilgrimage to Earl's Court.

THE fate of the Rabelais pictures has at last been settled. Seeing that they could by no means be classed with such 'works of art' as usually suffer under Lord Campbell's Act, the magistrates who heard the appeal from Mr. Vaughan's decision, have ordered that they should be not destroyed, but sealed up, taken out of the country in the custody of the police, and surrendered to their owners on the other side of the Channel. Meanwhile a difficulty of the same nature has cropped up in Barcelona. Mr. Jan van Beers having sent four pictures to an exhibition there which are said to be detrimental to modesty, the Spaniards have hung them in a room by themselves, to which only those who have passed their *trentaine* are to be admitted.

IT is reported from Rome that the repairs to St. Peter's and the Vatican, consequent on the gunpowder explosion, will cost 800,000 lire, and those of other churches in the city twice as much again. St. Paul's-without-the-Walls will cost at least 500,000 lire (20,000*l.*) before it can be reinstated.

THE obituary for the month contains some well-known names. Henri Michael-Antoine Chapu, the famous sculptor, died in Paris on the 21st of April from influenza. Born at Mée (Seine et Marne) in 1833, he was fifty-eight years of age. He studied under Pradier and Duret, and won the second Prix-de-Rome in 1851. Chapu's best-known works are the busts of Rousseau and Millet, in the forest of

Fountainebleau; the figures on the tombs of the Duchesse d'Orléans, Gustave Flaubert, and Henri Regnault; the statues of St. Louis (de Gonzague) and St. John in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, and of Joan of Arc in the Luxembourg. Chapu left a statue of Byron, commissioned by the Greeks, in such a state of completion that his pupils can finish it.—Madame Juliette Peyrol, *née* Bonheur, and sister of Madame Rosa Bonheur, died in Paris on the 2nd of May. She studied art under her father, with her sister and her brothers, and began to exhibit it at the Salon in 1852.—M. Adrien Marie, a pupil of Pils and a well-known *dessinateur*, died at Cadiz towards the end of April; his death was caused by a fever contracted on the Niger, while at work for 'L'Illustration.'—The influenza has been fatal to Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., who died at his house in Fitzjohn's Avenue on the 15th of May. Mr. Long was born in 1830, was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1876, and a full Academician in 1881. The curious vogue he enjoyed in his later years began with his exhibition of the *Babylonian Marriage Market* in 1875, a picture which, while it fascinated the public, marked a distinct step downwards in his artistic development. *A Question of Propriety*, exhibited some time before, and even more decidedly his still earlier pictures, contained better art than those which brought him such an access of notoriety.—The death in Paris of M. Lafollye, a well-known French architect, has also been announced.—The death has been announced of Mr. Thomas Collier, of the 'Institute,' in whom, perhaps more than any one else, survived the best traditions of our national school of water-colour. Mr. Collier was born about 1840, and it was only in 1863 that he began to exhibit in London. His style was rather obviously founded upon that of Cox, but he excelled his master in freedom, and in the unity which springs from a perfect absence of 'feeling your way.' His work was admired by the French, who gave him the cross of the Legion in 1878, and a medal in 1889. Mr. Collier died at Hampstead on the 14th of May. The death is also announced of M. T. Deck, the director of the porcelain manufactory of Sèvres. A maker and decorator of porcelain on his own account, murmurs were heard when, in 1887, he was appointed to the headship of a Government department. During his short tenure of the post he did much, however, to justify the choice.

THERE can be very little doubt, after the experience of the last few years, that the French school of sculpture is at present on a downward slope. The recent deaths of MM. Delaplanche and Chapu, and the apparent drying up of the imagination in several of those who were their worthy rivals, leaves the credit of the school to be upheld by young men. Among these we find few who can either invent or execute with sufficient success. At the Salon in the Champ-de-Mars there is very little sculpture—not more, indeed, than some hundred pieces altogether—and from these it would be difficult to choose more than some half-a-dozen which show any conspicuous merit. Rodin's bust of Puvis de Chavannes is, of course, superb in its way. The likeness might be more unmistakable, the artist might even have used his calipers to better advantage, but the material could scarcely be made more expressive than he has made it. M. Albert Bartholomé's *Monument Funéraire* is conceived on Rodinesque lines, but modelled with more reticence and with a finer sense of textures in repose than animates the master. M. Jean Dampt exhibits a life-size bronze of *A Bacchante*, by the lost wax process—which was begun and carried half-way to completion by his friend Etcheto, who died before it was finished—a bust of Mlle. Moreno, of the Comédie Française, and a *Tête d'Enfant*, round which many plaudits have been heard. It is in marble, but was studied from nature and carved without being 'pointed.' The marble is slightly tinted, and the eyeballs inserted in lapis-lazuli. The result is lifelike almost to illusion.

AT the 'Salon Bouguereau' there is no falling off in the amount of sculpture shown, and so it is not surprising that we can make a rather longer list of good things than at the 'Salon Puvis.' From the studio of the deceased Chapu come marble statues of Cardinal Bonnechose and of the Princess of Wales, the latter a commission from the same Danish amateur as Sir Frederick Leighton's marble *Athlete*. Refined in conception and execution as are both statues, they are quite without inspiration. Delaplanche's *Eve before the Fall*, on the other hand, is not only the best piece of modelling in the whole show, it is also most happily conceived as an expression of completely innocent, ignorant, and light-hearted womanhood. M. Falguière, who loves, apparently, to return upon his own footprints, exhibits a *Diana* conceived on much the same lines as his *Nymphe Chasseresse* of a year or two ago. In conception it is an improvement, but the modelling shows weakness here and there, and one foot is absurdly cut away. M. G. Déloye has made a new departure in a bust of *Roybet*. He supports it partly on two small columns at the back, partly on a small female figure crouched under the front edge. Here the idea has not been utilised very skilfully, but it has capabilities. Other things that stand out from the ruck of this garden population are the spirited but vulgar *Danton* of M. A. Paris, which was to have been erected by the municipality of the French capital; the Costa-Rica monument of M. Carrier-Belleuse, one of those finely modelled but broken-up and anecdotic groups of which the French school has lately been so prolific; the *Louison, la bouquetière, à la tête des femmes de la Halle, en* 1789—this, too, as might be guessed, a commission from the gentlemen who meet at the Hôtel de Ville: the sculptor is M. A. Gaudez; M. S. Sinding's *Homme et Femme* and *Mère Captive*; M. Ruckstuhl's *Le-Soir*; M. T. F. d'Araujo Costa's marble statue of *Eve*; M. A. J. Carlès' *Eternel Poème*; and a marble bust which M. A. Léonard calls *Le Scapulaire*. It is the head of a girl with a handkerchief knotted about it. The charm lies in the extreme thoroughness with which a simple but quite sculpturesque idea is treated. The two Salons between them show about one thousand pieces of sculpture, and no one can wander for a few hours among them without being struck by the total absence of a reason for existing by which most of these are marked. A sculpturesque idea is one that justifies the use of a rigid material for the making of an object to be placed immoveably on a narrow pedestal, to be seen from very point of the compass, and to depend on form and chiaroscuro alone for its effect. Now, among all these hundreds of statues, busts, and reliefs, it would be difficult to find a dozen which are at once quite happy on a pedestal, quite as ready to turn the left cheek as the right, and quite independent of effects that are essentially pictorial.

THE painter whose earliest known picture is reproduced in this number of THE PORTFOLIO is no longer to be unrepresented in the National Gallery. Sir Frederick Burton has just acquired an excellent example of Quirijn Breckelenkam, an *Interior* conceived on much the same lines as the fine example of Abraham de Pape already in Trafalgar Square.

THE newest fashion in collecting has the lithographs of the first half of the century for its object. Already the prices given for fine examples of Bonington, Daumier, Raffet, and others who reached their public through the invention of Senefelder, have mounted from shillings to pounds, and are likely to mount much higher still. For only a small percentage of the impressions put on the market between the years 1820 and 1850 have come down uninjured to our time. They were so cheap and so little considered at their birth that their usual fate was to be destroyed after they had served their purpose. With Daumier that purpose was always political; with Raffet it was milito-political, if one may call it so; with Bonington, indeed, it was purely artistic—but then the public who bought his sheets did not buy them for their art, and so they, too, mostly went the way of old valentines. The would-be collector should, therefore, be up and stirring. He would find his search facilitated by a visit to the exhibition now open at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Here fine examples of all the best *dessinateurs* for lithography have been brought together, and the amateur can learn what he has to look for, and in what state he must try to get his impressions.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

VII.—*The Rustic School*

THE earliest predecessor of the present French rustic school was Léopold Robert, but he was unfortunate, both in his education and afterwards in the direction he took with regard to the study of nature. To understand Léopold Robert well is to appreciate the change that has come over French painting during the present century. It is never a waste of time to study a precursor: he helps us to know better that which we believed ourselves to know completely. Robert was born in 1794, near Neuchâtel, and he died at Venice in 1835. His art education began in 1810, and was entirely Parisian. It included both engraving and painting. As an engraver he won a 'second grand prix;' as a painter he worked hard under David, and afterwards established himself in Rome. The picturesque costumes of the Italian peasants first attracted him to rural life, but the effects of his early education, first as an engraver in a rigid style of burin engraving (etching was not understood or tolerated in those days), and afterwards as a painter in a very severe classical school, disqualified the artist for attaining a style in harmony with the picturesque subjects that he desired to paint. After attaining splendid success (he would not be a successful painter with such a style in the present day) he had the mortification of seeing his art go out of fashion, and after a hard struggle against technical difficulties, which have since been easily overcome by far inferior men, he put an end to his troubles by self-slaughter. Nevertheless, his reputation is not dead even at the present day. He is still popular in engravings, the copyists do not neglect his pictures, and the town of Neuchâtel has given a handsome price for one of them. But amongst painters it requires courage to mention him. Jules Breton, in his autobiography, says: 'So much the worse if I pass for a *bourgeois*, for a Philistine; I dismiss all false shame, and confess that I mean to speak of that poor Léopold Robert.'

He lived in a day when people cared more for art than for nature, so that there is much art in his works of a very obvious kind and less nature than in the present day, especially as to air, light and effect, and textures of all kinds. Nevertheless, Jules Breton says that Robert was not without some perception of the qualities he could not render, and that even his painting, such as it is, reveals this perception. The mental trouble that ended in suicide may have been due to the conflict between vague anticipations of the art of the future and technical inability to realise them.

Where Robert failed, Troyon brilliantly succeeded, and his success was due in great part to the absence of early education. Instead of the discipline of an engraver's desk or a painter's *atelier*, Troyon had nothing to help him but the fields and woods near Paris, and a little friendly advice. He came, too, under the influence of a really modern landscape-painter, Jules Dupré—an influence entirely wanting to Léopold Robert. In this manner, without being remote from art, as if he had lived far from the capital, Troyon was only

helped by it instead of being overwhelmed, and he saw both landscape and animals with a freshness of eye quite modern. His success in a kind of art which is in reality composite was due to his possession of both its elements. The rustic painter is not simply a cattle-painter, or a successful student of the figure; he must be a landscape-painter as well. He cannot depend upon figure-study in the *ateliers*, and yet it is necessary that he should have some knowledge of the figure, if only as an introduction to the study of organic form in animals.

The art of the rustic painter being composite, as it deals with animal form and landscape (seen together and under the same effects), it is likely to be in some respects inferior to each of the arts, taken separately, of which it is composed.

The intellectual rank of this department of art is inferior to its artistic rank. It has not the intellectual rank of the figure art that deals with the refinements of high culture or

WEED BURNERS. BY L. E. ADAN.

the depths of dramatic passion. On the other hand, if we look to the landscape side of it, rustic painting does not include much of the sublimity of landscape. As the figures of rustic painting are almost invariably uneducated peasants, so its landscape is usually commonplace. Even when the sublimest landscape is close at hand, the rustic painter will turn away from it to seek for that simplicity which is most favourable to his own craft. In the Salon of 1886 there was a picture by F. Vuagnat, entitled *Shore of Lake Leman.* The title immediately conjures up before the mind's eye something very different from the shore of a common pond, yet M. Vuagnat had succeeded in finding the utmost commonplace even at Geneva, and painted nothing but a low bank with a bit of flat land, a roof amongst trees, some willows, and two white cows and a dark one. In the same Salon was a picture by M. Bonnefoy, called *The Close of a Fine Day*, and representing a most dreary landscape, without either wood or water, like one of the least interesting pieces of rising ground on an English moor. By itself such landscape could attract nobody, but in a picture it had the negative recommendation of not setting up a conflict with the cattle. It is for the same reason that in these rustic pictures the human beings are usually kept uninteresting and subordinate. They are so almost invariably in the works of Troyon and Rosa Bonheur. In Millet the case is different. He kept his landscape extremely simple, and significant only as a

field for toil. It is sometimes dreary in the extreme, and bare of every kind of interest but that of human taskwork. Millet's animals are beautifully grouped, but have hardly any other interest or charm. He subordinated everything to his figures, and the figures themselves, by the law which seems to predominate over all rustic painting whatever, are almost mindless.

Both the human and the landscape interests in rustic art are therefore of an inferior kind. The best quality of it is a kind of poetry which in the best works pervades the whole subject. The French mind is generally favourable to this kind of poetry; it is not favourable to the grandest landscape. If all Frenchmen could read English, few would appreciate Mr. Ruskin's chapters on 'Mountain Gloom' and 'Mountain Glory,' but thousands of Frenchmen are in perfect sympathy with the landscape sentiment of Virgil. There was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as we all know, a false pastoral sentiment in France. At a time when peasant life itself was completely wretched, being much worse than simply prosaic, the fine gentlefolks amused themselves by playing at a sort of game that represented an elegant rusticity. It was the quest of an ideal, though the ideal was vain and foolish. There was, however, so much of a right instinct in elegant pastoral sentiment, that rural life requires to be idealised if any great poetry or painting is to be made out of it at all.

THE LAUNDRESS. BY JULES BRETON.

The greatest danger of the present French school is a vulgar realism. Troyon was a very vigorous painter, with a strong grasp of reality; but the poetical element in his art always preserved it from this evil. Rosa Bonheur has been saved from it by her excellent sense and taste. As for Millet, who composed generally with extreme care and who infused poetical or sympathetic sentiment into even the slightest of his works, he had no need to seek inspiration from Virgil, being his own poet. Millet was a poet who observed reality, and an artist who did not forget art in the presence of nature. The immortal element of his works is not the observation of peasant and animal life, it is the poetic sentiment. So, amongst the prosaic painting so common in the present day, any work of Jules Breton is sure to arrest attention by that quality or power, so difficult to define, which elevates art above reality, whilst preserving the clearest evidence of the closest study of reality. The embellishment of nature may come either from poetic sentiment or the special sense and culture of a painter—it does not come from a peasant's familiarity with nature. On this point the evidence of M. André Theuriet, the novelist, is conclusive. He says that the peasants themselves do not at all realise the charm that their life and its surroundings have for us; their work is too hard, and they are too much pinched between the two nippers

of time and money, as the seasons never wait, neither does the landlord. The poetry of rustic life is in the mind of some educated spectator who has read Virgil or can appreciate painting. Millet is sometimes called a peasant painter because he lived very plainly and in the country. All that he had in common with prevalent French rustic sentiment was his compassion. The peasants have a feeling of compassion, not for people in other classes but for themselves. They *pity themselves* in their songs. Here is a short extract from a long, dreary *chanson bressane* quoted by M. Theuriet :—

'Le pauvre laboureur
Il a bien du malheur ;
Le jour de sa naissance,
L'est déjà malheureux.

'Qu'il pleuve, tonne, ou grêle,
Qu'il fasse mauvais temps,
L'on voit toujours, sans cesse,
Le laboureur aux champs.

'Le pauvre laboureur
A de petits enfants ;
Les met à la charrue
A l'âge de quinze ans,
Leur achète des guêtres ;
C'est l'état du métier,
Pour empêcher la terre
D'entrer dans leurs souliers.'

And so the rustic song-maker goes on, sadly and wearily enumerating the toils of rural life without any Virgilian feeling for its charm. One of the very few pictures that represent peasant feeling accurately was entitled *His Own Land*, and represented a peasant digging vigorously an ugly and unpromising field in windy weather. Theuriet finds two happy times in this dreary peasant life. One is childhood, the country child being incomparably freer and happier than the town child, and especially happier than the poor little Parisian, cooped up in a tiny apartment on the top of a high house. The country child had a few years of blissful existence, light work and much play, with much enjoyment of nature—not aesthetic, but after his own fashion. This has lately been interfered with by compulsory education and long marches to school. The other happy time was the brief period before marriage and its cares, when the glamour of the sexual feeling gave an enchantment even to the hardest life. Theuriet notices the dread of old age in the peasant class, and the comparative indifference to death. Old folks feel themselves to be useless, and their children look upon them as a burden ; both consider the death of the aged as a deliverance, and there seems to be hardly anything of that tender sorrow for them that is common in more sensitive classes of society.

On all these points my own observation fully confirms that of Theuriet, and he agrees with me in the belief that all this genuine peasant life, that has inspired some of the best French artists of the present century, is destined shortly to disappear, when their works will gain a new and pathetic interest as the record of a vanished past. Even already the rising generation, the young men of twenty, have neither the old simplicity of life and thought nor the old attachment to the soil. Education and railways are the two persistent agents that produce the mental change, and besides this there is a material and economical change in the introduction of scientific agriculture. The pastoral and agricultural life commemorated by Millet, Troyon, and Rosa Bonheur was still essentially primitive, and there lay half its poetic and artistic charm. Consider such things as a plough, a cart, a waggon drawn by oxen—all made in the village or at the farm itself, never painted, and taking with time grey colouring and rough texture from sun and rain, in beautiful harmony with the land :

compare with these implements some iron machine, very hard in outline and painted red or blue! There was a picture by M. Lorieux in the Salon of 1890 representing a new-fangled iron plough, very neat, and drawn with the same careful accuracy that a Parisian painter of street scenes will put into a perambulator; but what could Millet have done with such a plough? I notice, too, that a few of the younger painters, who think it right to paint whatever they see, are introducing the steam-engine into their agricultural pictures. The old farm buildings, with their picturesque thatch and their interesting irregularities, have been replaced in many instances, and will be ultimately in all, by strictly rectangular edifices with slate roofs.

Émile van Marcke, who died at the close of 1890, was, artistically speaking, the son of Troyon, and, like him, worked at one time in the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres. He was not exactly a pupil of Troyon in the ordinary sense, but worked under his personal influence. Van Marcke had not the poetical gift of his predecessor, and was more strictly what we usually understand by the term 'cattle-painter.' He was an admirable artist within his own limits, and he exercised a healthy influence on the French school. Throughout his career he set an excellent example of patient industry in study. During the summer he painted studies of animals from nature, out of doors, each of them costing fifteen or twenty sittings, and he never would part with one of them. His pictures were not studies, but carefully thought-out compositions, however apparently simple in subject. Instead of becoming negligent as his wealth increased, he employed his leisure in learning more.* His art was as sober as it was learned and free from eccentricity In one respect it may be regretted that his example is not more generally followed in the contemporary school. He knew the difference between a study and a picture,† as Jules Breton afterwards defined it in these words:—

THE YOUNG OXEN. BY E. B. DEBAT-PONSAN.

'What we call a study is a fragment, a note, a piece of information, and cannot constitute a *whole*. Objects are taken for themselves, and no correlation makes them take a share in the expression of some general idea. A picture, on the contrary, ought to be a concert of elements, uniting together for a common purpose.'

In the younger French school, the dislike to obviously artificial arrangements (and

* See the very interesting account of Van Marcke by M. Émile Michel, published in 'L'Art,' April 15th, 1891.

† The painting of *Draught Horses*, by G. Hélie, modestly called 'a study' by its author, is in fact more of a picture than many modern works that claim the more ambitious title.

almost any arrangement is obvious to an artist) has caused in many instances the substitution of the study for the picture.

This is never the case in the works of Jules Breton himself. Whatever he exhibits is sure to be a picture, and likely, at the same time, to be a poem. But Jules Breton is already an old man, and, though working vigorously still, does not belong to the present generation, which produces more students than artists. Such pictures as *The Last Ray* (1885), a scene of rural life in the evening, are uncommon in the new school, not for want of materials or lack of knowledge, but from the rarity of inspiration. A peasant and his wife are returning home after sunset; a little child runs to greet them, and the old folks are sitting out of doors, by the grandmother's spinning-wheel. There you have the idyllic aspect of rural life, with pictorial unity and truth at the same time, but not the prosaic truth. Even the single figures by Jules Breton have always some special dignity or interest. *The Song of the Lark* (1885) represents a peasant-girl pausing as she listens to the lark; *The Shepherd's Star* has for its heroine a strong peasant-woman carrying home a sack on her head, with a severe, almost tragical expression; and *The Laundress* is a variation of the same subject, the burden in this case being a basket of clothes. The painter agrees with the one humane saying of Napoleon, 'Respect the burden, Madam!'

DRAUGHT HORSES. A STUDY. BY G. HELIE.

M. Jules Didier has for many years been one of the leading French cattle-painters, and he still keeps well to the front. I should describe him rather as a landscape and cattle painter than as a rustic painter, in the sense of being profoundly impressed by that poetry of rural life which was the motive of Millet and Breton. Suppose an artist who understands all the elements of landscape, who can paint skies well, and trees, and everything from the transient effect on distant hills to the elaborated detail of a foreground. To this knowledge and accomplishment add a thorough knowledge of animal form both in rest (as in the picture of cattle in the Roman Campagna) and in action (as in *The Wheat Waggon*, or *The Two Bulls and the Frog*), and you have an artist well equipped for work in the fields, and likely to be able to deal with anything he will find there. Nor can it be said that M. Didier's work is ever marred by defects of taste. There is nothing in common between him and the vulgar realists; but, on the other hand, there is no striking revelation of anything hitherto undiscovered, so that the artist has only a place in the second rank, though that place is an honourable one. A work outside of his usual simple naturalism was a frieze illustrating field labours, designed on decorative principles for the City of Paris, and giving a *résumé* of the artist's knowledge in a form severely conventionalised.

M. Julien Dupré (who, when the initial only is given, may sometimes be confounded with the landscape-painter, Jules Dupré) is not only an observant cattle-painter, but a very forcible artist. Few contemporary painters equal him in vivid and powerful realisation. His subjects are the simple old subjects: cows drinking from a tub that a woman is filling or from a tub already full, with a woman looking on and a sheep browsing beside her—or else

it may be milking-time and the women come with their pails—or perhaps a cow has taken that imaginary powder which the French call *la poudre d'escampette*, and is running she knows not whither, not yet arrested by the farmer's lad who scampers by her side. The subjects, as we see, are commonplace enough, they are not intellectually or spiritually very deep, but when we approach them from the artistic side they may assume another aspect. For example, *The White Cow*, in the Salon of 1890, was a brilliantly successful study of white in full sunshine and of its values when lighted only by reflection. At the same time, in the background, the painter had a delightfully quiet space of shaded wall, giving sufficient strength of opposition to the animal without blackness, chiaroscuro far superior both in science and art to that of the old masters who are most praised for their chiaroscuro. Another admirable quality in M. Julien Dupré is his quietly truthful observation of character, both human and animal, and his unfailing good taste in the arrangement of simple materials. Nothing can be more agreeable to a critic than complete knowledge, in a painter, of the resources of art along with moderation in the use of them. This painter always makes the best of his materials by judicious concentration and opposition, without insisting too much. There is seldom any novelty in his subject (the interest taken by some peasants in a passing balloon being a rare exception), and he does not seek for novelty in eccentricity.

A WAGGON OF WHEAT. BY JULES DIDIER.

Artists eminent in other ways have sometimes painted rustic pictures from a love of the country and its occupations. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, whose interest in the serious and religious aspects of rural life has led him to paint works that are now celebrated, has occasionally illustrated its more trivial incidents when men and animals are associated together. He is always a most careful and truthful painter, whatever he has to deal with, but his style is hardly picturesque enough to enable him to make the most of animals. The most famous animal-painters have succeeded rather by the animation they throw into their creatures, and by the attractions of colour and texture, than by perfection of line.

On the human side, no French artist of the present day has succeeded more completely in the representation of rural life than M. Lhermitte. His knowledge of the peasantry is of that intimate kind that only comes from constant observation. He lives a great part of the year in a picturesque village near the Marne: 'One of those corners of French ground,' says Theuriet, 'which contain in a narrow space a great variety of culture and landscape.' Here he finds all that he needs for his rustic art, both in fields and vineyards and in the houses. *Pay-time in Harvest* (given in THE PORTFOLIO for May) is one of the most notable of his rustic pictures, but there are so many others that a book of engravings from them would already form an epitome of peasant life. In such a book it is likely that the restful subjects would predominate over the laborious ones. M. Lhermitte is too much of an artist not to perceive that repose is better adapted than action to the purposes of art, and the repose he paints is the best of all, that which comes after the hardest work in the burning sun of harvest. In the *Reapers' Rest* (1890), a man is sitting wearily on the ground whilst a woman

holds a *cruche* for a kneeling girl to drink from. In the picture of *Thirst* (1890) it is the man who drinks, like a traveller in the desert. In *Rest* (1888) a baby is drinking its mother's milk, the father tenderly looking on. In *Wine*, a robust workman is refreshing himself with a glass as he takes a brief interval of idleness. In the picture of *Hay-time*, the man who works hardest is seated on the ground and sharpening his scythe with a hammer on his little portable anvil—a picture so true that only the tinkling sound of the hammer-strokes is necessary to complete the illusion.

It may be observed, with regard to all these pictures of rustic life, that vineyards and the labours connected with wine are much less frequently illustrated than the meadow and the cornfield. The reason, probably, is to be found in the unpicturesque character of the French vineyards themselves, which are not inviting to an artist except for a short time during the change of colour in autumn. The forests are more interesting, and the wood-cutter's life in them has been in some degree illustrated by Dameron and others; we remember, too, the picture of *The Charcoal Burners*, by Rosa Bonheur, which was a faithful representation of human labour, though painted chiefly for the oxen. Still, the interior of the great French forests does not much attract landscape-painters on account of the want of distances ('you cannot see the forest for the trees'), and the service of animals is confined to carting, whilst it is much more varied on the farms.

IN AUTUMN. BY O. DE THOREN.

I have not space at the close of this chapter to do more than mention a few of the more distinguished younger rustic painters. M. De Thoren died before the opening of the Salon in the Champ-de-Mars in 1890, after contributing nine pictures. The picture by M. Debat-Ponsan, of which we give a sketch, is exhibited in the present Salon. That by M. Adan, *Brûleuses d'Herbes*, was exhibited last year. Both these artists have a sense of grace in attitude and in the composition of their subjects that elevates their work above what Theuriet calls 'le parti-pris brutal et faux de l'école dite *naturaliste*.'*

P. G. HAMERTON.

HEAD OF A LION

ETCHED BY HERBERT DICKSEE

THIS noble head is a portrait of a South African lion, which was for some years in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and bore the ignoble name of 'Punch.'

* We have to acknowledge two little oversights in previous articles. In the May number, the title of a sketch from Lefebvre's picture wrongly given as a *Surprise of Diana*, ought to be *Morning Glory*, according to the reference in the text. In the June number, I myself, by a slip of memory, spoke of a certain effect of light as occurring in the mural picture of *Abelard and his School on the Hill of Ste. Geneviève*. I was thinking of the effect in the picture of *Rollin, principal du Collège de Beauvais, à Paris*.

From this fine animal, Mr. Dicksee made several studies for his large picture of *The Dying Lion*, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888. The present etching is from one of these studies. The lion died about three years ago.

AN INVENTORY OF THE CHURCH PLATE OF LEICESTERSHIRE, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DONORS

THESE two stately and well-printed, yet not unduly ornate, volumes* contain full evidence of the competence and especially of the untiring patience of their author, to whom the compiling of this elaborate and, as it would appear, exhaustive *catalogue raisonné* has evidently been a labour of love. If the inventory had necessarily to be made on this imposing scale, and with a text of such fulness, it is not easy to imagine it better or at the same time more simply done; but it may be permitted to ask—after due consideration of the subject-matter of Mr. Trollope's volume—whether *le jeu en valait la chandelle*, or at any rate one of such huge girth and dimensions. Judging by the examples of plate selected for illustration—some of the most attractive of which are, by the way, avowedly of foreign origin—Leicestershire can hardly boast of the possession of any ecclesiastical treasures of the very first order in precious metal. On the other hand, the pretty complete series of sacred vessels and altar furniture here described—beginning with the latter part of the fourteenth century and coming down to our own time—affords a sufficient if not a very ample basis for the study of the successive developments and transformations, in form and workmanship, of objects which have always formed one of the most important branches of the higher industrial art. The author, however, in his preface, frankly avows that his main object in compiling his catalogue was—through the inspection undertaken by him of the church plate in every parish of the county, followed up, as it has been, by the publication of a printed inventory—to induce church officers, as much as possible, to refrain from parting with their ancient treasures. Perhaps Mr. Trollope is of opinion that the size and the dignified aspect of his tomes may have a more deterrent effect than would have been produced by volumes of more modest dimensions.

A SILVER-GILT EWER WITH AGATE SIDES. DATE, 1579.

Incorporated in the text of the first volume are a number of very sufficient illustrations of the more ornate and important examples among the Leicestershire ecclesiastical treasures; but the sets of plates annexed to Appendix F of the second volume—furnishing, it would seem, illustrations of most of the pieces of note not reproduced in the text itself—are mere sections, bearing in general aspect an unfortunate resemblance to the illustrations in the catalogues of certain enterprising commercial firms. To have done with fault-finding, we

* By the Rev. Andrew Trollope, B.A., rector of Edith-Weston. (Leicester: Clarke & Hodgson. 1890.)

may note that—unavoidably, no doubt—the examples comprised in the catalogue do not follow each other in chronological order, all the possessions of the particular parish church, ecclesiastical or secular establishment, referred to for the time being, being grouped together: the fifteenth century thus jostles the seventeenth and the eighteenth, and we are continually retracing our steps; yet it would be difficult in a work of this kind to suggest any alternative arrangement by which this result would be avoided.

SILVER-GILT CUP. DATE, 1692.

The examples of the art of the mediaeval silversmith are, as is usually the case in England, few and far between, and they appear, as compared with the marvels of foreign church treasuries and collections, plain in workmanship and relatively insignificant. The pre-Reformation specimens described are the Communion cups of Blaston St. Giles and Wymeswold, and the patens at Great Easton, Tugby, Ratcliffe, and Syston, together with the mediaeval cup in Mr. Dawson's private chapel at Launde Abbey, which is, however, of foreign origin. A splendid example of early Elizabethan design and workmanship is the ewer of agate and silver-gilt, dated 1579, now in the Duke of Rutland's private chapel at Belvoir Castle. Both this and the fine silver-gilt *repoussé* dish, dated 1581, which is used with it, are secular vessels, which have only accidentally been appropriated to sacred uses. These are exceptionally fine examples of the English silversmith's art, but they do not approach, either in delicate balance of design or elaboration of ornament, the finest productions of the Augsburg artificers, leaving out of the question altogether the wonders of the Italian and French *orfèvres*, such as we contemplate with astonishment at the Louvre, the Uffizi of Florence, and the Schatzkammer of Vienna. Examples of somewhat later Augsburg art—though hardly very representative or important ones—are the silver-gilt cup and cover—date *circa* 1610—at Waltham-on-the-Wolds (p. 145), and perhaps also the pretty 'acorn' cup of about the same date at Stapleford (p. 138). An example of the German fashion in church plate of quite the end of the seventeenth century (1692) is the elaborately chased, jewelled, and enamelled chalice in the private chapel at Earl Howe's seat of Gopsal (p. 397). This is full-blown *barocco* in style, but of unusual elegance of form and design for that period. The heavy style of decoration which obtained in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, and of which the most

prominent examples are to be found in the Crown plate at the Tower of London and Windsor Castle, is fairly well shown in the pair of silver-gilt candlesticks belonging to the private chapel at Stanton Harold, the seat of Earl Ferrers. These form part of a very complete and interesting Communion service, almost all the pieces composing which bear the date 1654.

After all, even if there be brought into the competition the finest extant specimens belonging to each successive period down to the present time of that too much vaunted English plate about which so much has been written, and on which such store is set, it must be owned that in this branch of industrial art the silversmiths and goldsmiths of the best Continental schools have all of them, and almost at all periods, left England far behind. Where can we show anything to match the *champlevé* enamels and the wrought metal-work produced at Limoges and on and about the Rhine in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries? And what English artificer has ever even dreamt of such marvels as the enamelled, nielloed, and chased shrines and reliquaries of that Cellini of the thirteenth century, the Belgian monk, Frère Hugo? To leap over the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—which were, nevertheless, great ages for the workers in gold and silver—we find in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Augsburg and Nuremberg guilds producing work which even the finest Elizabethan and Jacobean plate, such as the great suite at the South Kensington Museum, can hardly be said to rival. In the Louis XIV. period again, France has to show such famous silversmiths as Claude Ballin and De Villers (an Englishman, however, by birth), who fashioned for Versailles those wonders in *argenterie*, of which, unfortunately, nothing but the fame now remains behind, seeing that they were all put into the melting-pot in 1689 to meet the pressing necessities of the *Grand Monarque*. We cannot match such supreme artificers as these, any more than we can produce silver plate to match in elegance of curve and finish of execution the beautiful *vaisselle plate* produced in the Louis XV. period by the family of the Germains and by other contemporary artists. Perhaps in the exquisite finish and elegance of the productions issuing from the Sheffield workshops during the latter part of the last century can we alone be said to have surpassed the similar examples contemporaneously produced by the French silversmiths. The English designs were here, no doubt, based directly or indirectly on French antetypes; but, however this may be, they were in advance even of their charming models, in virtue of a greater fineness and balance of proportion, as of a more chastened and a more genuinely classical elegance of design.

THOMAS ROWLANDSON, THE HUMOURIST

DOCTOR MAGINN told us it was Rowlandson's boast that he had etched as much copper as would sheath a first-rate man-of-war. That the vaunt was not ill-founded is proved by the catalogues which declare that he produced designs on metal by thousands, which included not only those larger single plates most of us associate with his name, but numerous series of examples of twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty each, illustrating books of manners, fun, character, and 'comicality.' He thus left behind him a record of his time which, so far as regards the modes and customs, the dresses, habits, and buildings, the books and furniture, the amusements and the coarser vices of the age, was much wealthier in matter than Hogarth's works (which may be numbered by scores only) and at once more comprehensive and minute than even Cruikshank's. This happened because the stupendous industry of Rowlandson, urged by his chronic poverty and irregular habits, compelled him to fill his

designs with details the most various and characteristic, such as the bric-à-brac on the mantel-shelf in his clever skit of *A Lying-in Visit*, and otherwise where the immense clock hangs on the wall, and the pot-lids, spits, bird-cages, hams, and what-not, reminding one of the background of an elaborate Jan Steen, and filling that capital design which Tegg published in 1813, showing us how Dr. Syntax went into a tavern kitchen in the midst of 'a smoking hot political squabble,' while a curious crowd of men and women filled the scene. There is similar wealth wherever we turn among Rowlandson's designs, from that outrageously laughable view of the *Exhibition Staircase* at Somerset House, where men and women are going up to and falling down from the old Royal Academy rooms, and strange exposures

THE INDIGNANT HUSBAND: DISPUTE ABOUT A MILLINER'S BILL.

result, to the plate on the buffet and the attire of the ladies in *A Mad Dog in a Dining-room*, where treasures of matter are delineated with admirable fidelity and facility, and only the faces of the people are at all caricatured. Although some of the incidents Rowlandson delineated, especially those anent the drinking habits of our ancestors, are inconceivably coarse, and would be incredible if the testimonies of Gillray, Hogarth, and others, did not affirm his veracity, there is not the least ground for thinking that he departed far from the truth, or to any great extent exaggerated what he drew with amazing spirit, completeness, and love of fun. From 1774 till 1809 the ordinary Englishman and Englishwoman and all their belongings were drawn from the life by Rowlandson with incomparable industry and vigour. A wonderful picture! a wonderful people!

It is never to be forgotten, however, that Rowlandson had not much knowledge of, nor many opportunities for, studying more than one stratum of the society of his time; its higher and finer elements never came within his ken, any more than they passed before Cruikshank. Hogarth's stage, nobly 'manned' as it was, was even narrower than his. Gillray's was,

socially speaking, somewhat higher, but it was not more crowded nor more interesting. The purpose of Rowlandson, being not in the least didactic with the intention of ameliorating the condition of anybody, differed thoroughly in that respect from Hogarth's, which was nothing if not critical of men's morals or manners, and admonitory as well as sardonic. Cruikshank, on the other hand, had, so to say, an existence in two successive parts, the first phase of his career being that of a political and social satirist who, belonging to no party, sometimes shot his arrows to the right—where the besotted Prince Regent stood a conspicuous mark it was hard to miss—and sometimes to the left, where, among others, the unlucky and foolish, if not guilty, wife of that worthy appeared, and was a glaring offence to taste and society. Cruikshank's second part was that of a most intemperate and egotistical prophet of what he called 'temperance' in respect to intoxicating liquors. I think Cruikshank

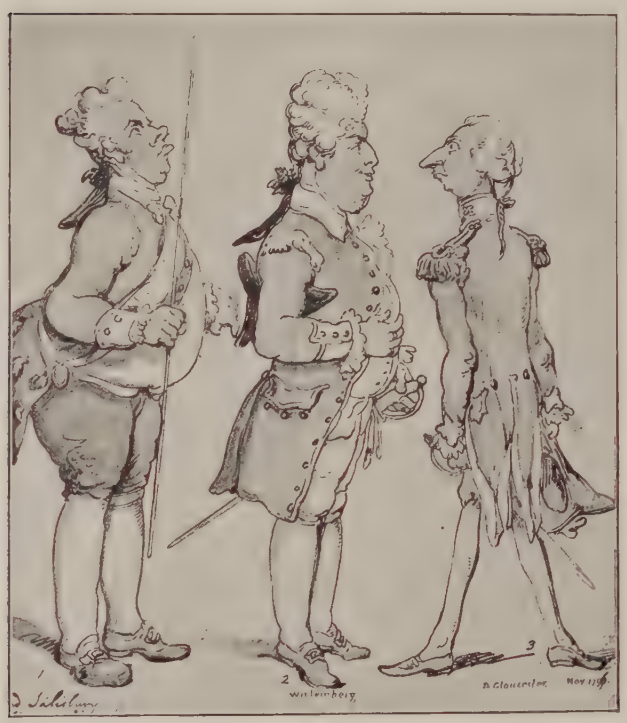
TAKING THE HORSE FROM A CHAISE.

was the greater and more prolific inventor of the group of satirists and reformers here in question, but it is not to this matter I now venture to call attention. Gillray was essentially the scourge of his foes in politics, and troubled himself little about the manners or morals of his victims, unless indeed their lapses in such respects could be made to serve as feathers to the darts he launched with amazing zest and vigour.

It is doubtless to this direction of his genius that Rowlandson owed not a little of his extraordinary reputation on the Continent, where, as a satirist of men and manners, his distinctions rival those of Hogarth himself, and are attested by the wealth of his works to be found in the public collections of prints at Amsterdam, Paris, Brussels, and even, we are told, at Vienna. Of course, his rare tact in delineating pretty girls and buxom women, not less than that admirable power of draughtsmanship which never failed him, had much to do with the greatness of his fame abroad, where those things were, in his day, better understood than at home. Hogarth, the very father of modern satirical design, won that extraordinary distinction which attended the re-engraving of his pictures in Germany and France. In the former country, and especially at Berlin, the modern school of satirical, or rather sardonic design, great and able as its professors are, owes its best elements to him. No honours of this sort attended the younger wit. But, compared with the fecundity

of Rowlandson's genius, the productiveness of that of the graver master is limited indeed. Nor was Hogarth always equal to himself; as an artist, many of his works are not a little below the standard. Strange as it may appear, it is manifest that the master satirist himself laboured his studies, and often found his hand unequal to the demands of his eye, brain, and will. Of Gillray, a capital artist, except that he seems to have been a freer, as he was certainly a looser draughtsman than Hogarth, much the same may be said. Even Cruikshank, with all his facility and felicity of draughtsmanship, and stupendous inventive genius, did not technically approach Rowlandson, who seems incapable of going wrong or drawing feebly; who could draw a boat or small craft of any sort as well as Mr. Wyllie now does, who sketched horses and cattle in a way unsurpassed by George Morland, and, with additional brilliancy, made studies as solid and learned as those of James Ward himself, that prince of cattle-painters.

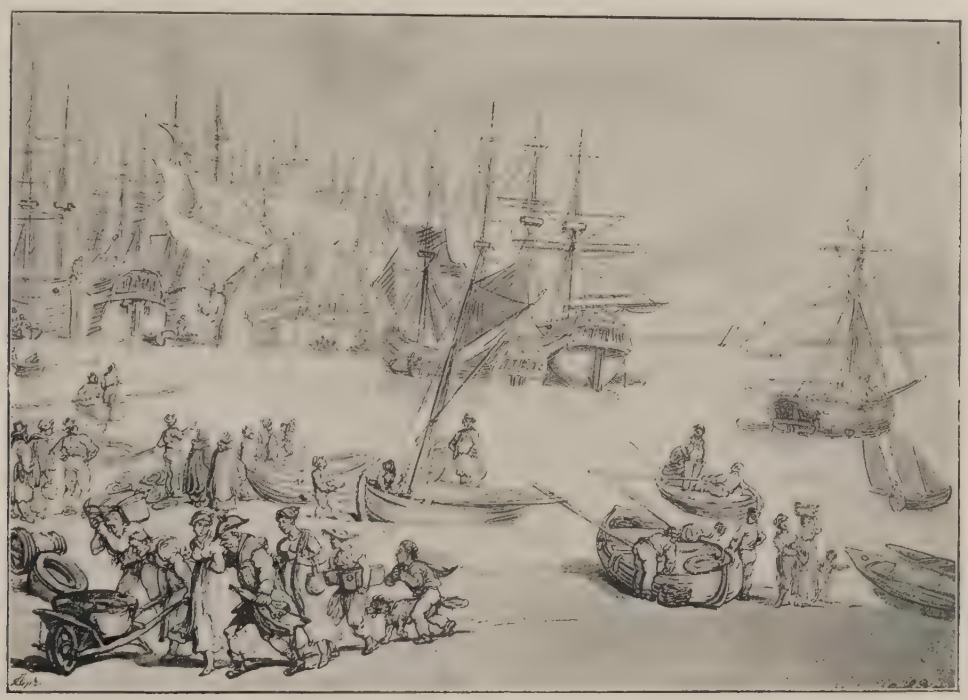
It may be asked how it came about that the fame and honours of Rowlandson have suffered something very like obscuration in the world at large, and that, apart from collections of amateurs and nations, so few of the public know enough about him to be able to discriminate one of his works from those of his contemporary, Gillray, a very different person, and a satirist whose technique is much inferior to his, good as that of each of the men may be. It is easy to discriminate Hogarths from Rowlandsons and Gillrays, and everybody knows a Cruikshank at sight. The answer, that the designs of Gillray and Rowlandson have become as *caviare* to the general goes without saying of satirical draughtsmen who affected contemporary subjects and shot Folly as she flew; in this differing from Hogarth, who applied himself to human nature more than to manners or politics. With Cruikshank the case is different; his range was far wider than that of any of his forerunners, his subjects come nearer our own time, and his vigorous feeling for light, shade, and 'colour' in black and white gives to his works charms denied to the exquisitely drawn reed pen and pencil designs of Rowlandson, neatly washed though many of them are with somewhat pale though pretty colours. It is, besides, much against Rowlandson's popularity with the British Matron and Mrs. Grundy that a very large number of his productions exhibit features which were questionable in his day, and are quite out of the question now. That such features are not always patent to the casual observer of his designs does not help Rowlandson's case, because Mrs. Grundy always likes to know where she is, and the British Matron is a timid personage.



LORD SALISBURY, THE PRINCE OF WIRTEMBERG, AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

However this may be, it is certain that, the 'Cabinets of the Curious' apart, the honours of one of the most charming draughtsmen, witty satirists, fecund inventors, and clever humourists of the eighteenth century, an artist of unlimited popularity for more than forty years (*circa* 1780–1825), and whom Reynolds and West agreed in admiring most warmly, had so far passed out of vogue that the 'English Cyclopaedia,' which was during at

least three decades the best popular biographical dictionary of its class, contains no 'life' of Rowlandson, and this, too, when the artistic biographies of that important work were supplied by a writer so able and sympathetic as Ralph N. Wornum, once Keeper of the National Gallery, and the author of 'The Epochs of Painting.' To the late Mr. Thomas Wright, and still more to the living Mr. Joseph Grego, Rowlandson's ghost owes all the acknowledgments such a one can pay. The latter author did wonders to deserve the prayers of the satirist who has been 'translated' where there is no gambling and where spirits do not reside in bottles. We may, however, challenge the title of Mr. Grego's 'Rowlandson the Caricaturist,' and without fear aver that the genius in question was really something much better than a mere caricaturist like Wigstead, Sharpe, or Collett. He had not the sardonic force or moral aims of Hogarth, nor the amplitude of Cruikshank's resources, tragic as well as comic; the genial wit of Leech, the razor-edged touch of the younger Doyle, or the rollicking fun of Bunbury were not his, and he was made of much finer stuff than Gillray,



PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

whose merits are nevertheless very great. A 'caricaturist' he was not at all. We may challenge and question part of the title and a few minor matters in the 'Rowlandson' of Mr. Grego, and wish he had substituted the 'Humourist' for the erring term; but there is no question of the value of the book itself, which is really a catalogue *raisonée* in chronological order of a large number of capital satires by one whose very career was curiously in keeping with his art, his subjects, and his fame. It would be easy to moralise about Rowlandson in the vein of Shakespeare's wisest fool, but I would rather, helped by the cuts before the reader, illustrate some of his leading motives and designs, supply a few notes anent his doings, and leave the moralising to those whom it may concern.

According to an obituary notice supplied to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of 1827, by a friend of Rowlandson who had, he said, known him during more than forty years, the artist was born in July, 1756, in the Old Jewry, a now not very artistic region, but then a street in which people lived, where his father was a tradesman who throve well enough at his business to enable him to send the young Thomas, then little more than a child, to an academy of good repute and doubtless expensive character kept by Dr. Barvis in Soho Square,

where for one of his schoolfellows he had Richard, the son of Edmund Burke, and much lamented as 'poor Dick,' who was three years younger than Rowlandson. It is reported of the little Thomas that even when he had not passed his tenth birthday he 'drew humourous characters of his master and companions on the margins of his school-books.' It appears that he was early admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy, which were then but recently established in Chambers's new building at Somerset House.* In his sixteenth year (1771), Rowlandson was sent to Paris in order that he might pursue his studies under the ablest masters of the day, and while there 'made rapid advances in the study of the human figure,' and, I may add, gathered materials for those capital illustrations of French life and character he afterwards produced with great vivacity and *éclat*. He remained nearly two years in France, and, returning in 1774, renewed his attendance at Somerset House, where among his comrades was 'Jack Bannister,' then intending to become a painter, but, later, immortal as a comedian. Forming a close friendship with Bannister at the Academy, Rowlandson was happy in the duration of that intimacy, which lasted not less than fifty-two years, *i.e.*, while he lived, and may be said to have closed with the grave, at the side of which the player attended the remains of the artist a few days after his death, on the 22nd of April, 1827.

It appears that fortune did not continue to favour the business in the Old Jewry, and some of the speculations on which the proprietor had. ventured were disastrous to such an extent, that Thomas Rowlandson was (to use the quaint phrase of the biographer upon whom we have to rely for most of our knowledge about this artist) 'before he attained his manhood obliged to support himself.' In other words, we may say that before he came of age, or, say, in 1776, the young satirist was thrown on his own resources. Few were better provided than this brilliant draughtsman, accomplished humourist, and energetic designer. Mr. Grego says Rowlandson established himself as a serious artist in 1777, but I think this is at least a year too late; but probably two or even three years previously he had already exercised his wonderful felicity in sketching and been paid for it. In 1775 his first recorded appearance was by means of a drawing representing how *Delilah payeth Sampson a Visit while in Prison at Gaza;* and his address, 'No. 4 Church Street, St. Ann's,' ought to give zest to the walks of those who look for historic sites in Soho. He continued to exhibit at the Academy until 1787, and sent twenty works in all. In 1783 he sent to the gallery of the Society of Artists of Great Britain, which was then established at Exeter Change in the Strand, his address being at 103 Wardour Street, Soho, four 'stained drawings,' one being of the *Place Victoire à Paris*, and another *An Inn Yard at Stratford-upon-Avon*, indicating the excursions of the artist. Church Street and Wardour Street were then reputable addresses, which bespoke the fortunes of their tenants. There is no doubt he wandered to Paris and other French cities. About this time he occupied himself with painting portraits, some of which are known to be of capital quality and excellent as likenesses. Later he was in Germany and the Low Countries, and his drawings made there abound in grace, spirit, fun, and interesting matters of detail, such as are mentioned above.

The 'Gentleman's Magazine' which, as stated already, contains the best and tersest notes of Rowlandson's career and character, gives them so clearly that I may as well quote them at first-hand, especially as there is really nothing else at once so trustworthy and so good which is not—like the 'Reminiscences of Henry Angelo,' the fencing-master of St. James's Street, who was a special crony of the satirist — anecdotic rather than comprehensive. Gossiping

* An advertisement before me says, under date January 9, 1771, 'Notice is hereby given to the Members and Students, that the Academy is removed to Somerset House, and will open on Monday next, the 14th inst., at Five o'clock in the Afternoon. F. M. Newton, Sec.' Till then the offices and schools of the institution were in the historic building called Old Somerset House (or Place), or Denmark House, as it was styled, while the exhibitions were held in Pall Mall.

old 'Ephraim Hardcastle,' as W. H. Pyne was pleased to call himself, likewise gave in his 'Wine and Walnuts' several illustrations of Rowlandson's character and appearance which are beyond the limits of this paper.

'Sylvanus Urban,' continuing from his statement of the effect of the failure of Rowlandson *père* upon the fortunes of the son, tells us: 'He, however, derived that assistance from an aunt which his father's reverse of fortune had withheld. This lady, who was a Mademoiselle Chattelier, married to Thomas Rowlandson his uncle, amply supplied the youngster with money (there is no doubt she had done the like, with no good effect, at an earlier period than this, that is, during her lively nephew's first sojourn in Paris, a few years before, when he was studying in a French *atelier*); and to this indulgence may be traced the careless habits of his early career, and for which he was remarkable through life. At her decease she left him seven thousand pounds, much plate, trinkets, and other valuable property. He then indulged his predilection for a joyous life, and mixed with the gayest of the gay. Whilst at Paris, being of a social spirit, he sought the company of dashing young men, and, among other evils, imbibed a love of play. He was known in London at most of the fashionable gaming-houses, alternately won and lost without emotion, till at length he was minus several thousand pounds. He thus dissipated the amount of more than one valuable legacy. It is said to his honour, however, that he always played with the feelings of a gentleman, and his word passed current, even when with an empty purse. He assured the writer of this hasty memoir, who knew him for more than forty years, that he had frequently played throughout a night and the next day, and that once, such was his infatuation for the dice, he continued at the gaming-table nearly thirty-six hours, with the intervention only of the time for refreshment, which was supplied by a cold collation.'

Rowlandson is, notwithstanding the above unflattering record, reported to have been a tremendously industrious worker; therefore we may safely conclude that the gambling spirit did not trouble him long. His great backer and 'patron' was Ackermann, of that famous 'Repository of the Arts' which long flourished in the Strand, and who gave employment to many a clever sketcher. Mr. Grego has collected a goodly number of amusing tales of Rowlandson's dealings with Ackermann, who bought and sold innumerable drawings and prints by his wild, irregular, and luxurious 'client.' No doubt he found his account in thus acting. Nor did drawing in this fashion exhaust the resources of the artist. He illustrated 'The Travels of Dr. Syntax,' and other publications, and he, like other professional artists who were satirists—*e.g.*, Matthew Darley and Cruikshank—improved and etched, or otherwise reproduced for publication, the designs of amateur wits whose skill was not sufficient for themselves.

It was in 1784 Rowlandson sent to the Academy, with other works, that celebrated drawing of Vauxhall Gardens, which seems to me, on the whole, his *chef-d'oeuvre*. As such the aquatint engraving from it by Pollard is esteemed in France, where it has a quite exceptional value. It is not only full of beauty and admirable in artistic respects, but the finest picture of that famous place of entertainment, which was then in the zenith of its fortune. No reader of Walpole will attain solid notions of society at play as he described it until he has studied this wonderful design, crowded as it is with charming or vigorous figures of lords, ladies, demireps, singers, beaux, belles, soldiers, sailors, and what-not.

The first published work of Rowlandson with a date (June 8, 1774) is *The Village Doctor*, which shows how a luckless wight called up a rural practitioner in the night-time, and was heartily scolded for doing so because of false alarms inflicted by inconsiderate visitors who disturbed their victim's rest. His next important subject is a gambling party deeply concerned in an 'E O' table, or the so-called *Fashionable Vowels*. This is dated 1781. The

ever-memorable Westminster election of 1784, in respect to which Gillray exerted himself to the utmost, occupied the pencil of Rowlandson, who gave some capital portraits of Lord North, Fox, Orator Henley, and other leaders of the day. It was the occasion of the buxom Duchess of Devonshire's blandishments applied to the electors of Westminster. Rowlandson did not forget the lady or her wiles, and greatly increased his own reputation by this means.

That reputation was enhanced from year to year, and grew with greater brilliancy as the artist applied his skill to countless subjects, including George III., the Prince of Wales, the Duchesses of Rutland and Gordon, Garrick, Lord Auckland, 'Peter Pindar,' Lord Hood, Lord John Townshend, Pitt, Chatham, Napoleon I. in all his phases, his brothers, the Duke of York, Mrs. Clarke, the Queens Charlotte and Caroline, Colonel Wardle, the Emperors Alexander and Francis, the Empress Catherine, Sir F. Burdett, and politicians of every colour. With these persons, incidents and actions of all sorts were amply displayed by 'Rowley's' reed pen, etching needle, brush, and pencil; in ink, in colours, and in oil. He gave us cuts to the life of soldiers and sailors, ladies, courtesans, gamblers, parsons of every grade, peers, paupers; flirtations, luxuries, poverty, work, play, the stage, home-life, taverns, town and country life; the French in their warlike and peaceful occupations; Irish rebellion, savagery, treachery, and superstition; racing pictures, the Royal Academy, theatres and the opera, sketches of surgery, of female intrigues—amorous as well as social and political, of doctors and quacks, lotteries, balloons, masquerades, matrimony and its good and evil courses, lawyers, the Pantheon, the Pavilion at Brighton, ships, barbers—male and female, friars, and nearly every trade and craft which was practised during Rowlandson's time. The very catalogue of his subjects would fill one of these pages, and a list of the names of those whom he delineated in one way or another would be a sort of index to a biographical dictionary, including nearly two generations of men and women.

The illustrations accompanying this inevitably inadequate text give fair ideas of the style and tastes of Rowlandson, but it would require a volume and a hundred more to do justice to the man and his works, which even more than Gillray and his prolific and energetic brush and pen illustrated men and manners during a long period of time, and, with Gillray, filled the interval between Hogarth and Cruikshank. The last contemporary record of him is the obituary, 'April 22 [1827], at his apartments in the Adelphi, after a severe illness of two years, aged 70, that veteran graphic humourist, Mr. Thomas Rowlandson.'

F. G. Stephens.

INNSBRUCK

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

THIS drawing was acquired for the South Kensington Museum in 1889. It is a bright representation of the main street of the Tyrolese capital, the Maria-Theresienstrasse, which seems to end in the great overhanging mass of the Sollstein, with its wooded sides and craggy, snow-capped summits.

The Annen-Säule, in the foreground, is a pillar which was set up in 1706 to commemorate the brave stand made by the Tyrolese against the French in 1703, during the War of the Spanish Succession. The church, on the left, is the Spital Kirche. The whole street shows the mixed German-Italian architecture characteristic of the place.

Innsbruck.

THE LAGO DI GARDA

'Suso in Italia bella giace un laco . . . .'

IF I mistake not, the first sight I ever had of the Lake of Garda was from San Giorgio, locally known as 'Ingannapoltrone' or 'Cheat-the-lazy-bones,' for the reason that, like many another mountain landmark, it proves a good deal more difficult to reach than it looks. We had driven to Count Serego-Allighieri's villa in the hills near Verona, where, they say, part of the 'Purgatorio' was written. The excursion is generally prolonged to the quarries of Sant' Ambrogio, most travellers going no further; but we climbed the hill to the eyrie village that crowns it, and were rewarded by the experience of two new sensations. One was due to tasting for the first time the wine of the Valpolicella, a surprisingly ancient and precious bottle of which was produced by the host at the humblest of inns—nectar wherewith to refresh wayfarers, unfrequent as gods; while the other was evoked by a vision of sky, plain, and mountain in the first flush of sunset, and of a translucent expanse 'the sweet colour of oriental sapphire.' 'Ecco il lago di Garda,' said with a certain pride the kindly peasant women who had run to open bolts and bars of the approaches to the marble loggia which is the best vantage-point for the view. They were anxious to show us what they knew to be beautiful, without thought of *soldi* either, which is the last thing the Italian peasant thinks of where not spoilt by strangers. I remember that with them was a girl with large, soft eyes, who was called 'Libera,' because she was born in the year which brought freedom—1866.

The broad features of nature must have looked much the same in the old time as they look to us. Go back far enough and, of course, you will find blue ice instead of blue water; but since there were men to see them, the outline of the fair wide lake and the profiles of the mountains cannot have greatly changed. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if the early man in search of a home said, 'Here we will remain.' Along the Veronese shore from Peschiera to Garda hundreds of the piles on which he raised his dwellings are still intact, the lesser violence of the waves on that side accounting for their preservation, which would have been impossible on the wind-swept western bank. The unique find of the Stone-age objects in the possession of Dr. Rambotti, of Desenzano, was not made, however, in the lake of Garda itself, but in a boggy tract called Polada, which, from its being on a higher level, is supposed to have once formed a small independent lake. Here Dr. Rambotti dug out his treasures, keeping silence about his discovery, like a wise man, till he had finished his task. As having been found close together in one very limited area, the contents of his little museum must excite amazement. There is no catalogue at present, and I can only give a rough list, set down from memory, of a few of the more striking items. There are flint knives and arrow-heads innumerable, some most artistically wrought; guards for the hand when shooting poisoned arrows; implements for causing the arrow to deflect; baskets woven of clematis vines; personal ornaments, such as the teeth of bears and wolves, and fossil shells neatly bored with holes for suspension; pottery baked in the sun, not by fire, in shapes which a Greek might not have disowned; saws with cleanly cut little teeth, and the wooden tool into which they fitted; buttons, conical atop, flat underneath, with a well and bridge to allow of their being fastened on; tablets with dots, which may have served as money or for counting; finely carved and ornamented articles in stag's horn; bones of wolf, bear, stag, and ox. One enormous head of the pre-historic ox is the finest specimen of the kind I know. Dr. Rambotti shows his collection to any one really interested in the subject, and the pleasure of his visitors is increased by making the acquaintance of so accomplished a *savant*.

After the Stone-men, many races had time to breathe this sweet air and pass away like shadows; but the first people we can clearly recognise are the Etruscans, of whom there were

important colonies. Then came a pugnacious Celtic race, much given to roving—the Cenomani —who have left their name at Le Mans, which was their capital. By them the Etruscans were badly treated, and forced to fly to the Alps, though doubtless some remained to mix their blood with that of their conquerors: as happened whenever the same circumstances arose to a greater degree than ethnologists of the 'clean sweep' persuasion are inclined to admit. By-and-by the Romans came, and by no means sent away the Cenomani, but made them comfortable, and left them to worship their hill-god, Bergimo; nay, actually restored his altars at the request of the populace, raising, meanwhile, their own to Minerva—for were there not her beloved olives to gladden her?—whose presence is recalled by the Rôcca di Manerba, a bold headland of orange-tinted nummulite limestone fronting the village of the same epoch-marking name which is the central point in the fertile Valle Ateniese. An exquisite bronze statuette of the goddess was found some years ago in the neighbourhood of Peschiera.

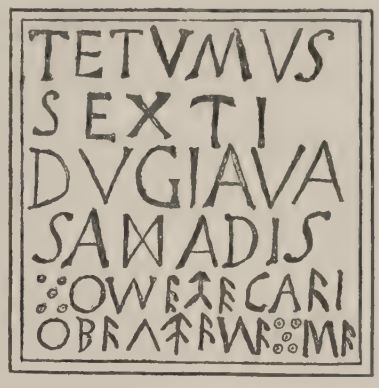
TREMOSINE, LAGO DI GARDA.

Hercules was also the object of particular veneration, and the recent discovery of a Roman tablet inscribed '*Herculi Maguzzano*,' makes it likely that Maguzzano, near Padenghe, had an altar with a similar dedication, and was the chief seat of his worship.*

The epigraphs found in the group of mountain villages forming the commune of Tremosine have served more than anything else to reconstruct the history of the early Roman settlers. Tremosine can be approached by a goat's path winding up the *façade* of sheer rock from the water's edge, while behind it lie mountains, passable indeed, but so rough and unfriendly that they were long thought to be frequented by witches, who lured young children to their doom in savage spots where the devil in person was certified on excellent authority to take his walks. Not even the visit paid to Tremosine by S. Charles Borromeo sufficed to clear the country of these unwelcome sojourners, who lingered on till a recent period. Nevertheless, when once it is attained, the high green slope on which the hamlets are dotted is seen to be well fitted for human habitation. The pastures are rich, the fruits of the earth prolific, and that a place was out of the way had its advantages in primitive times. In the last century enterprising archaeologists began to notice the numerous stones with Latin inscriptions,

* See 'Il Convento di Maguzzano,' by Signor Cesare da Ponte, lately privately printed at Brescia.

and one, happier than the rest, hit upon the following, which has since been examined by the learned of many lands, but has not yet resigned its secret:—



This is the only bilingual inscription which has been discovered in sub-alpine Italy. Letting alone the Etruscan part of it (if it be Etruscan), it is not particularly clear what the Latin is about. The other Tremosine epigraphs have been all deciphered. There were Romans of quality here, and they were permanent residents, as they commonly prepared while living the last resting-place for themselves and their families. We learn the names of the parents, the children, the 'dearest' or 'sweetest' consort whom it is desired to commemorate. Most of the inscriptions finish with the sweet salutation of Roman courtesy which speaks its message even to us, more curious than reverent pilgrims: 'Viator vale, et sit tibi viator, valete cuncti.'

These greetings from the dead to the living bring to our thoughts the yearning cry of the living to the dead, the

> '. . . . . "Ave atque Vale" of the poet's hopeless woe,
> Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,'

which our own Laureate heard through all Sermione's groves of olive when he, too, carried there his sorrow for a brother's death. But one should not associate only sad memories with the spot which inspired the most radiant expression of pure joy that any place has ever called forth:—

> 'Of all peninsulas, Sirmio, and of islands,
> Loved gem! those either placed in still lake waters,
> Or lashed each side by Neptune's mighty billows,
> How gladly, how delightfully I hail thee!
> From Thynia and Bithynian plains scarce deeming
> I can have 'scaped, and reach thee now securely.
>
> 'Oh, what so blest, as to be freed from troubles
> When the mind lays aside its load, and wearied
> Of foreign wanderings, we regain our homestead,
> And rest upon the couch so long desired;
> This, this, the full reward of all my labours.
> Hail, pleasant Sirmio! kindly greet thy master;
> Rejoice ye, too, calm lake, glad Lydian water,
> Laugh, and let all the household join the laughter.'

Sermione is a long neck of land which broadens and heightens at the end. The configuration of the lake presents several examples of nearly the same thing—Isola Lechi, for instance, was doubtless once joined to the shore by an analogous strip, though its severance need not have occurred so recently as popular tradition asserts. Where Sermione begins to widen, the Scaligers erected an imposing castle, under the lee of which lies the small, poor village. At the entrance of the castle there is a passage cut for boats, or as a defensive measure, and crossed by a bridge (probably once a drawbridge), which makes the further part of the promontory a real island. The little solitary church of San Pietro, near the top of one of the three hillocks which form the interior, is thought to stand on the foundations of a temple. 'Quella là è la chiesa di Catullo,' said a bright, bare-footed fisher-boy, with a wave of his hand towards the church, and I own I was rather struck by the general accuracy of his remark. But it was odd to picture Catullus worshipping before that altar, with its curious frescoes of stiff, attenuated saints, belonging to an early stage in Christian art. About as far from the church as it is from the village, grouped all round the extreme point of the island, rise the Roman ruins, grown in and around by olives, under the shelter of the hill, with the lake at their feet. These great arches, this bewildering series of lofty rooms, surprise and impress the imagination, which is so much more powerful an agent than are the eyes in determining

how what we see affects us. The smallest bit of the Roman mason's handicraft fills me, at least, with respect, but these spacious ruins retain the Roman characteristic of size as well as of solidity. I have never seen a satisfactory painting or photograph of them, for while the brush gives colour and the camera shape, neither can conjure up the idea of mere strength and vastness—which is why it is a vain thing for the young artist to take his sketch-book to the Arena of Verona or the Pont du Gard. I ought not, however, to speak of those mighty works in the same breath as of Sermione, or I shall be raising expectations that will not be realised. The effect the ruins first had on me, and have still every time I see them (for the mind is apt to go on turning out new editions of its first impressions), came partly from the fact that I expected very little, having reserved what has been written on the subject for perusal afterwards—generally a good plan.

The purpose of the building of which these are the remains is still undecided. A Veronese nobleman, Count Ortis Manara, spent the bulk of his fortune in excavations which led to no great results. At the Maloja, shortly before his death, Sir Richard Burton told me of his design of visiting Sermione in connexion with a translation of Catullus in which he was engaged, and it would have been most interesting to have heard the conclusion arrived at by his keen judgment. The extent indicated by the ruins makes it difficult to believe that this was the rural retreat of the poet, even supposing that it had first belonged to his father, who was a rich man and the host of Julius Caesar at Verona. Then, again, competent authorities consider the architecture to be of a later date than half a century before Christ. The popular theory is, that the building was a large bathing establishment; but, if so, how did it escape mention by Pliny and every other writer of the period? A prosaic person has suggested that it was an institution for fish-culture. Others hold the opinion that some millionaire of the Empire, attracted hither by Catullus' description, transformed the original villa into a sumptuous palace, stopping short, perhaps, before he had entirely carried out his design, for there is an air of incompleteness about the place.

Of one thing we may be sure: when Catullus sang of Sirmio he had it all to himself. One fancies a good many happy-faced dependents drawn up to welcome the easy young master, but there was no *kurhaus* with its idlers and invalids, there were no rich neighbours within calling distance to come and gossip when they were not wanted, or to make 'questions' about rights of way. The poet was undisputed king of his little domain; he found there the freedom and relief which temporary emancipation from social forms and shackles brings the true man of the world. He could enjoy the feeling to perfection just because he was fond of society and was courted by it: a man who perforce lives always far from crowds cannot understand the self-possession, the quickened personal consciousness tasted by the occasional hermit—which made Sir Walter Scott say somewhere in his journal that life in the country is so much more exciting than in a town.

Standing among the ruins, we seem to be on an islet far out to sea, the world left well behind. The violet coasts are indistinct, the lake looks immense. As a matter of fact, Sermione is the sole point commanding very nearly the whole stretch of the lake, the view of which is everywhere else divided into sections by the frequent promontories. I never felt the sentiment of an enchanted remoteness so strongly as in one mid-November evening at Sermione. After the sun went down and the thin crescent moon was up, such a golden glow spread along the west that our faces and every natural object shone as if transfigured. There was no noise except the measured lap of the lake. It was a moment to which the sorest heart might have said, 'Stay! thou art fair.'

Catullus brought his cherished yacht to finish its days on the waters of Benacus, which is one of many proofs that either the Mincio was navigable throughout its course, or was connected by a canal with the Adige. Communication with the sea was easy and rapid; Virgil thought nothing of making Benacus furnish a fleet conveying five hundred men to the aid of the Trojans.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

JULY 1.—By far the most interesting of the exhibitions opened during the last month is that of Bookbindings at the Burlington Fine Art Club. It has been long in preparation, and more than once its scope has been extended. The result of much labour is a collection which illustrates the whole course of the art, from the eighth century down on to the heels of our own time. Nearly all the famous libraries have contributed specimens. Among the lenders are the Queen, Lord Crawford, Lord Ashburnham, Mr. Holford, Mr. Alfred Huth, Mr. T. R. Buchanan, Mr. Alfred Cock, Mr. Tyssen Amherst, Lord Spencer, Mr. Elton, Mr. Quaritch, Mr. Toovey, Mr. Virtue Tebbs, &c, as well as the libraries of Westminster Abbey, Stonyhurst College, Eton College, All Souls' College, Durham University, and Lambeth Palace. The catalogue, which is still under revision, has been prepared with the help of Mr. E. Gordon Duff, Mr. W. H. James Weale, and of Miss Sarah Prideaux, herself a practical binder, who has written the historical introduction. The exhibits are arranged in chronological order. They begin with the gorgeous casings of metal, ivory, and precious stones, in which great manuscripts were dressed. The most famous and most gorgeous of these, though far from the most artistic, is the volume known as the 'Ashburnham Gospels.' The bindings proper begin with those in stamped calf. These are excellent examples of English art in and after the twelfth century. Next come the earlier examples of what the Continent could do in the same line. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the copy of the Mazarin Bible, bound for Gutenberg himself by Johann Fogel, whose signature appears upon it. In the fourth case gold tooling begins, and with it the supremacy of the French. Of inlaid bindings made for Maioli and Grolier there are some remarkable specimens, but perhaps the most interesting Italian binding in the collection is that of Mr. Alfred Huth's 'St. Augustine,' which once belonged to Leo X. It is in calf, gilt all over and elaborately tooled. Mr. Huth's copy of the Paris 'Digest' in six volumes, all differently painted, is another treasure from the sixteenth century. A large case is devoted mainly to the more delicate Continental binders, with 'Nicholas Eve' and 'Le Gascon' at their head. Mr. Huth's 'Traité sur la Charité' is one of the finest examples of Le Gascon in the world. The next four cases are in the main devoted to English bindings of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, with a few curious Scottish ones interspersed among them. The last two cases are devoted to what may be loosely called contemporary work. In them examples of Bedford, Zaehnsdorf senior, and Robert Riviere will be found, which bear comparison with anything in the room for grace, appropriateness, and finesse of execution. The mistaken cry for originality has made itself heard once more in connexion with this exhibition. Our binders are besought to be original, to invent something new. It is to be hoped they will do nothing of the sort. Their true path is to accept the best traditions they can find, and to develop and extend them by introducing those modifications which experience, individual taste, and the character of the book to be bound, may suggest. On these lines perfection may be caught and chained to our wheels for good.

AN exhibition of more than a hundred and fifty pictures by the older masters of the English school is open at the galleries of the Messrs. Dowdeswell, in New Bond Street. It includes a large number of Morlands and Cromes, and a sufficient showing of Constable, Wilson, Cotman, Chambers, Stark, Müller, Bonington, the two Stannards, George Vincent, and others. There is a portrait by Romney, sketchy, but first-rate in quality; while Reynolds and Gainsborough are both present, though not in State guise. The exhibition is announced as a sort of sequel to one of the Barbizon school held two years ago in the same rooms. Modest in price as well as in fame though most of these Englishmen are, they can thoroughly support the inevitable comparison. In the whole *oeuvre* of the Fontainebleau painters it would be impossible to find anything more superb in colour than Cotman's little picture of a beach at sunset, with fishing-boats drawn up and tucked away for the night; more brilliant in truth than Constable's *Cottage in a Cornfield*, or the little *View of Stirling* by William Collins; more fat and expressive in handling or more subtle in sense of beauty than Morland's *Rustic Courtship* or *Boy and Girl Fishing*; more dexterous than William Müller's *A Lane* or *Sketch for the Slave Market*; more complete in its treatment of atmosphere than Bonington's *Honfleur* and *Music*; or more poetic than Wilson's *Nemi*, which has, by the way, nothing to do with the famous lake. Nearly every picture in the room is of cabinet size, the chief exception being the large *Boulogne from the Sea* of George Chambers, a first-rate work of its kind. To those who have at heart the project for a National Gallery of British Art such a gathering as this should be most encouraging.

A LARGE collection of work by Professor Legros is on view at the little gallery in Vigo Street which it pleases Mr. Dunthorne to call the 'Rembrandt Head.' The catalogue runs to 167 numbers, but one of these relates to Rodin's bust of the Professor. The amateur of Mr. Legros' etchings will find most of the later ones here, and with them the lithograph of M. Champfleury, a number of exquisite studies in silver point, a few bronzes, a collection of the Professor's medals and medallions, and a pair of models in plaster—a Centaur with a Lapith, and a female torso—which show the artist's refined methods to perfection. Mr. Legros has been so silent of late that this display is doubly welcome.

AT the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street, a collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. A. N. Roussoff is on view. They deal with Cairo and the Nile, and are both clever and extraordinarily true to the atmosphere of Egypt. Nearer Piccadilly the *flâneur* will find a collection of some forty pictures, or rather miniatures, by Jan van Beers, at the 'Continental' Gallery. They are of the usual type, and though abundantly dexterous, imitative, and even conscientious, they have little enough to do with art. A writer elsewhere says: 'He (Van Beers) has so strong a personality that it is impossible to overlook him; but we confess that to us his sentiment is detestable.' 'Detestable' is a little too much in earnest, but otherwise we agree. A decorative panel with the portrait of a child upon it is better, however, than the rest. It has real charm.

A COLLECTION of designs and pictures by Mr. Walter Crane is also to be seen at the Fine Art Society's. It includes the originals of many of those illustrations which have charmed us in children's books, also a number of his *cul-de-lampes*, title-pages, and covers for magazines, as well as some designs for wall-papers and other things purely decorative. In all such matters Mr. Crane's talent is admirable. It is otherwise when he embarks on pictures, and he would, perhaps, have done better had he omitted to remind us of such productions as the *Bridge of Life*, the *Pandora*, and *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.

MR. J. LAVERY's picture of *The Queen's Visit to the Glasgow Exhibition* may be compared to his countryman, Mr. W. E. Lockhart's, *Jubilee Ceremonial in Westminster Abbey*. In conception it is equally simple and direct, and free from the artificial picturesque. The execution is broad and decisive, the colour scheme as well balanced as the materials would allow. The values are excellently seen, and the whole affair is convincing. It is on view at Mr. McLean's gallery in the Haymarket. More of Mr. Lavery's work is to be seen at the Goupil Galleries in New Bond Street. Here is another version of the *Night after the Battle of Langside*, which Mr. Lavery painted on different lines some years ago. Here, too, is a version of the *Tennis Party*, which was bought last year by the Bavarian Government. A life-size equestrian portrait, an *Amazone*, is also very good in its way. The show includes some two-score things of less importance, but all teeming with cleverness.

A CURIOUS collection is to be seen at Mr. W. J. Stacey's, 28 Old Bond Street. It consists of sketches connected with Browning, made chiefly in London, Venice, and Asolo.

Browning's room at Asolo, the Market Place, and other notes made in the now famous little town will be looked at with curiosity.—At Mr. Larkin's Gallery, 28 New Bond Street, a somewhat miscellaneous, but yet most interesting crowd of old prints and modern paintings by Japanese artists, has been brought together. The arrangement bears marks of haste, but the lover of Dai Nippon will find plenty to look at.

The loan exhibition with which Eton celebrates its ninth jubilee is mainly notable for the pictures. These include some fine examples of Reynolds and Romney, as well as no end of ancient portraits with an interest chiefly historical. The relics, of course, fascinate Etonians vastly more than outsiders, but even those to whom a public school is a *terra incognita* can look with curiosity on the famous block, the baleful bit of wood on which so many celebrated people have had to part, *pro tem.*, with their dignity.

The South Kensington Museum has just acquired a mosaic of great value under conditions which add to its interest. It is a triangular panel, and was formerly in the tympanum over the main doorway of the Cathedral of Orvieto. The design is by Andrea Orcagna, and represents the *Baptism of the Virgin*. The mosaic was taken down in the last century, and sent with other things to the Pope. In the Vatican it remained until a year or two ago, when, with some other unconsidered trifles, it was sold to a dealer in Rome. It was afterwards acquired by an English dealer, who, however, was prevented by the Italian Government from taking his purchase out of the country. Hence a lawsuit, which took up time and money. Finally, permission was given for the exportation; the mosaic was brought here, and purchased by the South Kensington authorities for a very moderate price. It has been placed on the right, looking towards the clock, of the North Court.

On the 11th of June a bust of Sir Henry Layard was uncovered in the British Museum. It is characteristic of us English that more than a generation was allowed to elapse before anything was done to mark our recognition of one of the foremost of archaeological explorers, and that when done it was done in so modest and unostentatious a fashion as almost to defeat its own ends. The bust is placed near the foot of the great staircase. As a work of art its merit is small, but the likeness is good. The material is marble, the carver Signor Castioni, the original modeller the late Sir Edgar Boehm.

The President and Council of the Royal Academy, in their capacity as the trustees of Chantrey's will, have purchased a water-colour drawing of *A Lion, a Lioness, and a Cub*, by Mr. Harry Dixon, which is a mere enfeebled echo of Mr. J. M. Swan; a marble figure called *Pandora*, by Mr. Harry Bates, which was at the Academy last year; and Mr. P. H. Calderon's now notorious *Renunciation of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*. With one exception, the statue is the feeblest thing Mr. Bates has done, and in no way represents the author of the *Hounds in Leash* in the present Academy, of the *Socrates* relief at Manchester, or of the *Æneas* plaques reproduced in The Portfolio for September, 1888. As for the *St. Elizabeth*, nothing can justify its purchase. It is not even a characteristic Calderon. The *Aphrodite* of some eight years ago is worth fifty of it, while as for being the best obtainable picture of the year—which it ought to be if Chantrey's conditions are to be kept in mind—no one would have the hardihood to call it that.

Another of our characteristic English blunders in the matter of monumental sculpture is in course of perpetration—will, indeed, have been perpetrated before these words are in print. In the centre of the southern half of Waterloo Place, between the Athenæum and the 'Senior,' a replica of the late Sir Edgar Boehm's *Lord Napier*—the first cast is in Bombay—is being set up. It is one of the worst of Boehm's statues, and it is perched on a pedestal far too small and mean for the site. And all this we are doing with our eyes open, for the original statue has been long enough in existence to have established its character.

The sales during the last month have marked the climax of the art season. The last Saturday in May saw the final break up of the collections left in the hands of Constable's descendants, some of the sketches bringing wonderful prices for what were little more than *pochades*. A week latter the large collection formed by the late Mr. C. P. Matthews was dispersed. The prices were a little eccentric. Frith's *King Charles the Second's Last Whitehall Sunday* brought 1650 guineas; Holman Hunt's *Finding of Christ in the Temple*, 3400 guineas; three landscapes by Hook, 1700, 1620, and 1700 guineas respectively; Müller's *Island of Rhodes*, 3300 guineas; and Sir Frederick Leighton's *Music Lesson*, 2350 guineas; while, on the other hand, Sir John Millais's superb bit of colour, *The Ransom*, fetched only 800 guineas, and his famous *Sisters*, 500. A far inferior Millais to either of these, *The Flood*, fetched 1500 guineas. Mulready's *Toy Seller*, the last picture he ever painted, was bought by Mr. Doyle for the National Gallery of Ireland for 290 guineas. The hands in it are wonderful, and illustrate curiously an anecdote given in the 'Memoirs of Richard Redgrave' just published by his daughter. *At the age of seventy-three* he said to Sir Henry Cole, 'I used to be able to draw half a dozen hands carefully and correctly in an hour; now I find I can't do that. I must restore that power; I must get it up again!' And get it up he did, as this picture proves. Seven fine examples of J. F. Lewis were also included in the sale. The two best, *An Intercepted Letter in the Harem* and *The Turkish School*, fetched 1680 and 1700 guineas respectively.

The sale of Saturday, the 20th, attracted buyers from all over Europe, for it included two great rarities in the shape of a pair of fine Watteaus, as well as some fine examples of Ruysdael and Frans Hals. The two Watteaus were those known as *L'Accord Parfait* and *L'Occupation selon l'age*, from the titles on the engravings by Dupuis and Baron. The first, a small picture, 14 by 11 inches, brought 3500 guineas; the second, measuring 14 by 16 inches, was knocked down for 5200 guineas, it is said to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, of Paris. The Ruysdaels were a *Rustic Cottage at the Edge of a Pond*, a particularly fine example of his early manner, and a *Haarlem from the Dunes*. The first—it measured 12 by 11 inches—brought 590 guineas; the second 750. The two Hals were little more than miniatures, but they sold for 430 and 230 guineas respectively. A Pater in the same sale sold for 1300 guineas. The two Watteaus, the two Hals, and one of the Ruysdaels were from the James Collection. The drawings from the same collection were sold on Tuesday, the 23rd. They included eighty drawings by Watteau—the finest series in the world. Some of these were knocked down for remarkable prices.

The death is announced of Herr Anton Springer, Professor of Art History in the University of Leipsic. Professor Springer's name had been somewhat obscured during his later years by newer reputations, but his books on 'Raphael and Michelangelo' and on 'Raphael's School of Athens' have a permanent value. He was also the author of a 'History of Art in the Nineteenth Century,' published at Leipsic in 1883. He was a typical example of the *Deutsche Gelehrte* of the old school, knowing as much as books could tell him, but without the eye of the born connoisseur. The deaths have also to be recorded of the sculptor E. J. Hahnel, author of many important statues in Germany, including the Charles IV. at Prague, the Raphael at Dresden, the Leibnitz at Leipsic, and the great equestrian monument to Prince Schwartzenburg, in the Schwartzenburger Platz, at Vienna; of Mr. Alexander M. Peebles, the city architect and successor of Sir Horace Jones; of Mr. Edward John Tarver, architect and antiquary; and of M. Louis Claude Mouchot, a French artist who once enjoyed a considerable reputation as a painter of Oriental subjects.

Angels weeping over the Dead Christ.

GUERCINO

A HUNDRED years ago the Carracci group and their famous pupils, Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, and Albani, were at the apogee of their fame. When the great Orleans Gallery was brought to England in 1792, and afterwards in successive sales, ranging from 1798 to 1800, publicly and privately dispersed, the paintings of the Bolognese schools were to the full as hotly competed and as highly paid for as the earlier and greater masterpieces forming part of the celebrated collection. It was thence that the great English collections of the time, and especially that of Castle Howard, obtained—often at enormous prices—the examples of the eclectic art *par excellence* which, until comparatively recent years, have enjoyed so high a repute. Horace Walpole, whose taste well exemplifies in a somewhat etherealised form that of his period, literally revels in the Bolognese masters, for whom he openly avows his preference above all others. He has, perforce, Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, often in his mouth, but Guido always in his heart. He cites the offspring of the *Accademia degli Incamminati*—as Ludovico Carracci's art school was sometimes called—on a level with the real protagonists of Italian painting, and evidently is not conscious, in such a coupling of names as those of 'Titian and Guido,' of any obvious incongruity or disparity. Still, it must be owned that the hero of the present memoir found little favour in his eyes, bright star among the luminaries of the Bolognese group as he undoubtedly was then, and still is deemed to be. The arch-dilettante, indeed, more than once stigmatises him as 'a German Guido,' objecting to the heaviness of his colour and chiaroscuro, but all the same comparing him, even though it is all to his disadvantage, with Correggio. Now the Carracci and their children in art have fallen upon evil days, and if in England they are neglected and passed over, rather in silent distaste than in openly expressed aversion, in France they are overwhelmed with contumely, and cast shattered from the pedestals which they so long occupied. It is not long since certain Parisian critics were clamouring for the exclusion from the Long Gallery of the Louvre of the important collection of Bolognese works which fills one whole section of its vast space, in favour of the canvases of the French school of this century—since splendidly housed in the *Salle des Maréchaux*—and upon the artist whom they would stigmatise as outrageously *démodé*, false, and artificial, they delight in fixing the epithet, '*un Bolonais*.' That the Eclectics have on the whole deserved to fall from their high estate cannot well be denied, seeing that the cardinal principles embodied in an exaggerated form in Agostino Carracci's famous sonnet addressed to Niceolò dell' Abbate* are radically false and

* 'Chi farsi un buon pittore cerca e desia,
Il disegno di Roma abbia alla mano,
La mossa coll' ombrar Veneziano,
E il degno colorar di Lombardia.
Di Michel Angiol la terribil via,
Il vero natural di Tiziano,
Del Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano,
E di un Raffael la giusta simmetria,
Del Tibaldi il decoro e il fondamento,
Del dotto Primaticcio l'inventare,
E un po di grazia del Parmegianino,'
* * * *

cannot but lead those who practise them — even though it be on a scale of great splendour and thoroughness — to ultimate disaster.

If the Bolognese, without stinting their admiration of the great men whom they chose to imitate in their mannerisms rather than in their essence, in their works rather than in their method of self-development, had endeavoured to renew the exhausted art of their time by a franker study of nature, approached with eyes undazzled by the prestige of the riper Renaissance, then, indeed, with the opportunities before them, and with the undoubtedly great executive powers at their command, they might have given an entirely different direction to the art of Europe during the seventeenth and the subsequent centuries. They were, however, inevitably, in temperament and in standpoint, men of their own time; they were the Epigoni of a great race exhausted and a great period closed, and the freshness of a nascent art still struggling upwards, still battling with physical obstacles, could not well be theirs. The condemnation in which their school, their aims, and their productions are now by a common consent enveloped is, we must repeat, unquestionably in principle just. For nowhere in the history of art could a more striking example be found of brilliant, all-conquering success achieved by pernicious and speciously deceptive methods and precepts. At the same time, the cheap and unreasoning scorn with which '*les Bolonais*' are now overwhelmed, especially by some of the many critical authorities among our neighbours, must appear to the unprejudiced observer nothing short of ridiculous. Especially is this so when we consider that the Carracci, and still more the leaders among their successors, have produced among their interminable series of empty and uninspired compositions—put together according to what appeared to them an infallible recipe rather than spontaneously evolved—certain masterpieces of their kind which can never fail to inspire the student who knows how to look back with a large measure of respect and admiration. Among these we need hardly point to the frescoes of the Farnese Palace by Annibale and Agostino Carracci, and the *Three Maries* of the former at Castle Howard; to the *Communion of St. Jerome* in the Vatican, and the *Bath of Diana* in the Borghese Gallery, both by Domenichino; to Guido's great *Pietà*, and his *Massacre of the Innocents* in the Pinacoteca of Bologna, and above all to his masterly *Aurora*, with its supremely happy adaptation of the Raphaelesque style and method; finally, to Guercino's *Sta. Petronilla* in the gallery of the Capitol, his *Dido* at the Spada Palace, and his *Aurora* and *Fama* at the Villa Ludovisi. The unmeasured contempt which it is the fashion to lavish on these hapless Bolognese in France is the less consistent since all well-thinking persons over the water, even among critics, think it necessary to preserve intact a certain official admiration for those Bolognese of France, Simon Vouet, Sebastien Bourdon, Le Brun, Le Sueur, Jean Jouvenet, and the great Poussin himself—a pupil, it must be remembered, and a passionate admirer of Domenichino.

Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, called from a defect of eyesight 'Il Guercino,' or 'the little squinter,' was born at Cento, a town situated near Bologna, but belonging to the Duchy of Ferrara, in 1591. He was never, in the strictest sense of the word, a pupil of the Carracci — that is one of the *Incamminati* — but he none the less is one of the most prominent exponents of the Bolognese style, though with a difference; and it is to a study of the works of the founder of the school, and chiefly of Ludovico, that the definitive development of his genius is to be traced. Various authorities recount variously the early years of his life and training at Cento; some stating that he had none but obscure masters, and owed everything in the first place to self-training, in the next to the revelation effected by a sight of the then epoch-making works of the Bolognese *capo-scuola*. This is, however, a misleading statement of fact, seeing that Barbieri had as his first teacher Benedetto Gennari the elder (1570–1610), a master of considerable repute at Cento, and, if we may judge by certain well-authenticated works which he has left behind him — including a *Christ with the Disciples at Emmaüs*, now in the Pinacoteca at Cento, where it was formerly attributed to his pupil,

and some important canvases bearing his name at Bologna — one to whom Guercino owed more than his biographers have cared to own. In these canvases would seem, indeed, to lurk the essence of Guercino's style, and thus certain marked differences by which he stands out from the rest of the Bolognese group would be *pro tanto* satisfactorily accounted for. On the other side must, however, be set the statement that Gennari — in this, however, strangely unlike most teachers — not only early appreciated at its true worth the talent of his pupil, and associated him in all his important works, but even requested him to correct and repaint certain portions of his own performances. This would give rise to the supposition that the peculiar Guercinesque manner was after all an original and spontaneous outcome of Barbieri's artistic personality, and that its presence in the production of the master is attributable to the collaboration with him of the more genial follower. Altogether these beginnings of Barbieri's career in his native place require further investigation to clear up a certain confusion which undoubtedly at present exists. It may be convenient to state here that Guercino's connexion with the Gennari family was a lifelong one, for Bartolommeo and Ercole, sons of Benedetto the elder, became his pupils, and he espoused their sister; while Benedetto the younger, son of Ercole, also became a member of his academy, and after his *Lehrjahre* worked in England for Charles II. and James II., and subsequently in France for Louis XIV. and the Duc d'Orléans, dying at Bologna in 1715. It is stated that Guercino, after leaving his native town, studied some time at Bologna, and subsequently at Venice, where the works of Paolo Veronese would appear greatly to have influenced him in the matter of the adoption of rich modern costume, and of a standpoint at once realistic and decorative. He also worked at Rome during the pontificate of Paul V. (Borghese), and fell strongly under the influence of Michelangelo da Caravaggio, becoming for the time being, as Guido had done before him, a *Naturalista*, but correcting the inky blackness of his master's chiaroscuro by a richer and more coloured sombreness, derived doubtless from the example of Correggio. The story that our painter was personally acquainted with Caravaggio, and that he was led by the impetuous temper of the latter to avoid his society, must surely be mere legend, seeing that the elder master died in 1609, when Guercino was eighteen or nineteen, and that he had been banished from Rome for a considerable period previous to his premature death. (See New Catalogue of National Gallery under 'Barbieri.') Guercino had already, in 1616, acquired such repute that he was able in that year to found in the little Bolognese town where he had been born and bred an academy, modelled no doubt in imitation of the great parent establishment created by the Carracci in 1589 at Bologna. His school proved highly successful, and was frequented by numbers of young painters from all parts of North Italy. It must, however, have been subject to frequent interruption, seeing that he was constantly being called to Bologna, where in 1618 he painted the fresco, *The Captivity of St. Rocco*, in the church of that name; and for his patron, Cardinal Ludovisi, *The Awakening of Tabitha*, now in the Pitti. In 1619 and 1620 we find him at Ferrara, and he also journeyed somewhere about this time to Venice. Early works in his naturalistic manner are the *Madonna with Saints* (1616) at Brussels, the *St. Peter* (1618) in the Pinacoteca of Cento, the *Christ Crucified* (1618) at Modena, and *The Captivity of St. Rocco*, already mentioned.

To about this time (1620) belongs, too, an admirable work executed at Cento, but now in the Pinacoteca of Bologna, *St. William of Aquitaine assuming the Habit of a Monk*, in which the saint kneeling at the feet of the Virgin is a manly and gracious apparition marked by a tempered and noble realism. The rich and powerful chiaroscuro is here employed with a greater force than by the Bolognese contemporaries of the artist, yet without that power of concentration, that conscious adaptation of this mode of expression to its proper uses, which distinguishes the most characteristic performances of Correggio. With this work may be mentioned *The Ecstasy of St. Francis* in the Louvre.

Guercino was recalled to Rome by his patron, Cardinal Ludovisi, who had then assumed the papal tiara under the style of Gregory XV. It is in this period that are to be placed the works of his second style, which is that of his early maturity and in many respects of his greatest perfection. He then painted for the ground floor of the Villa Ludovisi the splendid *Aurora*, a ceiling decoration in fresco, evidently conceived in emulation of Guido's masterly ceiling done some twelve years previously at the Rospigliosi Palace, and as much surpassing that famous performance in unity and harmonised richness of tone and colour as it is inferior to it in beauty of composition and rhythmical elegance of movement. He also painted for the first floor of the same casino the splendid figure of *Fama*. To this period belongs moreover the great *Sta. Petronilla*, an altar-piece executed, like so many preceding and contemporary masterpieces, for one of the chapels of St. Peter's, and now replaced there by a mosaic copy, the original being at the present time the central ornament of the not over-rich picture gallery in the Capitol. Here is represented with an almost Venetian opulence of splendid costume and detail, but with a startlingly powerful, if somewhat violent and scattered chiaroscuro — which, derived from Parmese originals, is by this time all Guercino's own — the disinterment of the fair saint's body at the bidding of her lover, while in the upper part of the canvas her immortal part, still sumptuously clad in mundane garments, already appears kneeling in heaven before the Saviour. The chief criticism levelled at the work has been that its two scenes, the earthly and the celestial, are insufficiently bound together from a pictorial point of view; this is, however, a fault from which Raphael's *Transfiguration*, then deemed the picture of the world, is not exempt, and which is still more noticeable in Guido Reni's great *Pietà* in the Pinacoteca of Bologna.

In 1623 was executed the fine *Assumption of the Virgin*, now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Guercino left Rome definitively in that year, on the death of Gregory XV., and returning to Cento would appear there to have re-established on a permanent basis his academy of painting. He was engaged in 1626–27 in the decoration of the cupola in the Cathedral of Piacenza with frescoes representing the Prophets and Sibyls, which constitute one of the artist's ripest and noblest works. To 1631 belong the ceiling frescoes at the Palazzo Zampieri in Bologna, representing *Hercules and Antaeus*, and, above all, one of the most vigorous and individual performances of our master, the *Death of Dido*, in the Spada Palace at Rome. Here, again, the *naïveté* and modernity of the conception, the picturesque and anachronistic splendours of the costumes, suggest Paolo Veronese; but the work is above all distinguished by a liveliness and truth in the expression of passion, both in the figure of the dying queen and in those of her attendants, which stands forth a rare exception in Bolognese, and, indeed, in all contemporaneous art. In 1633 we find our painter at Modena, whither he was summoned to paint the portraits of the Duke and his consort, still extant in a private collection at Piacenza. In 1642 died Guido Reni, who had in the evening of his years reigned supreme in Bologna, surrounded by a host of pupils. Guercino, seizing upon the unequalled opportunity thus presented, migrated from Cento to Bologna, and, filling the vacant place of the deceased master, reigned not less absolutely there, admired and imitated by a hardly less numerous following, with whose aid, during nearly a quarter of a century, he flooded Italy with works constituting certainly his least claim to glory.

Guercino's style, in this his third stage, lost much of its individuality, and assimilated itself in a curious fashion to that of Guido, becoming paler and more washy, and at the same time less homogeneous and more garish in colour than heretofore. Of this style prominent specimens are the *St. Bruno* (1647) in the Pinacoteca of Bologna, the scenes from Guarini's *Pastor Fido* and Marini's *Adonis* in the Dresden Gallery (1647), the *Lot and his Daughters* (1650) in the same gallery, and the *St. Thomas* in the sacristy of St. Domenico at Bologna (1663). Favourite *atelier* productions of this last, quasi-official period are the all-too-familiar figures of St. John the Baptist, St. Sebastian, the Magdalen, Judith,

Cleopatra, and the Sibyls, obviously derived from Guido, and distinguished in a less degree for the same kind of rhetorical and too obvious pathos. No painter left behind him more copious series of drawings and studies than our painter, as all must be well aware who are acquainted with the 'Eighty-two Prints engraved by Bartolozzi from Original Drawings of Guercino,' and the 'Suite d'estampes d'après des dessins de F. Barbieri, par A. Bartsch' (Mannheim, 1803–1805). An original etching by the master is the *St. Anthony of Padua* (Bartsch, 'Peintre-Graveur,' XVIII., p. 362).

Guercino died at Bologna in 1666. The sole example of his art to be found in the National Gallery is the little *Angels Weeping over the Dead Body of Christ*, here reproduced, which was bequeathed to the nation in 1831 by the Rev. W. Holwell-Carr, who obtained it from the Borghese Gallery at Rome. This is, however, of its kind and time a masterly performance, strongly characterised by that wholesome and vivifying naturalism which marked his earlier and better time, and thus more truthful and more pathetic than the academic and perfunctory performances of the later years. The figure of Christ is admirable in drawing and foreshortening, and painted with a broad, decisive touch in really astonishing relief, while the weeping angels, if not of an elevated type, are marked by a real *naïveté* and sincerity of pathos. The powerful chiaroscuro is here not only rich, and well concentrated, too, beyond the painter's wont, but impressive, and duly accounted for by the supernatural luminosity of the body of Christ. Were we to judge the Bolognese masters solely by the comparatively small examples of their work to be found in the national collection—a proceeding which, be it observed, would be highly misleading, seeing that it is mainly by their monumental decorations and their great altar-pieces that they must be estimated—we should place *Il Guercino da Cento* at their head, for the gallery contains nothing by any of his compeers of a quality so high as this little piece.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

SYMMETRY IN JAPANESE ORNAMENT

SEVERAL recent writers on ornament appear to labour under a misapprehension in regard to Japanese art. I may best represent their opinions by quoting some of their published utterances in their own words. In the 'Philosophy of Ornament' of Mr. W. G. Collingwood, a work which appeared in 1883, I find it stated, with reference to the Japanese, 'Not only do they dislike elegance, but they abhor symmetry. You will never find in Turanian decoration anything approaching to classic balance and repetition; and this liberty and caprice has been one of the chief recommendations of Japanese design to Europeans tired of Renaissance formality.' In another place the same writer bids us note 'the absence of sensibility to seriousness and sweetness' in Japanese ornament. And, once more, he says that the art of the Japanese is 'uncouth, eccentric; and if picturesque, only so from the surprise with which you note inexhaustible humour, stray touches of nature, or even unexpected tenderness, like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout.' I will now cite a couple of sentences from another writer, who is in evident agreement with Mr. Collingwood. Mr. Gilbert Redgrave, when discussing, in the year 1889, certain textiles in the South Kensington Museum, said, 'The decorative art of Japan relies almost entirely on beautifully drawn foliage and flowers disposed in the order and grouping in which they occur in nature, and without any attempt to consider their adaptation to the surfaces to which they are to be applied. We are bound to confess that the charm of the art must lie in its very waywardness and in the absence of conventional methods of treatment.' And even the

erudite Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, who has resided long in Japan, would seem to lend some support to the opinions just quoted, when, in his recently published volume, 'Things Japanese,' he says, 'In the days before Japanese ideas became known to Europe, people there used to consider it essential to have the patterns on plates, cushions, and what not, arranged with geometrical accuracy. If on the right hand there was a Cupid looking to the left, then on the left hand there must be a Cupid of the same size looking to the right, and the chief feature of the design was invariably in the exact centre. The Japanese artisan-artists have shown us that this mechanical symmetry does not make for beauty. They have taught us the charm of irregularity.'

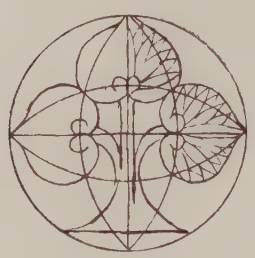


FIG. 1.

Now, the object of the present paper is to show that the Japanese decorator does appreciate and does employ, when he pleases, ornament which is not only conventional, but also symmetric; ornament which is not only adapted to the material and the use of the object decorated, but is also restrained, significant, and simplified, or conventionalised.

In proof of my position many different classes of decorative work might be cited and illustrated. Ornament obviously influenced by European models must be excluded; to put aside every motive to which a Chinese origin can be assigned would not be easy, nor, for my purpose, necessary. The *mon*, or armorial devices of Japanese families have a peculiar interest in relation to the subject now under discussion. Many of them, which can be traced back for several centuries, were drawn from objects of indigenous origin. Now, among the 307 cognizances of the greater Daimyos, or feudal chiefs of high rank, thirty-seven only, or just over twelve per cent., can be regarded as picturesque and symmetrical. The remaining 270 offer a complete, or, in some cases, a bilateral symmetry. The familiar imperial crest of a Chrysanthemum-flower having sixteen florets affords an example of complete symmetry; while the chief *mon* of the Honda family (a group of three Asarum-leaves) may be taken as an instance of bilateral symmetry. That Japanese ornamentalists are careful to secure exact balance and proportion in their drawings of such crests may be gathered from the diagrammatic constructions which abound in their pattern-books. Fig. 1 reproduces one of these diagrams, in which the lines on which the Honda crest is planned are carefully rendered. It will, however, be noticed that there is in this design a trifling departure from absolute correspondence between the stalks of the two lateral leaves. Slight irregularities of this kind are not rare in Japanese geometrical ornament; their occurrence is advantageous, tending to remove the sense of mechanical stiffness. Similar unobtrusive variations are familiar to us in much decorative work of Western origin, notably in the finer forms of geometrical Gothic ornament.

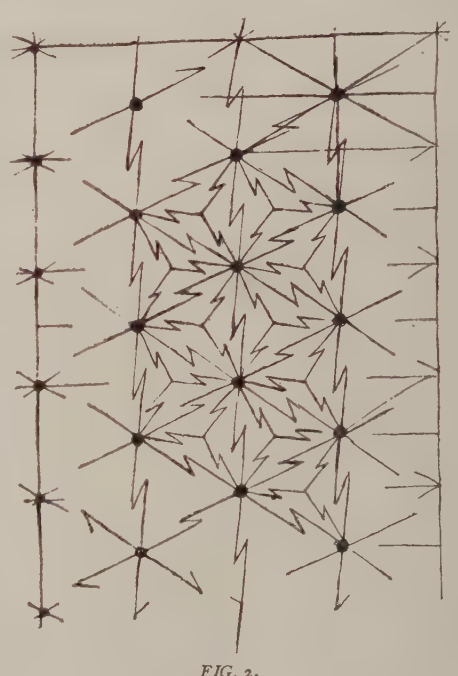


FIG. 2.

It may reasonably be contended that in heraldic designs, if anywhere, symmetrical arrangements are particularly likely to abound. But even if the full force of this argument be allowed, such a concession by no means impairs the strength of my position. Not for one moment do I suggest that Japanese ornament is characteristically or commonly symmetrical. What I affirm is that Japanese decoration does not always avoid 'balance and repetition;' does not invariably 'abhor symmetry;' is not necessarily 'uncouth,' 'eccentric,' 'wayward,' and

marked by the 'absence of conventional methods of treatment.' I find hundreds — nay, thousands — of native Japanese patterns or ornamental arrangements, many of them in no way connected with armorial bearings, and yet essentially symmetrical, repetitive, balanced, conventional. Many of these patterns may be found in the cheap books of designs which for years past have been printed and published in Japan, and which enjoy a large measure of popularity both in the country of their production and in Europe. Similar, and sometimes identical, patterns I notice upon old Japanese porcelains, brocades, lacquer and metal-work. Now and then, it is true, a Western origin, or at least a Western influence, may be recognised in some of these designs; but after all necessary deductions have been made, an abundance of symmetrical decorative arrangements may be cited in support of the position advanced in the present paper.

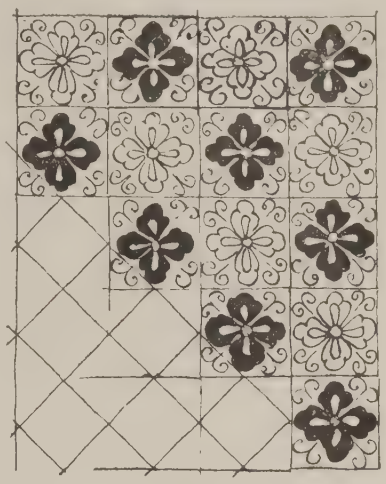


FIG. 3.

The design shown in Fig. 2, taken from one of the cheap pattern-books just referred to, occurs occasionally, with some modifications, upon old Japanese metal-work. Although a peculiar pattern, it is not inelegant; when delicately damascened in gold upon darkly patinated iron or shakudo, it appears both refined and original. Fig. 3 represents a pattern which may be connected with the *mon* or crest of the Yonekura family. A four-petaled floral form is alternately shown outlined and solid: the arrangement brings to mind the diapered background of a mediaeval illumination. Numerous other examples of alternation and counterchange in design may be drawn from the Japanese pattern-books, although in many instances the arrangement of the figures is ingeniously varied. Thus, in one pattern, the design is planned on a system of lines forming a regular series of diamonds or lozenges. At each intersection of the diagonal lines, a maple-leaf is placed. These leaves are of two sorts, one merely outlined, the other kind being black with a white centre. When, however, each individual lozenge is examined, it will be seen, if we follow a series in vertical order, that the leaf at the summit of one lozenge is in outline, while the three others are solid with white centres; and then, that the next lozenge below has its three uppermost leaves of the latter kind and its lower leaf in outline. If we follow the diagonal lines of this construction, an outlined leaf is invariably succeeded by two black ones. In another pattern further variety is introduced. The intersecting diagonal lines forming the network of lozenges are left, the lozenges themselves being filled with the same design treated in three different ways. This design is a four-petaled flower, invariably having a white centre: but some of these flowers are of solid black on a white ground and with four white stamens; others are of white on a black ground and with black stamens; others still are traced in delicate out line. But all the forms are arranged in a perfectly ordered sequence. If we begin with a vertical row of lozenges all filled in with the delicately outlined figure above-mentioned, then the next vertical row will contain black and white figures alternately placed, to be succeeded by a third row identical with the first. But the complexity of these symmetrical

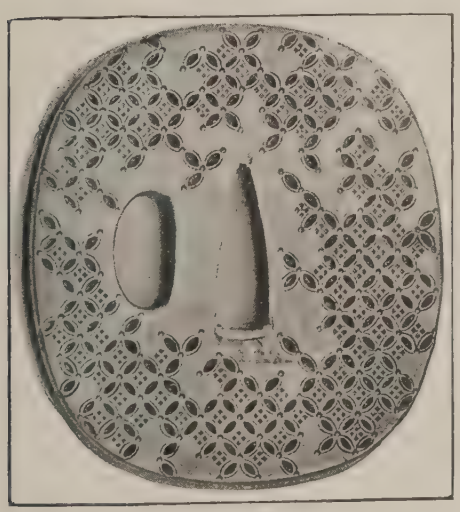


FIG. 4.

diapered designs does not proceed too far, for the Japanese draughtsman clearly perceives that the repetition of two or three decorative elements suffices, and is far more effective than the introduction of a larger variety. On the other hand, he exhibits extraordinary ingenuity in the planning of his conventional ornament, and in the adaptation of organic and inorganic forms to purely decorative purposes.

It is interesting to note how the love of the picturesque in ornament occasionally influences the Japanese craftsman in the execution of a completely symmetrical design. In Fig. 4 is shown a sword-guard by a metal-worker of the eighteenth century, Mitsunaga Goto by name. He has purposely left the diaper incomplete, after a fashion upon which no Western artist would have ventured. Several repetitions of this design are known, but so far as I can learn they all differ in the distribution of those portions of the ornament which have been carried to completion. If, therefore, a single original formed the basis from which these sword-guards were executed, the variations introduced were prompted by the artistic feeling of the craftsman or craftsmen who carried out the first design. However, numerous examples of completed diapers occur on sword-guards. Fig. 5 represents a portion of one of these taken from a specimen by Aida in my collection. It is wrought by means of an inlay of grey bronze in iron. Other completed diapers executed in iron, in copper, and in bronze, have been evidently suggested by the interlacement of netting and of bamboo-plaits, and are as regular as the originals.

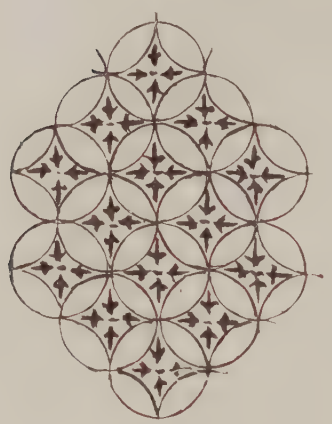


FIG. 5.

A symmetrical radiating form of ornament is shown in Fig. 6, which represents an old sword-guard, made probably towards the close of the seventeenth century. The design is taken from a *mon*, or crest, closely resembling the *Kirimon*, one of the Imperial cognizances, but borne by several noble families of Japan. The three leaves of the *Paulownia imperialis*, which form the important part of the design, are alternately rendered in solid metal and in outline, and are arranged with perfect symmetry.

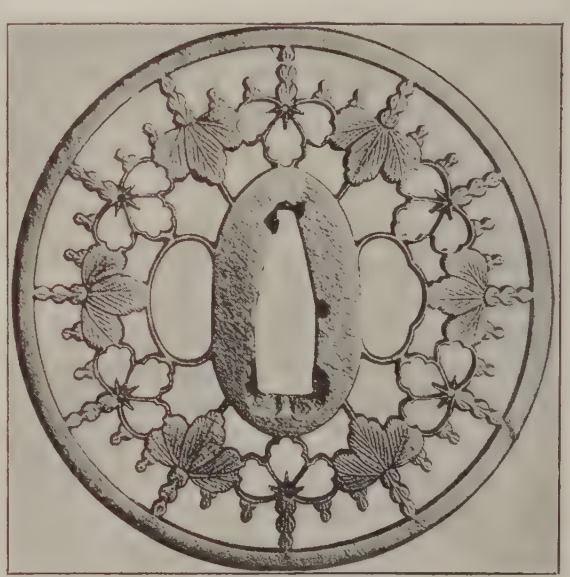


FIG. 6.

The old textile fabrics of Japan often afford striking illustrations of symmetrical and conventional design. The beautiful brocades of silk employed for dresses and for the hangings of Buddhist altars furnish numerous examples of well-balanced ornament. In Fig. 7 is shown—deprived, alas! of its charm of colour—one of the curious triangular altar-frontals. The ornamental details, which are perfectly regular, include numerous repetitions of a rosette, obviously derived from a six-petaled flower. These rosettes are all set on the same dark background; they are surrounded and connected together by means of strapwork, the interspaces being filled with a fine and regular diaper. The employment of balance, symmetry, and repetition are likewise shown in Fig. 8. This represents another triangular Buddhist altar-frontal, and is likewise of silk brocade. The importance and significance of the Fan in Japanese life and customs has caused its frequent introduction into ornamental arrangements,

and the extreme beauty of the colours in which this textile fabric is wrought, goes far towards reconciling the purist in decorative design to the use of this artificial element as part of an ornamental scheme. The robes worn by Buddhist priests often exhibit symmetrical

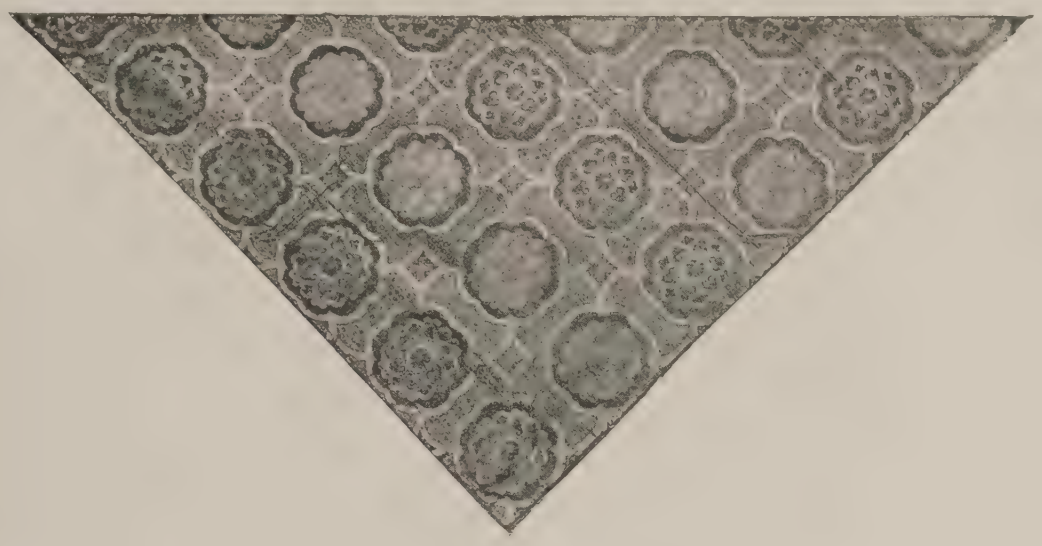


FIG. 7.

arrangements of design and colour, although these are not infrequently disguised by the strange custom of making it appear that these vestments have been constructed of fragments, or that they are a kind of patchwork. On taking to pieces such a Buddhist robe it will often be found that by the readjustment of the material, and the removal of the patches, the original design may be recovered, and will no longer be dislocated and irregular. I have before me

FIG. 8.

a robe thus reinstated, and showing rows of symmetrical chrysanthemum-flowers alternating with conventional cloud-forms. I cite this instance because the original design as it came from the loom was quite regular: only by the exercise of a perverse ingenuity, at the instance of religion, not of art, was the symmetry of the pattern obscured.

The purpose in view in the preparation of the present essay being limited to the recognition of the symmetry occasionally present in Japanese ornament, there has been no need to dwell upon the aptitude with which the Japanese designer seizes upon the really

characteristic elements of the original motive, ignoring what is accidental and unimportant. Such a procedure is, of course, the basis of true conventionalism and of the adaptation of natural forms to the artificial conditions of ornamental work. But I think it will generally be found that in good Japanese decoration there is a marked tendency to associate the more highly conventionalised forms with a more completely symmetrical arrangement of them; in other words, if the elements of a design be artificial, then the distribution of those elements becomes so likewise. The apparently casual way in which armorial bearings or other decorative features are 'powdered' over the surface, say, of a lacquer box is, indeed, frequently less casual and irregular than appears at first sight. In very many cases a kind of balance may be recognised on the further study of such ornamented surfaces; and I have found in several instances that it is possible to draw a straight line, perhaps vertical or horizontal, but more probably diagonal, which shall divide into exact halves the decorated area in such a way that each half shall contain an equal number of the ornamental elements present.

A. H. Church.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

VIII.—*Some Caricaturists*

FRANCE is more old-fashioned than England in her ideas about caricature. In England the genuine old caricature is almost extinct, and in place of it we have sketching with accent and more or less exaggeration, but little of that wild boyish delight in making people hideous that cheered the life of our grandfathers. Mr. George du Maurier takes too much pleasure in his own observant veracity to be a real caricaturist. Mr. Tenniel is a thoughtful and severe satirist, living intellectually above the ordinary level of caricature, and only adopting one or two of its methods, such as the intentional deterioration of bodily forms. Charles Keene was an unsurpassed student of character in the middle and lower classes, but too truthful for caricature of the old kind. Mr. Furniss is a genuine caricaturist, who has revived old-fashioned extravagance in a modern form, but who does not make a mechanical habit of it, as he turns at will to character-sketching, with no more exaggeration than is necessary to make commonplace personages amusing. In France, on the contrary, the systematically extravagant caricature is still a regular article of commerce. There is the 'Grelot,' for example, a journal never seen in private houses, but which has a large circulation in *cafés*. We have nothing in England like the 'Grelot.' It might have succeeded in the eighteenth century, unless the Government had suppressed it for attacking Ministers, but our taste in the nineteenth would have left it without sale. Every week the 'Grelot' gives a large coloured caricature, usually on some social or political subject of the day. These caricatures are now numerous enough to fill an extensive gallery, and a strange collection it would be! It would reflect the coarse cleverness, the cruel, pitiless ill-nature, the dirtiness, the self-conceit, and the rabid hatred of foreigners that characterise the vulgar French mind. The technical qualities of these caricatures are always uniformly the same. The drawing is clear, hard, and in its way accomplished, but without taste or amenity. It harmonises perfectly with the merciless decision of the attacks on men or nations. Additional distinctness is given by the colouring, like that of a map, in crude greens, reds, and yellows, with a flesh-tint according to rule. All faces are made hideous in proportion to the hatred excited by their owners, and yet, in the case of public men, with an undeniable and (to the victims) a painful preservation of a likeness. In political caricatures of this class the very worst and lowest motives are always attributed. There is seldom anything of what we call humour, and the wit that there is springs entirely from malevolence; it is never tender or kindly.

THE WEDDING. BY A. ROBIDA.

If all French caricatures were of the kind that I have just attempted to describe, the study of them would offer very little interest or variety. The English reader cares very little for ferocious attacks on French politicians, and still less for onslaughts on Germans, Italians, and his own countrymen, which proceed in most cases from ignorance and from an intolerance of the foreigner common to the vulgar of all nations. Happily, however, there is a large field of modern French caricature that repays the student, and although if taken in the mass it is too much infected with silliness and impurity to be acceptable without choice, it would be possible to cull from it a rich collection full of the most various human interest.

Without forgetting the clever men of former times, such as Gavarni and 'Cham'—who, like all men of original genius, can never be replaced—it may, I think, be reasonably maintained that French caricature has made progress during the last twenty years. The best of it is much more refined and artistic than it used to be, it is in far better taste. The cleverest men unite in their work the sense of the ridiculous with a love of elegance in costume and form and of grace in attitude. They also evidently like to make their work decorative, and they try, when possible, to cater for the pleasure of the eye. These tendencies are quite opposed to the old habits of the caricaturist, who cared for nothing but the fullest expression of his ill-nature. An excellent example of this modern tendency to beauty in caricature, or at least in humorous sketching, is the work of 'Mars,' already well known in England by his contributions to the 'Graphic.' Convinced that a pretty face is more agreeable to look upon than an ugly one, and that effective patterns in dresses are more interesting than those which are insignificant, 'Mars' seldom fails to make his sketches at once pretty and amusing. From the technical point of view, both 'Mars' and several other men are distinguished by a clearness in design and a vigour of opposition unknown to the earlier caricaturists, and these qualities are due to the modern understanding of limitations in pen-drawing, which cannot deal with infinite gradations of shade, but is effective with the simpler elements of white and black and two greys, accompanied by clear linear definition. Every artist has his favourite types of character. 'Mars' likes to draw young ladies who are pretty and fashionable, and who display, not impudence, but a prodigious degree of tranquil self-possession. His children are active, healthy, and full of play. He treats both women and children with a certain gentlemanly tenderness, and is not blind to their beauty or their charm. His treatment of the adult male Frenchman is not so gentle, and curiously insists upon those peculiarities and defects which strike the eye of an Englishman, so that his satire seems almost English satire directed against our neighbours. The worst objection to the abundant work of 'Mars' is that its treatment of feminine failings is too monotonous. The young women are almost invariably pretty, neatly dressed, and bold. I may add that the accessories are always well observed, and cleverly, if slightly, represented. This, too, is a modern characteristic, for the old caricaturist did not think it worth while to bestow serious attention on furniture and equipage. Again, although 'Mars' is alive to the faults of a society that hardly even pretends to be virtuous, he is never coarse.

Caricaturists appear to be fond of pseudonyms. The artist who calls himself 'Caran d'Ache' (pronounced 'd'Ash') is of all living caricaturists the most original and inventive. He has carried *narrative* caricature to a degree of perfection unknown before his time. No one ever rivalled him in that kind of imagination which perceives beforehand how an absurd situation may be prepared for so as to become inevitable. Sketch after sketch leads you gradually up to it, and if you guess what is coming you see that there is no escape. As linear drawing, often of extreme simplicity, and at other times with a more elaborate decorative intention, the work of Caran d'Ache is of first-rate artistic excellence. When his intention is simply to tell a little story laconically, he remembers that brevity is the soul of wit and

A MONK'S LUTE

reduces the number of his lines to the fewest possible. When he is in the humour for the grotesque, as for example in the uniform of some pompous court, his work becomes ornate, elaborate, and at the same time effectively decorative. It is always, however, firmly and decidedly linear. It is connected, technically, with the earliest forms of line-engraving and with primitive Asiatic design. We ought to be very careful about the application of the epithet 'great' to artists and their works. We live in an age when there is 'little that's great, but much of what is clever,' but I should say that Caran d'Ache is really a great artist, both by the strength and fecundity of his invention, by his wit and humour, and by his rare technical qualities.

M. Robida was known before Caran d'Ache, and has long enjoyed a more popular if less artistic reputation. His subjects are usually found either in the extravagances of contemporary life and costume, or in fanciful anticipations of the future. He has travelled, too, and taken his sketch-book with him. It is long since he published a volume of clever sketches from Switzerland, and I remember some sketches of London, not omitting that fog which is so interesting and even agreeable to our neighbours. There was a sad accident in one of those foggy sketches; a hansom ran into an omnibus from behind, so that the horse got inside the omnibus. They always do so *à Londres*. M. Robida did ample justice to the more dismal aspects of the Thames; it was not his business, as a Gallic satirist, to expatiate upon its beauties. In the streets, he took note of many things peculiarly English —the policeman, the shoe-black, the gin-shop, &c., &c.—just as our own caricaturists are attracted by what is most French in Paris. Not that M. Robida is blinded by his patriotism to what is ridiculous in Parisian life itself. He delights in the extravagances of costume, and being gifted with a strong instinct for decorative exuberance, he makes the utmost of every suggestion afforded by the caprice of fashion. It is amusing to observe the persistence of this decorative instinct. In one of M. Robida's sketches illustrating 'Les Grands Jours de la Vie,' a little black dog is made to come in as part of the decoration along with the blacks in the ladies dresses. The dresses themselves are always *consistently* exaggerated: I mean, that the artistic sense and significance of the design are first accepted, and then the exaggeration is no more than a carrying out of the same principle to possible, if extreme, consequences. Here is a costume for the varnishing day at the Salon of the Champ de Mars (fashion of 1890). The young lady thinks, 'I already wore this toilette at the varnishing day at the Champs Elysées; it is too simple. I ought to have worn something more for the varnishing at the Champ de Mars.'

COSTUME FOR A VARNISHING DAY.
BY A. ROBIDA.

M. Robida is humane enough to have some pity for the victims who visit picture-galleries in obedience to fashion. In a sketch of a wedding tour he shows the pair seated on a bench, utterly exhausted with 'six leagues of compulsory galleries' under the tyranny of 'the terrible Michelangelo, the ferocious Raphael, and those Primitives, dear madam!' It is rather unfortunate that we cannot give one of those coloured prints in which the variegated hues of the dresses add so much to the spectator's pleasure or amazement. In black and white Robida is at his best in the pompous Parisian wedding.

Colour may sometimes add greatly to the force of ridicule in a caricature. In one of

'Job's' caricatures, a lady, travelling towards Paris, displays a green-backed volume with red edges. Her husband exclaims, 'What an idea, to buy such a book!' so the lady answers that it harmonises with her dress, which is also green and red. Is not that a satisfactory reason for book-buying? The judicious use of colour in caricature may often heighten the absurdity of a figure. In a large coloured caricature by 'Job' some officers are inspecting recruits, and amongst the recruits is an *artiste dramatique* (what we call an actor), who is taking off his hat with much grace. The actor is certainly made more delightful by his yellow ochre suit and his pale blue cravate *à la Vallière*.

We may notice one peculiarity about French caricatures of military subjects: they are at the same time full of intimate knowledge of military habits and of kindly feeling. If they laugh at officers and soldiers, they do it in a friendly way. This is because the French army is now such a thoroughly national institution, and not a body of men, apart from civilians, that might be used for oppression. When, however, the French caricaturist undertakes to illustrate foreign armies we see at once that he lacks knowledge, and that his temper is no longer quietly humorous, but acid and hostile. He tries to make Italians, Germans, and Englishmen as ridiculous as he can. 'Drum,' the caricaturist, does not like the German and Italian alliance, and his harmless vengeance consists in making a German and an Italian officer physically inelegant. The Italians, as we learn from these caricatures, are enormously fat, the Germans egregiously tall. Englishmen are self-indulgent. An English sentry in one of the colonies wears a cool pith helmet and veil, and sits in an easy rocking-chair looking out to sea. On a table by his side is a glass with a bottle of soda-water, and a negro brushes away the flies. Even Her Majesty is not spared; however, the caricature is not very offensive. She is represented as a German colonel of dragoons, going to inspect her regiment in full uniform and almost spherical in figure. The caricaturist who calls himself 'Pencil' deals cleverly with military subjects. He has much technical power as a pen-draughtsman. His soldiers and officers are strongly characterised, and sometimes he attacks civilians—as, for example, in four very humorous studies of lecturers, represented by *The Learned Lecturer*, *The Anarchical Lecturer*, *The German Lecturer on Philosophy*, and *The Amusing, Amiable Lecturer*. Much of the military business for the journal 'La Caricature' is done by Draner, who also deals with sportsmen and domestic servants in great houses. As a specimen of the last, here is a sketch of a footman's disappointment. He says to the cook, 'You made a mistake, Joseph; you gave the good coffee to the monkeys (their masters), and now we shall have to content ourselves with rinsings in the servants' hall.' Sometimes Draner goes back to a past time—for example, to the days of Louis Philippe—and makes the most of the old fashions, so curious and ridiculous to us now.

'TU T'ES TROMPÉ, JOSEPH,' ETC. BY DRANER.

Elderly readers may remember a time, before the invention of photography, when portraits used to be cut out in black paper and pasted on a white ground. The black silhouette survives in French caricature, and is practised with much skill by 'Sorel.' The attitudes of his little figures are often very clever and expressive. There is a mixed method by which the black silhouette is sometimes introduced into coloured caricatures; but this, I think, is a mistake, because the black figures look like chimney-sweeps.

The best use of black is to fill spaces in linear drawing. The comic sketches of Albert Guillaume are technically excellent. His method of drawing is very clear and very simple, and his blacks have a great expressional value. For example, there is a subject of a schoolboy returning to school after his holidays. The schoolmaster is a big man with a white beard and a black costume. The solemn and pompous character of the pedagogue is greatly helped by all that printers' ink, and his beard looks the whiter for the contrast. In 1890 M. Guillaume contributed to the 'Caricature' a set of sketches entitled *Ressemblance Funeste*, representing three old gentlemen, very much alike, who all inquire successively of a policeman where the Rue Jean Bart is. He thinks they are all one man, and is furious at the third. Technically, these sketches may be noticed for the clever employment of white, black, and a single grey. The three colours give much liveliness and distinctness to the drawings. Besides technical merits M. Guillaume has the invaluable talent of representing people as so entirely absorbed in their occupations that they entirely forget appearances. In *The Architect's Visit* ('Revue Illustrée') an architect is announced to a gentleman by his servant; he enters with a roll, opens it, spreads it on the floor, and they both finally get down on their knees upon the paper. So, in *Un Plan*, a thin architectural draughtsman becomes more and more absorbed in his work, and finally bends completely over his drawing-board. In *A Very Complicated Stroke* a billiard-player is represented alone, and our pleasure is to observe the odd attitudes of a fat gentleman intent upon his object and unconscious that he is watched.

THE ARCHITECT'S VISIT. BY ALBERT GUILLAUME.

M. Godefroy is technically as clever as M. Guillaume, but his invention of situations is not so original or so lively. Sometimes, however, the mere words, without the drawing, are amusing. A gentleman and his wife are seated by the fireside when she says, 'What a strange institution marriage is amongst the Mormons—four or five wives!' His reflection is, 'Very bad system; small hopes of becoming a widower!' Godefroy's absent man who asks for absinthe in a church is but a poor invention in comparison with Sorel's absinthe-drinker who plunges into the water up to his knees at the *Fontaines Lumineuses* and is called back by a policeman, when he answers: 'I cannot see absinthe flowing like that without tasting it!' The sight of the green water had been too much for him. Godefroy's *Bonne Bouteille* is of slight importance as a subject, but the sketches are excellent. Two friends go together to *dîner sur l'herbe*. They have a precious bottle of wine, too well corked. One after the other tugs at the cork; at last it yields. The gentleman in black sits down and drinks, the other goes to fetch water from a pump. *A Mother-in-Law's Dream* represents a middle-aged lady asleep on a shadeless bench in midsummer. She dreams that she melts away in water and becomes a rivulet. Delight of her son-in-law at the unhoped-for liquefaction!

THE GOOD BOTTLE. BY GODEFROY.

There is more invention in a series of six pictures by Radiguet. A girl is looking over

a high garden-wall, and a young man approaches on horseback. He ties his horse and climbs a rope-ladder. He takes the lady's hand affectionately. Suddenly her father appears on the scene with a pistol, and offers Death or Marriage. The young gentleman prefers marriage, and signs a formal promise before a notary. The girl is presented to him in a room, when he discovers that she is a *cul-de-jatte* (that she has no legs), a little deficiency that had been concealed by the garden-wall.

M. Le Mouel, unlike most Parisians, seems to be acquainted with the dull and monotonous existence of a little provincial town. He shows us the devout old women going to early mass; the idlers on the bridge (bridges are always a favourite resort of idlers); the doctor's ride through the little town, when he is stopped by people who want to consult him; and, finally, a sitting of the Town Council. The same artist once published a large coloured sketch entitled *Bourgeois*, in which a child and its grandfather are gathering mushrooms. 'Are these mushrooms poison, grandfather?' 'I really don't know, but we will send them as a present to cousins Lambert, and if they do them no harm we can eat the mushrooms ourselves.' In another sketch our author dines with a *bourgeois*, who says to him: 'I don't know much about your business, but I suppose it must be as it is in the cloth trade, the big houses kill the little ones.'

'Luque' has made many caricature portraits of celebrities on rather a large scale, increased still further by the old-fashioned practice of putting a big head on a small body. There is a sound reason for this in the economy of space. When natural proportions are observed the body occupies room disproportionate to the interest of it. In all those portraits by Luque of which I know the originals, the likeness has been cleverly preserved. Louise Michel (with eagle's body and wings), the Shah of Persia, M. Carnot after his election, Jules Verne, General Boulanger (as a king), Gérôme, the painter, and many others, are striking though not exactly flattering likenesses.

The best gift for contemporary caricature is not the highest gift. There is Vierge, for example, whose genius for the grotesque is almost too good for ordinary application, and seems to require the stately Spanish costumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Vignola is, perhaps, better for our own time. He seems to have learned much from Robida, though without imitating his exaggerations. Vignola indicates much detail with his lines, such as the pattern of ladies' dresses, the stripes and plaids in male costumes, the reticulations of game-bags, &c., all which add truth of character, though at the expense of truth of effect.

ASSIGNING THEATRICAL PARTS. BY A. VIGNOLA.

This account of French caricature has left many names unnoticed, especially amongst artists already well known before the most modern time began. There has certainly been a great technical improvement in modern work, but manual cleverness and technical intelligence have not always, or often, been seconded by wit and invention in the subjects. Modern caricaturists appear to be the opposite, or at least the converse, of 'Cham.' His drawings were all alike, the mechanical repetition of a lesson once learned, but his ideas were inexhaustible. The modern caricaturist is usually far superior as a draughtsman, but he seldom hits upon an idea that is really interesting or humorous in the verbal expression separately from the design.

P. G. HAMERTON.

Carlina Seaweed on the Coast of Guernsey.

CARTING SEAWEED ON THE COAST OF GUERNSEY

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY EDWARD DUNCAN

THE use of seaweed for manure is common along the British coast, but in the Channel Islands, which are scantily wooded, and have no peat, it is also dried and used as fuel, and the ashes, as well as the unburnt seaweed, are employed to enrich the soil. The collection of it, therefore, is an industry of some importance to the islanders; and after a storm, when the waves have loosened it from the rocks which surround the islands and the tide washes it ashore, the scene on the beach is a busy one. The picturesqueness of it is excellently rendered in this drawing by Edward Duncan, which is remarkable not only for its very pleasant colour, but also for its well-studied though unobtrusive composition. The drawing, which was executed in 1853, is in the South Kensington Museum.

THE LAGO DI GARDA

II.

IF the *kurhaus* was not a fact of the past, it is likely to be a fact of the future. The strong spring of boiling sulphurous water rising in the lake near the east side of the island, which was known to the fishermen but till lately had never been investigated, is now alleged to possess all kinds of curative potentialities. That it was utilised in Roman times is possible, but the elaborate provision for heating water at the Roman bath would have been hardly necessary had the natural supply been in use. The professor whose experiments have brought the spring into notice is engaged in a lively dispute with the Commune as to which is to carry off the spoils, and this may retard the 'opening up' of Sermione for a year or two. It is a pity there is no voice to insist that at any rate the part where the ruins stand should be saved from the hand of the modern builder.*

As famous as Lesbia's poet's tribute to the smiles of the lake is Virgil's allusion to its frowns:—

'Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens Benace marino,'

which is recalled by Foscolo's

'. . . . . dall' isoletta
Di Sermione per l'argentea Garda
Sonante con altera onda marina.'

This lake, which, like the sea, 'laughs for ever,' is also subject to storms which only the sea can match. I have seen the waves dashed again and again against the roof of a shelter for washerwomen, ten feet above the level of the water, and each time they touched the beams they were frozen to them by the power of the glacial north wind, and so hung down in icicles—a strange scene anywhere, but especially in a southern clime. A year does not pass without accidents, though the victims are oftenest smugglers who count on bad weather to cover their perilous trade. The heavy duty on articles of common use encourages smuggling, which flourishes on Garda in spite of the fleet of three or four steam-launches maintained by the Government to aid in its suppression.

Besides the real storms, which, though sudden to inexperienced eyes, can be foretold by

* The land belonged to the Martinenghi, but on the death of Count Ludovico, in 1829, it was heedlessly sold, with much else, during the minority of his heirs, to get rid of the trouble of a large administration.

the boatmen half an hour before their outbreak, there are at times extraordinary gusts or whirlwinds which give no warning at all of their coming, rather choosing a calm, fine day, and which in a minute or two are past and gone, leaving ruin as their only record. One such gust came in the autumn of 1888, when I was absent from Salò, and rooted up bodily two glorious cypresses that stood like sentinels by the stone steps from our garden to the lake. All the birds were wont to roost in them; an old peasant who was working in the garden told me how when they came back that evening and found their home laid low they were in the greatest excitement—'e si radunavano sul tetto e piangevano' ('and they assembled on the roof of the house and wept').

Carducci in his last poem has tried to suggest the tremulous motion peculiar to this lake by the comparison of a bridal veil unfolding to the kiss of promised love:—

'Palpito il lago di Virgilio, come
Velo di sposa
Che s'apre al bacio del promesso amore.'

Multitudinous minute ripples adorn and sculpture the larger though still very small wavelets which appear when there is not the least breeze. If, as Lord Rayleigh says, the number of ripples is in proportion to the purity of the water—pure water being sensitive to the action of a movement in the air so slight as to be quite imperceptible to us—we have here the secret of the ripples of Garda, since no other lake has water so pure.

What are less easy to explain are the difference of colour and the capricious distribution of the undulating tremor, which on a still and cloudless day often make the surface look like a vast map, with smooth highways of lapis lazuli intersecting fields of silver filigrane. The unequal depth, in parts inconsiderable and elsewhere reaching to 2740 feet, may have some influence in producing these strange effects, but they are probably chiefly caused by currents under the water which seem to occasionally change their course. The fishermen have tales of their nets being drawn down by irresistible forces. Such currents, which were once attributed to subaqueous springs, are now thought to be connected with seismic phenomena. The whole region of the lake is eminently volcanic; a large hole opened some years ago in the piazza at Malcesine, and Monte Baldo constantly gives signs of seismic disturbance.

From Peschiera, 'fair and well-equipped,' as Dante described her, though no longer required 'to defy Brescians and Bergamasques,' we pass through the wine-yielding districts of Lazise and Bardolino (the latter known as the birthplace of the poet Bettelloni, who celebrated the lake in charming verse) to the sheltered bay of Garda, a very small place, but historically of great interest. No castle had ever a more romantic story clinging to it than the Rôcca di Garda; no persecuted princess of fairy lore appeals more strongly to our fancy than its prisoner, the Queen of Italy, who bore that lovely title just long enough to make it the lovelier for the gracious lady who was to receive it in the fulness of time—as a priceless jewel gains a last perfect distinction from the fact that the wearer takes it from some peerless woman long turned to dust. Adelaide of Burgundy became, at fifteen, the wife of the young Lothair who died mysteriously a few years later, murdered, as it was supposed, by Berengarius. To stifle the rumour, and to justify in a way his usurpation of the throne left vacant by Lothair, Berengarius had the idea of marrying Adelaide to his son Adelbert, who with himself had been crowned King of Italy on December 15th, 950. The step would have also prevented any one else from marrying her, and so establishing a claim to the succession. It was a good-enough scheme, and the only hindrance to its accomplishment was the refusal of the young widow to wed the son of her husband's murderer. Berengarius was incensed by the refusal, and his wife Willa, who was tired of hearing lauded the graces of Adelaide's mind and person, saw in his wrath an excellent chance of getting rid of her. Urged on by this worthy helpmate, Berengarius had Adelaide conveyed to the Rôcca di Garda, where she was

confined without provision being even made for her maintenance. Doubtless there was a pious hope that before long she would die an only too natural death; but, assisted by a single faithful handmaiden, Adelaide supported herself by spinning at her distaff—fortunate in being an adept at the gentle task that gave a charming immortality to the name of her predecessor, good Queen Bertha, which the peasant has still upon his lips when he speaks of far-off things: 'Era nel tempo che Berta filava.' All the bloodshed and wretchedness of those gloomy ages are forgotten, while this bright picture has come down to lighten the work of numberless generations of spinsters by telling them that a queen once spun! The best of it is, that it is quite true; there exists a coin showing Bertha with her distaff in her hand. Of Adelaide's spinning we have only the testimony of legend, but that is no reason for disbelieving it. The girl-widow lived on such coarse food as her toil would buy, through the weary months till deliverance came, which was contrived by a courageous monk, who threw the watch off their guard, and effected her rescue in the dead of the night. He rowed the Queen across to the Isola Lechi, where the first halt was made; the island was then uninhabited, or at most was tenanted by a single anchorite, as it had no regular occupants till St. Francis put some of his monks there. Afterwards they passed on foot through the dense forests of the lowlands under Peschiera, reaching at last the Mantuan lagune, near which the monk Martino left his charge in a thickly wooded place of concealment, and went himself to the Bishop of Reggio to relate the piteous case. Did the nightingales sing to her, I wonder, as I have heard them sing, in the woods by that lagune? She did not tarry there long; touched by the tale, the Bishop sent a stout body of his best soldiers, who were conducted by Martino to the spot where she lay hid, and by whom she was safely escorted to the castle of Canossa, where no one was likely to vex her. A glorious turn of fortune was in store for her. Ears more powerful than those of the prince-bishop had heard her story: Otho the Great, holy Roman Emperor and German King, had been acquainted with the sorrows of the lovely princess, with her noble refusal to wed Adelbert, her cruel imprisonment, her perilous flight. So he came down into pleasant Italy for a bride and a crown, and found both were to be had for the asking. That the most Italian of Italians could then and later seek to draw into their land and establish among them the Teutonic Dux, without surrendering one iota of their national feeling, is beginning to be understood now that people are getting out of the habit of calling these paramount lords 'Emperors of Austria.' But, for better or worse, Otho did not fix his seat south of the Alps, or make the kingdom of Italy a state corresponding to its name, as he certainly dreamt of doing. Troubles in his German home called him back, and when Berengarius, who knew not how to dare, but knew well how to cringe, came with the dismissed Adelbert and begged the restitution of the crown as a fief of the Empire, he was told that he might have it. We almost hear the voice of Adelaide saying to her Imperial spouse, 'Give it them.' The Empress lived to a ripe age, and when she died was made a saint, which did but seal the judgment of her contemporaries. From her earliest youth she had made a deep impression on all who knew her. One of these, the Abbot Odilone, ransacks the annals of *les dames d'antan*—Paola, Eustochia, Marcella, Melania, Fabiola, Blesilla—to find her equal, and, still unsatisfied, he ends by declaring that only Cicero could praise her aright.

Garda was always far behind several of the other townlets or villages on the lake in point of population and still more of industries, but it was regarded of consequence as a military position, and was repeatedly the scene of stormy contests. In Germany, among people who knew more of war than of literature, the custom grew of saying the 'lake of Garda,' and not Benacus. The agreement of the turn they gave to the name (*Garten-See*), with the reports of a fertile and flowery land, may have had a part in perpetuating the usage. Adelaide's imprisonment, which was naturally talked about at the Imperial Court when she became Empress, contributed in making Garda widely known. An earlier instance

of the lake being so styled exists in a Carlovingian investiture, if it be genuine—but its authenticity has been attacked. There is also a story in the *Heldenbuch* of a small fire-spitting animal living on the *Garten-See*, which held at bay Wolfdietrich and a lion: only two such vipers were alive at the same time, as the young ones ate up their parents as soon as they were born. In Italy the change of name was not accepted for a long time, and when Dante says that the lake is called Benaco, he is probably using no poetic licence, but stating a fact.

An historical event connected with Garda in this century is not unworthy of record. Here Charles Albert, returning from a reconnaissance on the 11th of June, 1848, found assembled on the steps of the Villa Albertini, where he had established his headquarters, the deputies, who handed him a parchment inscribed with the fusion between Lombardy and Piedmont. Fortune seemed to have relented; the victory of Pastrengo and the taking of Peschiera were followed up by this act, which gave him the Iron Crown of the Kings of Italy.

SAN VIGILIO, LAGO DI GARDA.

But it was the last ray of joy that ever lit the life of the Italian Hamlet—before him lay a path all thorns, completely dark, leading to an exile's death.

There are some musical lines by the Veronese poet, Aleardo Aleardi, in which he likens the sun's track across the lake to a magic bridge for the hopes and sorrows of patriots during the weary years of waiting which followed that foiled effort:—

'. . . . . il sol dall' orizzonte
Saettava sul piano
Purissimo del Garda,
Una striscia d'instabili splendori
Quasi magico ponte, onde le nostre
Mutue speranze varchino e i dolori
Da la Veneta sponda a la Lombarda.'

The monuments raised in memory of the midsummer day, which at last converted the Lombard fusion into a reality, form now conspicuous objects between Peschiera and Desenzano; the more distant surmounts the hill called, from its extensive view, *la Spia d'Italia*, whence Louis Napoleon directed the final and saving movements of the so-nearly-lost battle of Solferino: the other stands among the cypresses of the mound of San Martino, where during

the same hours Austrians and Sardinians were engaged in a duel to the death. The Italians wrested the victory from their valorous foe, but five thousand five hundred of them were missing next morning at the roll-call. The firing ceased at about six o'clock, and with it the thunder—a frightful storm having raged all the afternoon. When Charles Albert's son saw the Austrians retreating on the Mincio, he knew that the Iron Crown was his; nineteen years later it was carried in triumph to the Pantheon after his bier.

The rich varieties of stone and marble occurring in frequent veins along the whole length of Monte Baldo begin at the Punta di San Vigilio, just beyond Garda, a picturesque promontory, which takes its name from the Bishop of Trent, who evangelised these shores in the fourth century. Sprung from a noble Roman family and educated at Athens, Vigilio exercised much influence wherever Roman culture had taken root, but he was stoned to death in one of his journeys by the mountaineers of the Val Rendena, who continued pagans for a long while to come. His companions (who seem to have been nowhere during the stoning) set his body on the horse he was accustomed to ride, and started for Trent. The citizens marched forth to take possession of the remains, but they encountered a band of Benacensi, come up from the lake in haste with a like object, and a sharp fight ensued between the rival aspirants. Christians of those days were little less keen in the pursuit of relics than the Afghan villagers who cut off the head of the first saint who visited them, because 'they had long wanted the tomb of a holy man.'

The hard white stone of San Vigilio seems inexhaustible, and has furnished materials for a great proportion of the buildings all round the lake. It is full of fossils, chiefly large ammonites, which also abound in the beautiful yellow and red marbles of Torri and Malcesine. Monte Baldo has great attractions for the geologist and the botanist, but intending explorers should be advised to take a competent guide with them. The Punta del Telegrafo (seven thousand two hundred feet), reckoned to be the highest summit in the long range of twelve miles, is best ascended from the small village of Ferrara, which can be easily reached from Garda. A party of Italian ladies, good walkers, took fifteen hours to get to the Punta and return to Ferrara. Practised Alpine climbers can do it in less time, but it is a fatiguing walk, and more unsafe than many Swiss excursions if undertaken alone. The upper slopes, which at a distance look smooth, are composed of deep and intricate scores and furrows, among which a novice would surely lose his way, and find himself unawares at the brink of vertical falls of three thousand feet.

In the face of one of these precipices on the east side of the mountain is a grotto, with a miraculous image of the Virgin which attracts hundreds of pilgrims. Steps lead to the place, but formerly it could only be reached by ropes from above. When Rhodes fell into the hands of the Turks, the image departed thence and came in a night to Monte Baldo, where a bright light led to its discovery. It was carried to the nearest church, but it went back to its ledge in the rocks, and a grotto was therefore hollowed out to afford it shelter: for all of which there is the word of conscientious witnesses. Comparing the Rhodian Madonna in her wild bird's-nest with some objects of extra-belief in the nineteenth century, the inference is forced upon us that poetry is not the spirit of the present age.

Malcesine, in a garden of olives under the highest part of Monte Baldo, was the seat of the Captain of the Lake during the dominion of the Republic of Venice. Goethe had an adventure there just after his arrival in Italy. It was fortunate for him, by-the-by, that he entered the land of promise by this route. Beautiful as are the lakes on the Swiss border, they do not realise the idea of meridional nature. Now, on the Lake of Garda, water, sky, vegetation, and even the bare cliffs painted by the sun, transport us at a bound to Sicily or the Gulf of Salerno. Goethe's soul was full of the yearning of his own 'Dahin—dahin!' When he first heard the evening hymn of the grasshopper, he felt, not like a traveller or an exile, but as one who comes to a long-lost home. Here was the lemon-flower, here the

golden orange, the leafy bay; the 'softer air' breathed that passion of the south which he put into his magical song as never another had done or will do: as Goethe could not have done had he seen it all before he sang, for desire is more eloquent than possession.

Goethe was fascinated by hearing the peasants call the lake 'Benaco' and quote Virgil's description, the accuracy of which he was soon to experience—hence the adventure above mentioned. Scarcely had he set out in a boat from Torbole for Desenzano, when a violent storm blew up, which obliged him to put to shore at Malcesine. Profiting by the mishap, he began to sketch the castle, an act which so disquieted the Podestà and officers of the Serene Republic, that, in presence of the entire population come out to look at the extraordinary visitor (well worth looking at, in fact), they were on the point of consigning him to prison. What respectable motive, they asked, could induce him to draw that dilapidated wall? Ruins,

THE CASTLE OF MALCESINE, LAGO DI GARDA.

answered Goethe, were much admired nowadays; at Rome, every one made pictures of ruins. The argument failed to convince the cautious patriots, who only let him go when, by a happy thought, he declared that far from being an Imperial emissary he was a citizen of a free town—a little republic just like Venice, only not so fine.

The mountains curve in near the head of the lake, so that Riva, which loses the sun at two o'clock in winter, seems to lie on a small romantic Scotch loch. Till lately it was the only place on Garda that was tolerably well known; for fifty years and more the old *Sole* has been a favourite haunt of artistic or unconventional tourists, and many a man of note has breakfasted off trout under the trees in its garden. On landing, half-a-dozen inoffensive young Austrian recruits on duty at the Custom House remind one that, in spite of the language we hear around, this is not Italy. I hope I may live to see the day when, by an amicable arrangement, no stranger shall tread, otherwise than as a guest, the shores of the most Italian of lakes.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

AUGUST 1.—It is probable that by the time these lines are in print the City Corporation will have decided what steps, if any, to take towards securing the erection of the proposed Gallery of British Art on land within the City boundaries. The suggestion that they should *give* the site on the Embankment between the Temple and the City of London School is not likely to be agreed to. But the alternative of a partial gift—of a sale to the Government at something greatly less than the market value—has a better chance. The land in question is the piece between the two roads which run north and south through the ground formerly covered by the City gas-works. In many ways it would be an ideal situation for a picture gallery—central, isolated, abutting on one of the finest thoroughfares in the world, with the whole width of the Thames at its widest lying between it and 'blacks' in the direction of the prevailing wind. Nothing so far could be better. Unhappily the want of foresight, which is our bane in matters municipal, comes in here too. The District Railway has an 'easement'—we believe that is the correct term—on the site, which will give trouble. There is a large and most offensive blow-hole in one corner of the frontage, while a second nuisance of the same description is so close at hand to the westward that its breath, too, would disconcert the pictures. Can these be shut up?

THE question of admitting women to the École des Beaux-Arts has been, and still is, agitating the art world of Paris. Mme. Léon Bertaux, the founder of the Union of Female Sculptors and Painters, appears to be the chief mover in the matter. She certainly moves with energy, and with even more than the usual allowance of hostility to the usurping sex. Her demands are that the École des Beaux-Arts and its examinations shall be as freely open to women as to men, up to the examination for the Prix de Rome, but that they shall be taught in separate classes. The concession of exactly these rights has had a very doubtful result in the case of our own Royal Academy. There, for twenty-two years, the two sexes have been practically on the same footing, and the consequence, speaking broadly, is that half the teaching power of the institution has been wasted. Only a very small proportion of the women students have clung to art as a profession at all, and of those a still smaller proportion have won any sort of distinction. Add to this that the presence of the women does harm to the men, who are stimulated by their precocity into premature picture-making, and you will find reasons enough for hesitation before acting in obedience to what is, perhaps, a mistaken sense of justice. The example of music is enough to show that sex greatly affects the capacity for art. In music women have always had better chances than men, but what have they done? Woman manipulates, she does not create; and if her hankerings for art are over-much encouraged, it will not be without risk to its creative side.

THE exhibition of portraits in the galleries of the Institute is much more interesting than might have been expected. It does not, perhaps, promise altogether well for the newest of our art societies that its show should consist so largely of things which have been seen before, or that it should have started with such a disabling regulation as that which compels its members to ballot for their places on the walls. In a first exhibition one of these factors is neutralised by the other, for most men who have won any sort of reputation as portrait-painters can find something that will hold its own respectably. But at a second attempt, when the work of the previous twelve months alone is available, it may well happen that the best places will fall to those incompetent to fill them worthily. In the present show, the best things, taking them as they hang, are Mr. Edwin Ward's *John Fred. Boyes, Esq.*; Mr. Arthur Hacker's *Alfred East, Esq.*, in character; Mr. Tom Graham's sketch of *Robert W. Macbeth, Esq.*, also at his *métier*; M. Carolus Duran's portrait of his daughter; Sir John Millais's famous *Gladstone*—the first one; Mr. J. J. Shannon's *Mrs. Williamson* and *Lady Granby*; Mr. Percy Bigland's *Lady Cairns*; Mr. Josselin de Jong's fine half-length of a *Procureur-Général Hollandais*; Mr. M'Clure Hamilton's *George*—a name under which a son of Mr. Onslow Ford is disguised—and his sketch of Mr. Ford himself; M. Boldini's *Portrait of a Little Girl*; M. Bonnat's strong, literal, and disconcerting head of '*Dumas fils*;' Mr. S. J. Solomon's *Sir John Simon*; Mr. Herman Herkomer's *Professor Herkomer, R.A.*; Mr. Luke Fildes' half-length of his wife, the picture with which he first broke ground as a portrait-painter; Mr. W. M. Loudan's *Dorothy* and *Maraquita*, two of the finest examples of *enveloppe* here; Professor Herkomer's *Archibald Forbes, Esq.*; Mr. H. J. Hudson's *Miss Burnett*; and, above all, Mr. James McNeil Whistler's superb *Arrangement in Grey and Black*, the famous portrait of his mother, a picture fit to hang with Rembrandt and Velazquez.

SOME additions have been made to the National Gallery since we last referred to its contents. A large and in some way excellent Van Goyen has been bought with the interest on the Lewis Fund. The subject is an arm of the Maes, near Dordrecht, during winter. The ice is covered with skaters, hockey-players, and disporters in sleighs. In the distance rises the tall ruin we have seen in so many Cuyps, and on the left are buildings with a sort of rampart. The sky is first-rate. Van Goyen's signature and the date 1642 are conspicuous on a sleigh in the foreground. The picture has been numbered 1327. The Brekelenkam, to which we alluded in our June number, has been hung temporarily in the central octagon. It turns out to be something less than a first-rate example of the man. One of the figures, the woman, is good, but the other is feeble, and the composition as a whole is wanting in coherence. The picture is signed with the initials Q. B., and dated 1653. The money for its purchase comes from the Walker Fund. It has been numbered 1329. No. 1330 is a curious *Transfiguration* by Duccio di Buoninsegna, three pictures by whom were already in the collection. No. 1331 has been given to a fine example of Bernardino Fungai, presented by Mr. William Connall. It is a Madonna and Child surrounded by cherubim. The Virgin is dressed in a gold *justaucorps* with a red diaper upon it, and a white mantle diapered with gold. Six cherubs float about her, and in the landscape behind we see on one side the procession of the three kings, on the other Mary and Joseph adoring the Divine child. Bernardino Fungai was one of the later members of the Sienese school. He was born in 1460 (?) and died in 1516. His master was Benvenuto di Giovanni, and his style combines the dry stiffness of an earlier period with some of the sweetness of expression characteristic of the Umbrians. The Sienese Academy has numerous examples of his work.

DR. HENRY THODE, the well-known critic, and Director of the Staedel Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, publishes an article in the 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen' on a Correggio known as the *Madonna of Casalmaggiore*, all trace of which had disappeared for nearly a century, but which it has been Dr. Thode's good fortune to acquire recently for his gallery. The article is accompanied by a photograph. The fact that the last possessor of this picture was an English lady, Mrs. Gray, of Varese, will give additional interest to the discovery in the eyes of our readers. It was purchased at the dispersal of her collection at Milan in November, 1889. In his learned and ingenious treatise Dr. Thode shows that, according to an inventory of the beginning of last century, there were at that time eight works by Correggio in the Ducal Gallery of Modena. Six of these can be traced to the present day, the majority being at Dresden, while two (one the *Madonna of Casalmaggiore*) are assumed to have been carried away by the French, and so lost sight of. Quoting the writings of contemporary critics and eye-witnesses, Scanelli in 1657, Pagani in 1770, and Count Pallude in 1784, whose descriptions tally more or less exactly with the Frankfort picture, and relying further upon internal evidence, Dr. Thode arrives at the conclusion that his acquisition can be nothing less than the original and long-lost *Madonna of Casalmaggiore*. He is supported in his opinion by the authority of Dr. Bode, director of the Berlin Gallery, who writes a notice of the picture in another

German art periodical, the 'Repertorium für bildende Kunst,' and unhesitatingly declares in favour of its genuineness. Researches as to its fate since its disappearance from Modena, and as to the source whence it came into Mrs. Gray's possession, have proved fruitless. When acquired, the picture was disfigured by clumsy and, for the most part, unnecessary overpaints of ancient date, and by an opaque, decayed varnish. These having been successfully removed by Herr Windschmidt, of Mayence, the picture was found in the main intact; much of its early splendour has been recovered, and the task of restoration may be restricted to the filling up of some small cracks and holes and to the slight retouching of subordinate parts. A small replica of the subject on panel, bought by the late Sir John Murray at Parma in 1816, has been in the possession of Lord Normanton at Somerby since 1852.

In a letter to the 'Times,' the Director of the National Gallery gives out a hope that the great Longford Holbein will be again on view before August is out. It was taken down on the 11th of last December 'to undergo two important and indispensable processes, which had been postponed only in order that the public might have full opportunity of inspecting it beforehand. It had, first of all, to be parquetted—that is to say, strengthened at the back by an arrangement of cross-timbering, the only method by which pictures painted on panel can be secured against future splitting and warping; secondly, to be ridded of the heavy coats of discoloured (in parts, opaque) varnish, which had long obscured its original brilliancy and neutralised its true colour.' Sir Frederick Burton adds that 'the work which had to be done has turned out . . . . triumphantly successful. This great and most important production of Holbein's pencil, which had sustained surprisingly little injury, is now revealed in that clearness, daylight brightness, and transparency which characterise the master's works. Minute delicacies of finish have also come to light which can only be found elsewhere in the works of John van Eyck and Albert Dürer.'

The deliberations of the committee appointed to consider the various schemes for providing a *succursale* to Westminster Abbey have ended in a double-barrelled report. The Dean of Westminster, the President of the Royal Academy, and Sir Henry Layard recommend that a mortuary chapel should be built to the south of Henry VII.'s Chapel, on the site of the houses in Abingdon Street; while Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Plunket prefer the site of the refectory, adjoining the south walk of the cloisters, for the same purpose. In a letter to the 'Times,' Sir Henry Layard formulates the objections to the latter scheme. They seem to be these:—1. That a chapel on the refectory site would be too far from the church to be capable of sharing its prestige, and would have to be kept usually closed on account of the public character of the cloisters. (The latter objection can scarcely be serious. The cloisters are not so public as Parliament Square, and yet the Abbey is not 'usually closed.' As to the question of prestige, that, we imagine, goes rather with the offer of a grave by the Westminster authorities than with the distance from the shrine of St. Edward.) 2. That the existing wall of the refectory, dating from the periods of Edward the Confessor and Edward IV., would either suffer or would be an eyesore in the proposed new building. 3. That the part of the refectory site now available would be too small for its suggested purpose; that the rest of the site would not readily be surrendered by the governors of Westminster School; and that a building on the site would darken Ashburnham House. 4. That the proposed chapel would be hardly, if at all, visible from the outside. As to the Abingdon Street site, the chief objection of Mr. Waterhouse and his co-signatories seems to be directed to the proposed approach, 'threading its way, necessarily somewhat awkwardly, through the arches formed by the flying buttresses of the Chapter House.' But there seems to be plenty of space south of the Chapter House for an approach from the cloisters, which should clear the buttresses altogether. Perhaps the best solution of the problem would be to raise the proposed addition on the Abingdon Street site, keeping its north end far enough from the Abbey to permit the Chapter House to be seen, and contriving an approach from the south.

The British Museum report for 1890 gives a satisfactory record both of official labours and their results; the only regrettable point—the marked decrease of general visitors—being counterbalanced by the increasing number of students who have profited by the riches of special departments, such as the Reading-room, the Zoological and Geological Collections, and the MS. Department. Among the more important acquisitions of the year, the first in magnitude is the much-talked-of Aristotle papyrus 'On the Constitution of Athens,' while the Printed Books have received such notable additions as a unique Caxton, 'Sex quam Elegantissimæ Epistolæ' which passed between Sextus IV. and the Venetian Republic, edited in 1483 by Petrus Carmelianus, a priestly Italian *littérateur* domiciled in England; several valuable additions to the stock of Spanish literature; one on the only two known copies of Bunyan's 'Discourse of the Building of the House of God;' and a copy of William Blake's curious first work, the 'Poetical Sketches.' The store of gems has been enriched by several prizes from the late Lord Carlisle's famous collection, some of which were among those presented to him by Cardinal Ottoboni in the princely fashion described by Horace Walpole; while the Print Department has acquired by gift, purchase, or otherwise, no fewer than 3456 new prints and drawings.

So far as sales are concerned, the event of the month has been the dispersal at Christie's of the collections of pictures, furniture, and *objets d'art* formed by the late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck. As so often happens when the property of a man with a large circle of friends comes to auction, the prices fetched were very high, some of the furniture especially selling for three or four times its market value. The pictures were mostly of the Venetian school, Pietro Longhi, Tiepolo and the Tiepoletti being responsible for a large proportion. There was, too, an excellent Ruysdael, with figures by Berchem. The total amount realised was nearly seventy thousand pounds.

The death is announced of Sir William Fettes Douglas, president of the Royal Scottish Academy. Sir William was an artist of a sort now out of vogue, scholarly by character, antiquarian by preference, and thorough in his methods of work. He was born in Edinburgh on March 29th, 1822. Educated mainly at the High School, he entered the service of the Commercial Bank of Scotland in 1836, and remained there ten years, employing his leisure moments in the study of art. In 1847 he determined to devote himself exclusively to painting, and soon conquered a certain amount of recognition. In 1856 he exhibited *Hudibras and Ralph visiting the Astrologer;* in 1860, *The Summons to the Secret Tribunal, an Incident in the Life of Vesalius;* in 1864, *The Spell,* by which, together with *The Messenger of Evil Tidings* (1856) and *The Bibliophilist—David Laing, LL.D.* (1863), he is represented in the Scottish National Gallery. In the London National Gallery there used to be a picture by him, *The Bibliomaniac;* it is now, we believe, on loan in Glasgow. The South Kensington Museum has an excellent example of his work in *The Alchemist* (1855), bequeathed by Mrs. Fochetti. Douglas was elected A.R.S.A. in 1851, R.S.A. in 1854, P.R.S.A. in 1882. In 1877 he was nominated Curator of the National Gallery of Scotland, and in 1884 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. His death occurred at Newburgh on the 20th of July. The deaths are also announced of the German battle-painter, Heinrich Lang, and of Mr. Thomas Farrer, the etcher of many elaborate plates of architecture and landscape.

Portrait of a Woman.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

FROM THE PICTURE BY REMBRANDT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

AT the sale of the pictures belonging to Lord Midleton, at Pepper-harrow, in 1851, the trustees of the National Gallery bought the portrait of Rembrandt by himself which is now No. 221 in the catalogue. It represents a man about sixty years of age, and as Rembrandt was born in 1606, it cannot have been painted much before 1666. In manner it is amazingly free, irresponsible, and what in any one but a stupendous master we should call careless. It looks as though he had taken up the first dirty palette on which he could lay his hands, and set himself to the making of a picture with no further thought. To those who put signs of mastery above all other qualities it is one of the most attractive pictures in the whole gallery, and, to make a bold collation, may be compared to that masterpiece of Constable's maturity in the English section, *The Valley Farm*. And yet in this very year 1666, or close upon it, Rembrandt seems to have been also painting the *Portrait of a Woman* which is reproduced in the opposite plate. Here, instead of *bravura*, we have a careful, almost painstaking reproduction of the model. The pose is simple, and so, for Rembrandt, in the scheme of chiaroscuro. Between the tints employed there is a sharper opposition than usual, and in the handling there is a long, dragging quality, characteristic rather of one of his ablest pupils than of himself. The forms, too—the long eyes with their heavy lids, the long, somewhat boneless hands, and the sharp chin—recall the same pupil, who is, of course, Nicholas Maes. A very slight examination is enough to show how much this portrait has in common with the author of *The Cradle* (No. 153), *The Dutch Housewife* (No. 159), and *The Idle Servant* (No. 207), in the same gallery. On the other hand, if the picture was really painted in 1666 it cannot be by Maes. In that year Maes had already abandoned his splendid early style, and had gone far on the road which finally led him into being one of the most prolific and least attractive of Dutch painters. The *Man's Portrait*, numbered 1277, is dated 1666, and although it is still far removed from the artistic nullity of his latest style, it is equally far from the richness and simplicity of the *Portrait of a Woman*. Will other Rembrandts of about this date help us to a conclusion? I confess I know of none in which this same character can be recognised. *The Death of Lucretia*, formerly in the collection of Mr. J. H. Munro, is dated 1664. It has vastly more in common with the Pepper-harrow portrait of himself than with the picture we engrave. So, too, has the *Jeremias de Decker* at St. Petersburg, on which this very year of 1666 appears. No doubt Rembrandt varied his style more, perhaps, than any other painter of the first rank. In a single year we find him painting pictures which seem by their style to be several years apart. But to my eye there are things in this *Portrait of a Woman* which were at no time characteristic of Rembrandt, while they were so of Maes during his fine period. The signature and date look genuine, but their presence may not be so conclusive as would once have been supposed. The picture was bequeathed to the National Gallery in 1854 by Lord Colborne.

W. A.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

IX.—*Portrait and Landscape*

IT is the custom in France to give rarely the name of a private person whose portrait is exhibited in the Salon, a reticence which deprives many valuable works of that interest and individuality in the pages of the critic to which their merit might have entitled them. What can be more difficult than to remember a portrait by a letter of the alphabet? The majority are not indicated otherwise. We have Monsieur C. and Madame D. and in others the sexes may be different whilst the letters remain the same. Such is the importance of a name as a help to memory that almost all anonymous portraits fade from our recollection immediately, whilst those with names, if their merit is equal, have a chance of being remembered for some years. Painters might take a hint from the compilers of catalogues. A picture was called 'Portrait de Madame D.' and we forgot it; had it been called 'The Lady with one Glove' we might have remembered it. Some peculiarity in the title is a great help to memory. M. Pille exhibited in 1887 a portrait of Vayson, the painter, and as Vayson was one of his friends he called the picture affectionately *L'ami Vayson*, which does much to fix it in our minds, as the title is rarely given. So it is when the rank or function of the subject is in any way extraordinary. The fine portrait of M. Péladan by M. Desboutin (1891) ought to have been called the Sar Péladan, because 'Sar' is a very rare title belonging, I believe, to necromancy.

PORTRAIT OF MÈRE STE. URSULE. BY A. F. GORGUET.

There are two qualities in portrait-painting that have to be reconciled before there can be any complete success. These are pictorial excellence and likeness. Except in the case of public men a critic has rarely an opportunity of judging likeness. He may praise unreservedly some beautiful picture that bears little or no resemblance to the original. There is, however, a certain temper of veracity, a desire to be truthful, which is usually recognisable in an artist's work, and certainly this temper has never been so common in French art as it is now. It is surprising how many artists have abandoned the old French notions of prettiness and elegance which led to so much flattery in portrait-painting, replacing them by the endeavour to interpret character of the most various kinds. Many French painters have exercised their talents in painting their relations. Sometimes the relations are gentlefolks, but their gentility is shown by simplicity and good taste rather than by any affectation; more frequently the artist's relations belong to the middle or lower classes, and there is no attempt to make them seem genteel. Democracy has had its influence in the painting of people who are not relations. In 1889 M. Rixens exhibited a portrait of a middle-class man at his ease, in every-day costume, legs crossed, hands in pockets, a lively expression on his face, no dignity but much life. There is a whole class of portraits that connect the subjects directly with their professional avocations. *L'ami*

Vayson, by M. Pille, represented the artist in his studio, with its furniture and a dozen canvases about him. M. Rousseau, inspired by Rembrandt, painted the medical professor C. (how much more satisfactory it is to know that Rembrandt's professor was called Tulp!) with a corpse before him on the dissecting-table. M. Weerts painted M. Hugues, the sculptor, in his studio, and crushed (I speak metaphorically) by one of his own statues. But the most remarkable portraits of this class are those of scientific celebrities by Lhermitte, who makes them the centre of an attentive auditory.

The fine arts do not pretend to be stately or dignified professions, so when M. Carrière paints M. X., the sculptor, he dresses him in the simple and easy *costume d'atelier* (trousers and a jersey), and makes him come forward naturally as if to receive a visitor, whilst he squeezes a little clay between his fingers. The stately professions are chiefly the magistracy and the Church, and these are often represented in robes and vestments, with all the insignia of rank. There are also the various quieter costumes of the religious orders, which are almost invariably good for pictorial purposes on account of their sobriety and dignity. An example is the portrait of *Mother Ursula, Superior of the Convent of St. Quay*, painted by M. Gorguet, and exhibited in the Salon of 1888. Democracy has hardly affected this class of subject. In 1891 M. Baschet paints a *Président de la Cour de Cassation*, in his ermine, with as much dignity as an English painter could give to a Lord Chancellor on the woolsack. The other sex has no need of magisterial rank to assume the dignity of robes. With the help of a stately dress and an arm-chair a private lady may look very much like a queen, as for example in M. Verdier's picture of *Madame N. de la T.* Another very queenly portrait is that of *Madame Benjamin Constant*, by her husband. She is dressed in black velvet, with long yellow gloves, and stands before a rich tapestried background. At her foot is a cushion with gold embroidery, a wonderful bit of painting. In a work of this serious kind it is evident that the painter has put forth his whole strength, and that he has been anxious to enrich it with all his great technical accomplishment, acquired in laborious years. No crude young talent could find the trick of such painting as that. When, however, we pass to the kind of portrait-painting which is most recent (for although Constant is still living he is not of the new school), we find a more perilous principle of work—more perilous because relying rather on a stroke of cleverness, or sudden inspiration, than upon learning and patient skill. There is M. Besnard, for example, who exhibited in 1891 a picture of two young ladies with a forest background. The girls are both lively and graceful, but the system of painting, especially of mingled greens and blues in the background, involves such complete reliance upon the good luck of the moment that it is either hit or miss. So it is with the astonishing portrait of *M. Renouard*, the draughtsman, by M. Mathey, which seizes upon a moment of intense attention, when the subject is hard at work, and looking at you as if he would look into your brain. Considered as a representation of life the picture is a complete success, but it is painted with a sort of masterly crudeness that is full of risk. Painters like M. Besnard and M. Mathey are not troubled with any of that timidity, or dread of doing wrong, which Mulready thought necessary to a student. No one

PORTRAIT OF MADAME N. DE LA T. BY J. V. VERDIER.

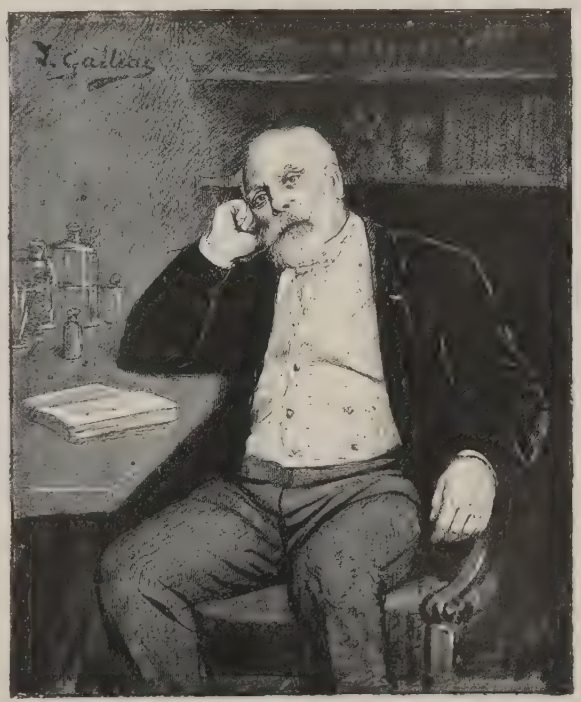
could paint as they do without an immense self-confidence, but it has a double result in the liveliness of the portrait and the crudeness of the picture. The portraits by M. Carrière avoid crudity of colour by a voluntary restriction to a system that is almost monochrome, whilst as the artists just mentioned are full of life in their representations of humanity, so M. Carrière seems to prefer a dim limbo of sadness that lies halfway between life and death. If the newspapers had not told us that M. Daudet, the novelist, was unhappily in bad health, we should have known it from his portrait, which is that of a saddened invalid. The artist's remarkable power of expressing sadness is shown in another portrait, that of a woman, entitled *Rêverie*. His method of painting is very peculiar—it is marked by an abuse of blending with the softening tool; but the painter can be precise enough when he likes, and he draws in reality admirably whilst avoiding linear definition. In this respect M. Carrière is exactly the opposite of M. Saintin, and also in preferring extreme simplicity of subject and the fewest materials, whilst M. Saintin delights in the accumulation of objects. His portrait of Madame Carnot is crowded with costly furniture, wrought with the utmost elaboration. Amongst the painters who work with extreme industry and conscientiousness in the representation of persons and things, M. Friant now occupies a very distinguished place. His veracity, both in the representation of human character and of objects, is equal to that of the masters who painted before brush-work had taken the place of delineation. The portraits of the two actors Coquelin, father and son, are a marvellous piece of representation, and so is the interior of the room where they are talking. That is a picture which will keep its interest for centuries. There was another picture by the same artist, entitled *Cast Shadows*, in which a very middle-class man, far from handsome, is expressing silent love and adoration for a very middle-class woman, far from pretty, and who does not seem encouraging. The representation of individuality was so powerful in that picture that it gave evidence of an extraordinary talent for portrait. M. Georges Claude has not the piquant originality of M. Friant, but he paints with quiet skill and a rare degree of good taste, as in the portrait of a young man with a short beard, in the costume of the sixteenth century, a picture that attains a perfection of its own kind more satisfactory than the restless and often reckless experiments of the new school. M. Weerts is a most skilful painter on a small scale, and his numerous portraits of gentlefolks show much keen observation of the upper classes in their ordinary aspects, with the kind of liveliness that they have in drawing-rooms, but nothing deeper.

PORTRAIT OF M. CÉSAR FRANCK. BY MLLE. RONGIER.

The reader may be surprised that I have not yet spoken of portrait-painters so famous as Bonnat and Carolus Duran. One reason is that I mentioned both of them in THE PORTFOLIO last year (page 249), not at length, but in a few words that did justice to their eminent position. Still, although nobody disputes their rank amongst contemporary painters, their work is less interesting for me just now than that of some less successful men, because it does not indicate any new tendency in the French school. A portrait by Bonnat may be a marvellous representation of a man (that of Cardinal Lavigerie is really a masterpiece),

but it opens no new path to art. The elements of that success, the strong representation of mature manhood with the dignity of high station, aided by the advantages of a stately costume, are all of them elements that may be found in the portraiture of the seventeenth century. Again, in many of Bonnat's portraits the background is meaningless—it is a space of shade to give relief to a light dress, and it is nothing more—but the meaningless background is neither novel nor desirable, except that it helps the painter to get rapidly through his work. Carolus Duran has reached that stage in the career of a successful portrait-painter when rapidity of performance is an object. We admire the facile skill, we know that only a most accomplished artist can ever attain it to that degree, and we acknowledge the almost magical power that gives substance and relief to a figure and its costume with a few decided strokes of the brush; but what is most striking in work of this character is personal and inimitable. The quieter merits of such a serious performance as the portrait of Gounod may be more profitable as an example to younger men. It is difficult, indeed, to attain any real novelty in an art that has been so much practised as portrait-painting. It so often carries us back to the past. One of the greatest successes of the year 1891 has been the profile portrait of the celebrated beauty, Madame Gautreau, unquestionably a fine work, but evidently inspired by the early Italians.

A French critic has said that it is not prudent to write about portraits for long together, as the subject easily becomes monotonous. I have selected as illustrations the portrait of César Franck by Mlle. Rongier and that of M. Crozier by Louis Galliac as examples of plain dealing with modern attitudes and costumes. The attitude of the musician is in my opinion remarkably fine, the other is at least easy and unaffected: both portraits are sound modern work. The costumes of children are often much easier to deal with than those of men. In the Salon of 1890 there was a *Portrait d'Enfant* by M. Mouchot which recalled the dignity and grace of Charles I., and in 1887 M. Lefebvre exhibited portraits of Mlle. Mary and Robert de G. which were beautifully composed and made a complete picture, the girl sitting on a garden-seat, the boy standing by her side.



PORTRAIT OF M. CROZIER. BY L. GALLIAC.

The subject of landscape has not been entirely neglected in these papers, as I have already said something about it in connexion with Impressionism. The influence of the Impressionists has been very great, even outside of their own sect, and it may be fairly argued that their principle would be absolutely right in landscape-painting if it could be carried out successfully. It is in reality nothing more than effect-painting, which is the foundation of harmony in landscape and also the necessary condition of the expression of an artist's feeling. Accurate linear drawing of the forms of tangible objects, such as trees and rocks, excludes the expression of sentiment and is unfavourable to unity, whilst an effect almost ensures unity of itself, and excites an emotion in the artist which communicates itself to his work. We know that effect-painting is nothing new; what is novel in the more recent French landscape-painters is their self-abandonment to the impression of the effect without stopping to consider whether they have knowledge enough

to reproduce the entire scene. They refuse to eke out the scantiness of their knowledge by making use of materials got by careful object-drawing. Another characteristic of theirs is an extreme love for simplicity of subject. This is sometimes carried almost incredibly far, as when an artist gives you nothing but a broad expanse of pale sky reflected in calm water, with a line of misty distant shore between them. A more interesting but still very simple subject is this by M. Dainville, *On the Moorland*, where a clump of meagre trees has attracted him like an oasis in the desert. With all its simplicity it is not without some grace of composition. A very impressive picture by the same artist was *The Moor of San Marach*, exhibited in 1888, a dreary treeless expanse of moor rising to a stormy upland. These are very characteristic pictures, full of serious interest in a kind of nature that would discourage most landscape-painters by its dreariness. The French rivers have more charm, and they are heartily

ON THE MOORLAND. BY C. M. DAINVILLE.

appreciated by several artists of great merit. One of the best painters of river scenery is M. Nozal. His picture of *The Seine at St. Pierre, near Louviers, on an October Morning*, exhibited in the Salon of 1891, is a remarkably true and beautiful interpretation of a very difficult effect. The white moon is still visible in the grey sky and the mist is rising between us and a line of poplars and willows on the opposite shore, pale with distance, yet rich in autumnal colouring. The foreground was remarkable for the artist's success in the suggestion of early dew and even of gossamer, that cannot be painted. Another admirable work by the same artist was entitled *Storm-Clouds: the Pond of St. Quentin at Trappes, Seine et Oise.* As the title indicates, the principal subject of the picture is the sky, and it is a magnificent one, the clouds being in great masses of various greys, passing from dark to light and from cold to warmer colouring with a rare mastery of effect. There is strong light in the green land and the sandy shore, and the rippling water. These pictures show quite as much knowledge of effect as those of the Impressionists, with more study of the materials of landscape. Other remarkable pictures are the strange and astonishing, yet, I believe, perfectly truthful representations of the coast of Provence by M. Olive. What seems to interest him most is the powerful contrast of colour in full sunshine between the

deep blue waters and the arid rocks of desolate isle or shore—rocks that offer the most curious varieties of hue, from a warm white, glaring in the sunshine, to reds and browns that play together in reflections mingled with the deep azure water. Here is a painter who makes full use of the modern liberty to see the colouring of nature and to represent desolate scenery far from the experience of the Parisians. What outcries such landscape-painting would have excited in the middle of the present century! Now it hardly attracts the attention that it deserves. And whilst thinking of southern scenery I am reminded of the water-colours of Ruth Mercier, which show a remarkable knowledge of colour and tone in combination with an uncommonly summary execution and a manual power of the kind best suited for water-colour. Oil painting does not seem to display her talent equally well, because much of the charm of her work consists in the sure skill displayed in the broad washes. It is a most intelligent kind of performance, without any useless labour, yet expressive of all that is characteristic in the beautiful southern landscape amongst which the artist lives and works. Ruth Mercier does not always seek to express the desolation of the south; she can treat a distant town with as much interest as if she were, like Turner, essentially a painter of distant cities: yet perfectly wild nature interests her also, as when she sits down to make a masterly study of the ghastly rocks on the Ile Sainte Marguerite, with nothing but the dark blue water beyond them and the flying clouds above. The artist is also great in flower-painting, and it is possible that constant practice from flowers may have developed her naturally good perception of colour whilst giving facility of hand.

I hope it is permissible to admire the most opposite qualities in art; if it is not permissible, few critics expose themselves to the charge of inconsistency more frequently than I. There is nothing in common between the work of Ruth Mercier and that of M. Binet, except that both are perfectly sincere. The most striking characteristics of the first are comprehensiveness of conception and breadth of execution; the distinguishing talent of the second is observation. M. Binet paints exactly like a clever and observant Englishman. He is not at all an impressionist—far from it; and I fear that the absence of poetic charm and glamour will prevent him from attaining any great celebrity; but few living painters approach him in the honest representation of nature, with equal attention to form and colour. There is never any daubing in Binet's work, as there is in so much French landscape—never any attempt to substitute mere paint for the complex and intricate truth of nature. His interest in what he sees is too equal for any striking special characteristic; but I should say that while in his nearer and more confined scenery he may be compared with other careful draughtsmen, he is more alone in his capacity for painting extensive views. An example of this faculty is a recent picture of *The Great Pond at St. Aubin, near Quilleboeuf*, which is not only full of careful study, but lays before us an extensive tract of country. Another very thorough student of nature is M. Isenbart, of Besançon, whom I have mentioned in a former chapter. His two contributions to the Salon of 1891 were hung in a place of honour, in the principal room of the exhibition. They were illustrations of the delightful scenery amongst which he has passed his life. No river in France is more pictorial than the Doubs that winds around the fortress-city of Besançon, like the Tagus about Toledo, and the Doubs never had a more faithful or more capable student than M. Isenbart. Here again, however, as in the case of M. Binet, there is too much of nature in the work for a predominant artistic reputation. In the pictures of the great celebrities—Claude, Turner, Corot—there is much more than nature. The healthy brightness of M. Isenbart's work is also rather against him so far as great reputation is concerned, because he never seems solemn or profound. No one has painted the autumnal colour of eastern France more faithfully than he.

M. Lepère is an artist of great versatility and originality. He is at the same time a painter, a clever original etcher, and what is still rarer, an original wood-engraver of uncommon talent and skill. As a landscape-painter he varies almost as much as the moods of

Nature herself. His colour is sometimes glaring (as in *L'Oise près de Vauréal, le Lavoir*), and sometimes extremely sober, according to the effect in nature. Some of his pictures must seem outrageous to those who have fixed ideas about nature and art, and who find in the monotony of Corot or Claude a sufficient translation of the external world. I know that M. Lepère's work is sometimes rough and crude, but he sees relations of colour in nature—such as the play of blues, greens, and purples in the light and shadows on a river—which the masters of what is considered correct landscape never had the courage to attempt at all; whilst instead of giving himself up exclusively to the brighter colouring of nature, he takes just as much

THE SOURCE OF THE OISELLE. BY TANCRÈDE ABRAHAM.

interest in the gold and brown of late evening or in the greys of a colder twilight and the russets of the earth—as in *The Valley of the Oise at Jouy-le-Moutier*. M. Lepère is a member of the National Society of Fine Arts; a few years ago colouring as frank as his would have ensured rejection from any French exhibition. Another landscape-painter whose name, Lepine, is similar enough to create a possible confusion, keeps much more within a certain habitual range, both of colour and execution. His skies are usually luminous with light blues and greys, and the greens of his foliage and herbage are pleasantly broken. His execution appears to be a tradition from Constable, and his choice of subjects is amongst quiet lowland river and canal scenery, except when he takes us to such a moderate elevation as the Parisian hill of Montmartre. His pictures are harmonious in themselves and when seen together, but are not likely to excite either passionate enthusiasm or any loud antagonism. They are true in effect, though without accuracy of form. An equally quiet colourist, more studious of form, is M. Tancrède Abraham. Both these artists have certainly that poetical element which is so valuable to the landscape-painter. A practical advantage of quiet colouring, like that of M. Abraham, is that it can be hung safely in almost any room, whereas violent colour, though equally true to nature, asserts itself too much for pleasant permanent companionship. The more famous French landscape-painter, Harpignies, is also a very quiet colourist with a poetic sentiment. His two subjects of *Dawn* and *Sunset*, in the Salon of 1891, would have afforded a good pretext for splendour; but he restrained himself with the utmost discretion, preferring tender grey-greens with a distance of purple or rose. Both works were perfectly

harmonious in themselves, but the work was arrested at a point previous to what in England would be called 'finish.'

One of the very few landscape-painters quite of the modern school, whose work combines truth of colour with a sense of elegance in drawing, is M. Louis Le Camus. All his pictures from the South of France seem to me delightful. One of the best (Champ-de-Mars, 1891) is entitled *The Sea-shore at Cape Martin*. The sea is intensely purple, and there is a very fine and truthful study of reddish mountain. As a colourist, M. Le Camus has the rare merit of being sober or brilliant when necessary, without attaching himself systematically either to dulness of hue, like the old French landscape-painters, or to glare, like some modern Impressionists—such, for example, as Montenard, whose constant efforts towards truth in glaring southern sunshine I would not, however, undervalue. Whilst few modern pictures are so powerful as *The Sea-shore at Cape Martin*, few are so delicate as that by the same artist entitled *Under the Olive Woods at the Close of Day*, and *Evening amongst the Lemon-trees*. I have said that M. Le Camus painted a mountainous coast well. Very few Frenchmen have attacked mountainous scenery with success. Although within France itself there are extensive ranges of the finest mountainous scenery in Europe, equal to the best in Switzerland or in Spain, landscape-painters have hitherto almost exclusively confined themselves to the lowlands. One exception is M. Balouzet, of Lyons, who paints the most desolate Alpine scenery with great truth—as, for example, in his picture of *The Riffel Lake, near Zermatt*, in the Salon of 1891. This does not prevent M. Balouzet from doing justice to the quiet motives of lowland scenery, as in his *October Evening at Poncins on the Loire*, in the same exhibition — a picture with great breadth of rather sombre and melancholy effect, recalling rather the best French landscape-painting of thirty years ago than the present energetic school.

EVENING AT DRUILLAT. BY A. RAPIN.

How quickly the new passes into the old! In a few years the glare of French Impressionism will be as much a thing of the past as that of English Pre-Raphaelitism is to-day. The leaders of the French landscape of ten years ago are now either dead or *démodés*. Two eminent Frenchmen died quite recently who but yesterday were leading men in the school. Rapin, notwithstanding his unlucky name, was an artist of great breadth of conception, able to carry out a transient effect over a large canvas, but not always selecting those effects in nature which are best adapted to the purposes of art. Pelouse, by his powerful execution in the representation of near scenery and his knowledge of effect in the more extensive landscapes that he painted occasionally, won for himself a strong and, latterly, unassailable position in the school. His career was crowned by the magnificent display of his works in the Universal Exhibition of 1889. I have not space to expatiate on those

works in detail, and, indeed, feel strongly the uselessness of disquisitions on pictures that the reader may not have seen, or may fail to remember.

I had intended, in the present chapter, to say something about marine-painting in France, but for want of space must restrict myself to a single observation. The most modern painters do not at all shrink from the unpicturesque ironclad or the passenger steamer, or the too neat and pretty yachts and little boats. As an example of skill in dealing with a very difficult subject I give a sketch from M. Brun's picture of the *Embarkation of M. Carnot on the 'Formidable'* when he went to Corsica. It seems to me that M. Brun has entirely overcome the difficulty, and that the picture (exhibited in the Salon of 1891) is so composed as to impress us with the majesty of a war-ship that deserves its terrible name.

P. G. HAMERTON.

EMBARKATION OF M. CARNOT ON THE 'FORMIDABLE.' BY A. BRUN.

THE LAGO DI GARDA

III

WITH good horses it is possible to go from Riva to Salò in one day—skirting the lake as far as the falls of the Ponale by the magnificent new Corniche road, which then turns inland up a steep ascent to the tarn of Ledro. Between this and the larger mountain lake of Idro, deep, long, and narrow gorges, often almost shutting out the day, give a peculiar character to the scenery. Idro, the Latin Eridio, standing next in size to the Lago d'Iseo and distancing all its Lombard rivals in altitude (1260 feet), has yet to be appropriated by the sentimental journeyman—its silent sheet of emerald water that photographs rather than simply reflects the near mountains, and even, by a freak in optics, the snowy crests of those far away to the north, may be almost called one of the secrets that Nature still keeps to herself. War, however, has not spared Idro's banks, as the overhanging fortress of the Rôcca d'Anfo bears witness. After leaving Anfo, the route traverses the whole length of the Valle Sabbia (which has a complete history of its own, were there time

to tell it), and ultimately comes down at a sharp angle on Salò, ending a drive of rare beauty with a superb view of the Lake of Garda at its loveliest point.

The waterway is not less rich in interest. The steamer stops first at Limone, on either side of which rise walls of impracticable rock, stretching north to the Ponale, and south almost to Gargnano. The small natural amphitheatre in which the village is built is densely lined with luxuriant vegetation, the silver-grey of the olives contrasting with the vivid green of the bay, while tier on tier hang the white colonnades that enclose the lemon-plants. A boat takes up passengers for Tremosine, and deposits them at the bottom of the path (or is it a ladder?) which leads to their destination, 1200 feet above. The next stoppage is made at Gargnano, where the road begins again—some day it will be carried along the face of the rocks to join the Riva road at the Ponale, as dynamite could do the work, stupendous though it seems; but for military reasons the project will be left in abeyance so long as the lake has two masters. Gargnano is the centre of the fishing industry, and a pretty sight it is to see the boats returning at sunset, some manned by four rowers in a standing position, some with their deep orange sails aglow in the slanting light. The fish of the lake of Garda have been celebrated in prose and verse by a hundred writers, from Pliny downwards. Merlin Cocai, who resided in the convent of Maguzzano, where the monks, we may be sure, had a good supply on fast-days, rehearses their praises with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur :—

'Est lacus Italiae, qui nunc de Garda vocatur,
Quique procellosis, ut mare, balzat acquis.
Non nisi boni pisces mangiantur semper ab illo?
Sardenae, acquillae, carpio, tenca, trotae?
Sed quid pallatio piscio valet absque liquore?
Ex oleo pisces nonne padella coquit?
Ergo per intornum ripae cavicantur olivis.'

The carpione, or white trout, must not be confused with carp; it is a delicate fish, weighing about two pounds, of a silvery appearance, and was long believed to only inhabit the Lake of Garda. It is now classed with chad, but it may be doubted if the Garda species is quite the same as that found in other waters.* One eulogist declared that 'the tables of princes, kings, emperors, cardinals, popes, were not duly honoured unless Signor Carpione was present.' When the Emperor Frederick visited the lake in 1489, during a truce in the war he was waging with Matthias, king of Hungary, what pleased him most was the fishing of carpione, in which he took part more than once, and the sweet perfume of the citron and orange-trees.

Rather less than a century later Montaigne spoke of the 'beau parcs d'oliviers, orangiers, et d'autres tels fruitiers,' and observed the 'infinite prospect' of the lake and its liability to furious agitation. He also noticed that around 'ce sont montaignes plus rechignées et seches, que nulles autres du chemin que nous eussions veues.' It has been remarked that this slight reference is almost the only thing in his Italian travels that shows the faintest appreciation of nature.

From Gargnano to Salò the more gradual slopes are everywhere covered with olives, bay-trees, and lemon orchards, while the steeper crags are pricked out with aloe and cypress. At Toscolano the mountain screen is riven in two by a wild gorge, down which rushes a torrent that since the fifteenth century has turned the wheels of extensive paper-mills. There is a tradition that this ravine opened in the previously solid rock in the year 243, and that the ruin caused by the split buried the city of Benacus. Every place hankers after the

* See Signor Buttarini's exhaustive monograph, 'La Pesca nel Lago di Garda.' (Salò, 1885.)

assumption that it occupies the site of that city which probably never existed. At Garda, for instance, the fishermen think they see its foundations under the water when it is very calm, an idea that may have arisen from catching sight of the remains of lake dwellings. Toscolano might be content with its authentic Etruscan name, and with the memory of an ancient supremacy that seems well attested. In early Christian times it yielded the lead to Maderno, the *città madre* of the Riviera, whose importance at a remote date is confirmed by its possessing the oldest and by far the most interesting ecclesiastical building on the lake, the Gothic church of Sant' Andrea, belonging to the eleventh or twelfth century. Amongst other bits of Roman carving a pretty bas-relief of a winged child driving two horses is inserted

LAGO DI GARDA.

upside down in a side wall. The habit of transposing Roman stones may have been adopted less out of carelessness than as a sort of excuse for using them for Christian purposes, and the unnatural attitude of this poor cupid possibly saved him from the wrath of S. Charles Borromeo, who is reported, alas! to have caused havoc to be wrought amongst the pagan works of art lingering on the Riviera.

Opposite Sant' Andrea stands a statue of S. Ercoliano, bishop of Brescia in the sixth century, 'who was so full of piety and holiness, of grace and divinity, that the birds and fishes, as well as the beasts of the earth, stood still at his voice, obeyed him, did his pleasure, and with him were seen eagerly praising God.' The passage sets one thinking of the *Fioretti* of S. Francis, and the legends of other saints, Buddhist and Christian, who were alleged to have got over the hedge dividing our intelligence from that of our fellow-creatures, of whom Cardinal Newman said that we know less than of the angels. Those old saints, were they confronted with modern *scienziati*, would have little difficulty in accepting Darwin, but very much in receiving the doctrines of the school which insists that, excepting man, all animals are blind automata.

About the middle of the fourteenth century the seat of government was moved from Maderno to Salò, which was recognised by the Venetian Republic as head of 'La Magnifica Patria della Riviera,' consisting of thirty-four communes and forty-eight thousand inhabitants. Venice did not comply with the prayer of the Salodiani to be totally severed from Brescia—during their whole history the ceaseless aim of all their efforts—but the connexion was

reduced to a mere formality, and the so-called 'Magnifica Patria' enjoyed as much home rule as it chose.

When I first knew Salò, even its name was known to scarcely any one, unless he was a violinist — in which case he had heard of Gaspare da Salò, one of the earliest of the great makers, who has the credit of having invented the present shape of the violin. In these last years hotels and villas have sprung up here, and in the neighbouring Gardone Riviera, to provide accommodation for the German visitors who seek a winter climate milder than their own. They find much sunshine, little wind, and no extreme severity of cold. But the summer is the true season for the Lake of Garda, as it is for most parts of Italy. In winter, if Nature be lovely, it is the loveliness of a statue; in summer she is alive, she speaks with a thousand voices, a wordless language which, like music, stirs a more subtle sense in us than any we wot of. The jubilant coming of the dawn, the stillness of the mid-day hours, the glorious departure of the sun, the brief limbo of the twilight, the solemn mysteries of the deep-blue nights, form a dramatic sequence that carries us with it, so that we, too, seem to be born, and live, and die, and come to life again with a new-made spirit :—

'Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle.'

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

THE CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, CAEN

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES

THIS Church, formerly called the Church of Notre Dame, stands in the Rue Notre Dame, just where it becomes the Rue St. Etienne. It contains architecture of many different periods. Its two naves are roofed with wood, and end in two apses, projecting into the street, which are seen in M. Brunet-Debaines' plate. The northern of these is in the Renaissance style, and is said to be of the date of 1546. The other is perhaps nearly a century earlier, and is richly decorated in the flamboyant manner to which much of the rest of the ornament of the church belongs. Like most of the other buildings in Caen, it has been expensively and badly restored. M. Brunet-Debaines' engraving is a combination of soft-ground etching with aquatint.

THE PALACES OF NAPLES

I

THE palaces of Naples are all but unknown to the mass of travellers. They find but scanty notice in guide-books and itinerary maps, and a visit to them seldom enters into the calculation of the day's work of even the most enterprising sightseer. On coming to Naples from the northern cities of Italy, one misses woefully the grand architecture to be found in the old grand-duchies and republics. Where, in the City of the Siren, for example, can we point out to a friend such a striking building as the Palazzo Vecchio in the City of Flowers, towering at sunset above the twilight square, with its upper portion and airy tower blazing red in the last rays of the sun?

Yet there are interesting palaces in Naples, half-concealed, indeed, by their changed character, for the royal residences are transformed into fortresses and barracks, while the few remaining private mansions which once belonged to powerful aristocratic families have sunk into degradation—the only remnant of the ancient glory being some arched gateway, or carved window, lost in a mass of hideous stucco.

The most striking of the group of royal residences is undoubtedly the *Castel dell' Ovo*.

Built originally as a palace, and afterwards associated, as fortress and prison, with some of the darkest hours of Italy's struggle for freedom, this castle cannot fail to attract notice by its picturesque situation and stern beauty, contrasting so strongly with the gay modern life displayed on the wide esplanade which has, in recent years, replaced the wave-beaten beach at its foot. Who that, in grey weather, has seen the lofty walls encircled by a wreath of angry foam during one of the wild southern gales, while rapidly driving clouds, foreboding tempest, form a canopy overhead, has not felt the spell of poetry and romance which, in spite of its modern surroundings, still hovers over that historic and incongruous pile?

The date and origin of whatever edifice first arose on the little rocky island at the foot of the promontory which, in old times, as well as now, divided the Bay of Naples into two halves, is lost in the obscurity of far-away ages. We read in Procopius that Belisarius, having anchored his fleet in that bay, took possession of a suburban castle; which could be no other than the Castel dell' Ovo, as no other existed in those times near the city. Then

THE CASTEL DELL' OVO, NAPLES.

it is also certain that Lucullus, long before, had a villa close by, if not upon the rock—probably upon both rock and promontory—for ancient writers speak of a villa of Lucullus on Monte Echia (now Monte di Dio), with which the present island was said to be still connected, though afterwards separated from the land by an earthquake. In the gardens of this villa were planted, it is said, the first cherry-trees and Persian peaches ever brought to Italy; but only for the sake of their blossoms, the fruit being sour and considered poisonous. But, it is said, the soil of Naples gradually absorbed the poisonous quality, and the fruit became fit to eat. We know from Mr. Hehn's learned book* that it was the grafting of the Asiatic cherry on the wild Italian species which finally produced the numerous varieties of that exquisite fruit, none of which are more delicious than those grown in the neighbouring isle of Ischia.

The derivation of the name which has clung to the castle—*dell' Ovo*, or 'of the egg'—is by old legend attributed to Virgil's having enchanted an egg, enclosed it in a bottle, and the bottle in an iron cage, which was deposited in a well-guarded chamber in the villa. So long as the carefully protected egg remained unbroken, so long would the edifice endure. But doubtless the shape of the rock and castle, which, disregarding all exterior excrescences, is almost a perfect oval, was the real origin of the name.

* 'Wanderings of Plants and Animals.'

The little island which forms the foundation of, and is covered by, the Castel dell' Ovo had also formerly another name, the 'Rock of the Saviour.' Peter d'Eboli, the old chronicler, writes about it: 'There is a place in the midst of the sea, shaped by the forces of nature into an oval mass, and surrounded by rocks at the foot of a cliff. It is defended by these sharp rocks from rowing-boats. Here the rock, and there the wave, arrest a hostile foot. Therefore it is named the *Saviour*, for, believe me, it is perfectly secure, and a fit place in which to keep a prey or booty.'

Here, too, some monks built a monastery and church to the Saviour, and there St. Patrizia died, after having been carried to Naples for the second time by a tempest. The old cells are still to be seen far down in the castle depths, with faded frescoes representing the life of this saint, but they belong to a much later century than that in which she lived and died. There are also some remains of Gothic arches belonging to the fourth century. Thus a few facts rise from the darkness of the Middle Ages, like solitary illuminated points out of a sea of cloud and mist. The castle must early have been used as a fortress, for to it Augustulus, the last Roman emperor, was banished in 476 by Odoacer, the first King of Italy.* In later years queens and philosophers have also been confined in the deep and gloomy dungeons of Castel dell' Ovo, the openings to which, for light and air, are still to be seen hewn in the thickness of the rock, and separated from the dungeon itself by two or four iron gratings at equal and wide distances.

The story of this grey old witness to the changes which befell becomes clearer by the year 1154, when William the Bad, second king of Naples, erected a palace there after a plan by the architect Buono, who, it is said, built it in the shape of an egg—probably the real source of its present name. Then, when this same king built Castello Capuano to defend the land, he fortified his island palace to defend the sea.

Frederick II. rebuilt the castle, which had been partially destroyed, in the thirteenth century, and held there a general parliament on the 16th April, 1218; afterwards, in 1221, beautifying the place according to a plan by Pisano, or, as Vasari says, by Puccio. Charles I. of Anjou added new wings for the residence of his family and for the royal tribunal; and Maria, wife of the second Charles, instituted there a Benedictine monastery. The popular rebellion in the time of Giovanna II. spent its wrath on this castle, and it was sacked and burnt. Alfonso of Aragon added fortifications. In the year 1494 it was besieged and taken by Charles VIII., and in 1503 the first mine ever known in Naples was sprung under and crumbled its walls. But Peter of Toledo, the Spanish viceroy, to whom Naples owed so much of its magnificence, restored the castle, and at the end of the sixteenth century it was finally joined to the land by the bridge, 800 feet long, which still exists. A hundred years later the cannon on the top of Monte di Dio made a breach in the walls of the castle during the assault on it by the Counts of Carni. It is now a barrack and military prison, and in modern times has been made for ever memorable as the prison-house of the patriot Poerio and his companions, whose sufferings attained world-wide celebrity by Gladstone's famous letters to Lord Aberdeen: but we will not further enter into this story, our object being rather to revive what can be gathered of the earlier history of the Neapolitan palaces.

Castello Capuano, now surrounded by the thronging houses of old Naples, is a massive rectangular edifice, 1080 feet long by 380 wide. The façade is ornamented by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pilasters. It has no fewer than five large inner courtyards, three of which are entirely surrounded by a Doric portico, and two have a similar

* In 1284 Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Manfred, had been shut up during *eighteen* years in Castel dell' Ovo, when Ruggero di Lauria, after taking Charles II., thirty-two barons, and eight hundred sailors prisoners during the naval attack in the Bay of Naples, demanded her liberation. After the rebellion which ensued on that occasion, Charles of Anjou caused a hundred and fifty persons to be hung, and imprisoned many thousand rebels in the dungeons of the different castles.

portico on their shorter sides. A broad principal staircase opens into the largest court, while eight others lead from various points to the upper stories. This ancient palace was founded in the twelfth century by William the Norman, surnamed 'the Bad' because of his dissolute life, for his own residence. At that time it lay outside the walls of the city, and was surrounded by splendid gardens. In 1231 it was reconstructed by Frederick II. of Swabia, after the plans of Puccio, a Neapolitan architect. Here Frederick set up his Court, as did afterwards Ferrante of Aragon, who enlarged it, built new walls around it, and extended the gardens to an immense distance. It may be noted, in passing, that it was this Aragonese king who introduced the art of printing into Naples. Until the lapse of the fourth dynasty of the Neapolitan monarchs, the quarter of the city close to this castle was the most important and noble, containing the different State buildings and the palaces of the barons of the realm. Close by was the *Campo Carbonara*, mentioned by Petrarch and Boccaccio, where bloody gladiatorial combats and splendid tournaments took place, at which the latter poet frequently met the maiden called Maria, of whom he was enamoured.

THE PORTA CAPUANA, NAPLES.

As the city grew the castle became encircled by its precincts, and was soon deserted as a royal residence. It was afterwards presented by the Aragonese kings as a gift to Carlo, prince of Sulmona; and by that family it was ceded, in 1540, to Peter of Toledo, by whom the old building was utilised as the Great Tribunal, uniting the old courts of law and the prisons, and to this day it has retained this character of a palace of justice. But all its old magnificence has gone; except by its bulk, it makes no impression on the passer-by. Its very foundations are shaky, and, in spite of recent repairs, there are doubts of its safety. In its vast halls, the rococo frescoes of the sixteenth century are blemished and faded, while all traces of the glory of its kingly times have entirely vanished, and the extremest stretch of imagination cannot revive them.

Porta Capuana, now entirely disconnected from the castle, once made a part of its precincts. It was erected in 1484 by Ferdinand I. of Aragon, after the design of Giuliano da Majano. Ferdinand had wished that his coronation should be represented on the arch in bas-relief, but this was never carried out. Through its archway Charles V. made his triumphal entry into Naples on his return from Africa in 1527. The bronze statute of San Gaetano was placed in its central niche as a votive offering in 1648, the year after the great plague. All the marble decorations of the gate are by its architect, who, we may here interpolate, built for King Alfonso the magnificent palace of Poggio Reale, on the spot where now stands the Royal Observatory, but of which and its beautiful gardens not a single trace remains. A half-relief statue of Ferrante I., once in the arch, was removed in 1535. Between the two statues of St. Gennaro and St. Agnello, hurriedly chiselled by Giovanni da Nola, is the coat-of-arms of Charles V., placed there in commemoration of his entry.

Until quite recently the *Castel Nuovo* was almost hidden by the crowd of modern buildings, principally devoted to petty commercial purposes, which clustered thickly round its walls, and above which showed the four principal towers, horribly smoke-grimed by the military foundry beneath them, and the extreme summit of the triumphal arch of Alfonso of Aragon. Some buildings still remain to be demolished, when the noble castle will stand free, one of the most interesting monuments of modern Naples; for, in spite of the scanty respect hitherto shown it, this building claims the deepest attention, being closely linked with the most stirring incidents of Neapolitan history, as a short sketch will suffice to show.

Charles I. of Anjou founded Castel Nuovo, pulling down an old Franciscan monastery which stood on the chosen spot to make room for the new royal residence, which was to be built in the French style of that period.

Let those who know modern Naples imagine the city without the Toledo, without the Royal Palace or Square, without the famous Santa Lucia; and then let them imagine the gigantic pile of Castel Nuovo, with five majestic and very lofty towers, standing in complete isolation on the sea-shore, and protected by an ample glacis, and he will have some idea of what Castel Nuovo was at the end of the thirteenth century.

Till then the Castel dell' Ovo or Castel Capuano had served as the abodes of royalty, but the former was too restricted in space, and the salt marshes extending near Castel Capuano rendered it unhealthy.

The site of the new palace was on a curve of the shore termed Porto Pisano, for the king wished to combine palace and fortress in one, and, in view of the frequent revolutions among the populace, to have easy access to the sea in case of an attack from the land. The ground chosen was encumbered with the ruins of ancient churches, interspersed with gardens and dwellings of the humbler class. A letter of Charles's, which is still preserved, dated May 16th, 1279, speaks of having sent to Castellammare for the lime for building a new palace on the site, dedicated to St. Mary. Able builders and workmen were sought for in Naples, and an extensive grotto in the rock near was used as a stable for the forty mules employed in carrying material. The king superintended the work in person, and fixed the number of masons and amount of wages. Vasari says that Giovanni Pisano was summoned to Naples in 1283 as principal architect of the castle, but as the Angevine registers only mention the names of Peter de Chaul and Peter d'Agincourt, and Vasari was writing long after the event, we may safely conclude his assertion to be one of his not infrequent inaccuracies. A Neapolitan historian mentions Masuccio, who was born in 1228 and died 1305, as the original architect.

It is to be regretted that the extensive amplifications and transformations which the building underwent during the reigns of Charles's successors, and especially in that of Alfonso I. of Aragon, have rendered it very difficult to guess at its original form. We learn that the general plan was square, with high walls, surrounded by a trench filled with sea-water. A principal gateway with a drawbridge opened towards the city. The castle must have presented an imposing appearance, while the garden which lay to the south-east, between the palace and the sea, and which was adorned with fountains and flower-beds, added grace and the beauty of colouring. To the south-west the king had a rocky piece of ground levelled between the new castle and that of Dell' Ovo to render the view wider and more beautiful. On the west rose the acclivity of the hill of St. Elmo, and to the north extended a spacious plain called the road *Corregiarum*, which seems to have been some metres lower in level than the present Piazza Medina.

In spite of the king's ardent interest in the work it advanced but slowly, the masons frequently leaving because dissatisfied with the pay, or because they had received none at all. At last the king ordered them to be detained by force, putting the rebellious in chains, and imprisoning the families of the runaways. The walls and towers were completed in 1282, but

the next year the Sicilians, who had rebelled, began making predatory incursions by sea which obliged the king to place double guards to protect the works. Charles I. seems never to have inhabited the castle himself, nor to have made use of it for occasions of pomp and ceremony such as afterwards made it so famous. He himself cared little for festivity, and was averse to any kind of pleasure, absorbed only in ambitious schemes for the aggrandisement of his family.

His son, Charles II., who had none of his father's valour or ability in war, was also less fortunate, and was imprisoned, after a naval engagement with the Sicilians, near Sorrento. On his liberation he established himself at Naples, and continued the building of Castel Nuovo. It was there that he welcomed, as the first illustrious guest whom its walls received, Pope Celestino V. It is said that the tumultuous welcome accorded by the people, and the racket kept up around him during his sojourn in the royal apartments, so terrified the old man, who had hitherto lived in seclusion, that he decided to renounce the fatal dignity, and the famous *gran rifiuto* immortalised by Dante took place in the great hall of the castle, which also witnessed the election of his successor, the proud and worldly Boniface VIII.

This great hall, of a perfectly square shape, and now filled with stands of arms, is about 230 square yards in size. The ceiling is divided into an octagonal design by pointed arches. Two immense windows at each end are decorated with coats-of-arms and other symbols, and in the thickness of the wall between them, looking out upon the sea, are two deep recesses or boxes, almost small rooms, from which royalty looked down upon the different festivals, and also upon theatrical representations.

EDITH MARGET.

THIRSTY COMRADES

ETCHED BY A. E. COOMBE, FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY BIRKET FOSTER

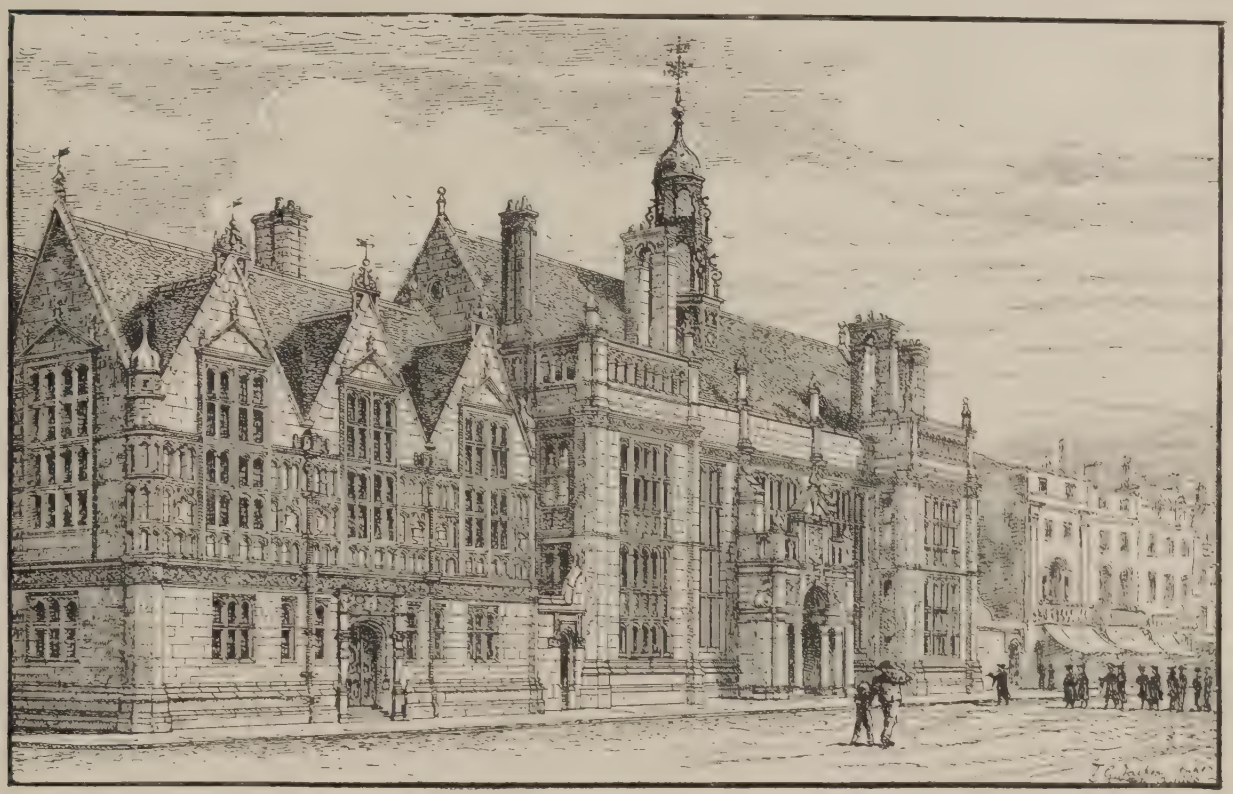
THIS little drawing is very characteristic of the artist. Nothing can be simpler than the subject;—the little rill from the hill-side guided by a slender conduit to a stone trough by the road, and the girl's pitcher standing beside it while she and her dog hasten to quench their thirst after their walk along the sultry road. Both drink in the same primitive fashion, and yet with a difference, the girl bending over to the spring of clear water, while her four-footed friend drinks from the pool on the ground. These materials the artist has arranged with his usual elegance—not without artifice, but artifice of a simple and tasteful kind, suited to the simplicity of the subject.

THE NEW EDITION OF FERGUSSON'S 'MODERN ARCHITECTURE'

THE writings of the late James Fergusson hold a peculiar position in the literature of art. It is a position they would reach, perhaps, in no country in the world but England. They are the work of a man to whom accident brought unusual opportunities—of a man abundantly gifted with energy, patience, and a sort of common sense of the eye which supplied the place of real artistic judgment. In the four volumes by which he is best known we scarcely ever find a verdict on an aesthetic point with which it is possible to agree. He almost invariably fails to grasp the artistic motive of any design he discusses. On practical questions he often comes to the right conclusion; but the moment he finds

Thirsty Comrades.

himself in the presence of a creation in which use and beauty give and take, he goes astray. He never sees such a design as a whole—as a balanced creation. He is apt—more than apt—to fasten upon some fancied defect, and to suggest some 'improvement' which would in reality destroy coherence. The occasions on which he seems to fully appreciate an idea that has leapt complete from its author's brain are so few that they startle us when we come across them. As an instance, we may point to what he says of the colonnade added by Palladio to the Basilica at Vicenza. This, with its extraordinary combination of grandeur in effect, grace of detail, and felicity of application, he understood—at least he refrains from diluting his praise with suggestions based on a theory inconsistent with that by which the architect was governed. The reverse was too commonly his practice. More than usually



THE SCHOOLS, OXFORD.

glaring examples of this are his proposals for the improvement of St. Paul's, both the existing church and the design embodied in the well-known model. In each case he pitches upon some detail he does not like, and proposes to modify it regardless of the inroad he would make on the general balance. He was without breadth and grasp. He did not see the absurdity of curing a design conceived on one set of principles by the application of one opposed to it. If he had been an architect himself, and had followed out his own ideas, he might possibly have turned out buildings in which utilitarian needs were properly met and dressed in inoffensive ornament; he could never have conceived an artistic whole, in which ornament and use, beauty and purpose, bore organic relations to each other. Perhaps a more convincing proof of this is given by his treatment of Somerset House than by what he says about St. Paul's. To call the masterpiece of Chambers a failure and the Parliament House at Berne a success, is the merest perversity of criticism. And yet, with all his faults, Fergusson is one of the most interesting of writers upon architecture. His verdicts in the mass are mistaken, but on his way to them he suggests numberless points which are worth careful thinking out. He completely fails to set up any critical principle, or even to con-

sistently follow those fragmentary notions which act as its substitute. It is impossible to guess from his verdict on this *palazzo* what he will say of that *palais*. And yet he stimulates and, thanks to his candour, does not mislead.

It was, then, a good idea to bring his most popular volume, the 'Hand-book,' or, as it was afterwards called, the 'History of Modern Architecture,'* up to date. Whether Mr. Robert Kerr has acquitted himself of his task in the best possible way, I may, however, be allowed to doubt. He has printed Fergusson's volume as its author left it. So far, good. No other course was, perhaps, open. He has supplemented it with discussions, within brackets, of Fergusson's ideas. There, again, he seems to have taken the best line. But then he has gone on to speak of recent developments in each of the countries dealt with by Fergusson on a totally different plan and scale from the rest of the book.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

This seems to be an error of judgment. Following chapters in which things of small importance are discussed in detail for the light they throw on progress, we find others in which buildings of the greatest moment are dismissed in a phrase. Thus symmetry is destroyed, and a volume that was monumental as Fergusson left it, is turned into a bit of patchwork. It would have been easy for Mr. Kerr to indicate, in notes, the matters in which his opinions differed from those of his author, and then, at the end of each section, to have developed his own ideas on recent architecture in such a form and on such a scale that proportion should be preserved. Another thing that detracts from the beauty of the volume could hardly, perhaps, have been avoided. Since Fergusson's time photographic processes have taken the place of wood-engraving in the illustration of books like this. Short of having a set of blocks engraved on purpose, which would have been very costly, it was impossible to make the new illustrations agree well with the old. Still, the discord

* 'A History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.' By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S. Third Edition, revised by Robert Kerr, F.R.I.B.A. (London: Murray. 1891.)

need not have been so great as it is. The three figures we have borrowed give a better impression of the new *clichés* than they deserve. Few are as good as these, while some, notably those in the Italian and American sections, are quite unworthy of their surroundings.

Scrappy as it is, Mr. Kerr's criticism is apt to be pregnant and suggestive. Take this passage from the chapter on 'Recent Architecture in France':—

'The inauguration of the Second Empire . . . . coincides with the commencement of that all-important movement which is identified with the era of the great International Exhibitions, and the consequent advancement of the industrial arts at large at the expense of academical exclusiveness. No doubt there were certain branches of art in which France, like England, instantly experienced the beneficial effects of the new departure; but the artistic conditions of the two countries had no such correspondence as would cause them to go hand in hand in architecture, and each took her own line—England was far behind France—England entered upon a new "career," and this has now led her to the cultivation for the moment of a style of *bric-à-brac*; France, on the other hand, simply carried forward her established system to a further development of its own standard graces. In England we have now taken to Flemish Rococo; France continues wholly French. The English cities have passed through a course of counterfeit Gothic; the French cities have never thought of anything of the sort. We know not what we shall be next, when no longer Flemish; France knows perfectly well that she will remain French. Whatever a shrewd analytical enthusiast like our author may say of the unreality or non-vitality of modern European architecture, there is this one exception, if only to prove the rule: the style of Paris in our day, whether the reader approves it or not, is the living perfection for the time being of the modern European mode. So far as it may be deemed by some to be monotonous, enfeebled, mercurial, effeminate, meretricious, or whatever the opprobrious epithet may be, so far it is still the embodiment of the French mind in the modern world, in which she is still, as she has been so long, the undisputed leader in artistic practice. When she comes to be superseded—perhaps she is already rivalled—it may be by England or the English race; but the time is not yet, and especially in respect of the architecture of her towns.'

Here a broad fact, which too much writing on architecture ignores, is put simply and plainly. This, too, is good:—

'The essence of the Neo-Grec is finesse. The same finesse, so far as it could go in a primitive world, was the essence of the Hellenic antique. The French mouldings, modellings, decorative embellishments, and conventional motives at large, are all derived from—inspired by—the old Greek; for the simple reason that the Roman, and its outcome, the Italian Renaissance, were deficient in finesse. How the old Roman degenerated from the Greek refinement, we too well know; two thousand years have passed, and the modern Frank regenerates the same refinement, rehabilitating the crude new Roman with the old Greek delicacy, revivifying the *corpus* of the Italian with the *animus* of the Hellene.'

In calling the Belgian *Palais de Justice* 'the dream of a scene-painter unexpectedly realised, in which magnificence must be accepted in lieu of taste, and the vague admiration of the multitude for the analysis of the critic,' he gets, perhaps, a little mixed, but nevertheless he passes a perfectly sound verdict.

Perhaps Mr. Kerr's best opportunity came to him with the chapter on recent architecture in America. There he had a real development, almost an artistic rebirth, to deal with. When Fergusson wrote there was little but unintelligent copying to notice, and Fergusson was sure to go astray under such conditions. One of his besetting sins is to conclude that because communities have shown no particular capacity for art, they never will. No one, he says in one place, can suspect the people who now inhabit the south of Scotland of sympathy with any form of art; and yet, during the last fifteen or twenty years, the seeds of art have sprung up more healthily perhaps among these very people than anywhere else. Fergusson was sure to be blind to the signs of artistic power in the American work of the first half of the century. The grammatical mistakes of Grace Church, New York, he would be keenly alive to, while the evidence it gives of artistic ambition and of a boldness which only requires

drilling to lead to fresh results, escaped his vision. He knew that the erection of such a church would be a bad sign in an old community, and failed to recognise that its significance might be reversed in a new one. Mr. Kerr avoids this mistake. His chapter on 'European

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.

Architecture in America,' as he might have called it, is full of sympathy, somewhat brokenly expressed.

Speaking of Richardson, however, he fails to note how much of that artist's charm depends upon the originality, and how little upon the appropriateness of his designs. The famous Trinity Church, at Boston, would be thoroughly in place among the storms of Cape Horn; in the latitude of New England its fortress-like strength is a waste of power, and reminds us of the giant who defies where no man thinks of attacking.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

SEPTEMBER 1.—The thirty-fourth annual report of the National Portrait Gallery shows that the collection has been increased during the past year by thirty-six pictures, drawings, and busts. Ten of these are gifts or bequests, twenty-six are purchases. Among the more important acquisitions are busts in plaster of the Queen, Lord Beaconsfield, Archbishop Tait, General Gordon, John Leech, John Bright, and four others, by the late Sir Edgar Boehm; a portrait by Hudson of the first Earl of Hardwicke; a portrait of Tom Hood and his wife, ascribed to Masquerier; a half-length of Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester, the early patron of Wolsey, after Johannes Corvus; a portrait in oil of 'the Judicious Hooker,' and a miniature of Richard Baxter. The Director makes no allusion to the new galleries, which are fast rising to hide the familiar back wall of the National Gallery at the foot of Charing Cross Road. It is quite on the cards that by the time this building is finished its purpose may be changed.

ON the 8th of August Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., was elected to fill the President's chair of the Royal Scottish Academy, in succession to the late Sir William Fettes Douglas. Mr. Reid was born at Aberdeen in 1842, and was trained as an artist in the Trustees' Academy, in Edinburgh. Afterwards he worked for a time under Mollinger and Israels in Holland, and with Yvon in Paris. To the combined influence of Mollinger and Yvon he owes, no doubt, a certain dry precision and balance which distinguishes his work from that of any other modern Scot, except, perhaps, the painter to whose honours he succeeds. In the matter of taste in conception and soundness of draughtsmanship and general *technique*, his portraits scarcely yield to any now being painted. They are comparable in many ways to the portraits Bonnat used to paint ten years ago, although they lack the almost vicious incisiveness which has always marked the Frenchman's work. Mr. Reid is also one of the most delicate of draughtsmen with the pen. As an illustrator he is best known, perhaps, by his drawings of Edinburgh for Mrs. Oliphant's volume, which are not pen drawings processed, but drawings with the brush cut on the wood. As a man of business Mr. Reid has a reputation for precision and industry which will help him to succeed as P.R.S.A.

THE project for a new building to hold the fine collection of pictures belonging to the City of Glasgow is rapidly taking shape. It was announced at a meeting of the Executive Committee, early in August, that the sum required to render the contract with the Corporation operative had been subscribed, and that Mr. Alfred Waterhouse had consented to act as assessor in helping the Committee with the choice of a design. There are to be two competitions—one of all architects who choose to send in, another between those five who are placed first in the initial stage. It is expected that the building will be begun and carried far on towards completion in the course of next year.

MEANWHILE those responsible for the care of the pictures have been experimenting with their treasures in a fashion that is only too common. Since the present writer saw them two years ago, a large number, nearly half the collection, have been cleaned with vastly more vigour than discretion, and much damage has been done. Even the 'Giorgione,' one of the most important Venetian pictures in this country, has not escaped, and much of its charm has been removed. It is to be hoped that before this work is carried farther, some picture-doctor with more caution than those hitherto employed may be called in.

MR. PERCY HORNE, the well-known collector of the best English prints in their best state, has published a catalogue with the title, 'Engraved Portraits and Fancy Subjects Painted by Gainsborough and Romney.' It is illustrated with twenty reproductions, by some phototypic process, of the rarest and best prints in his own collection. It appears from this catalogue that the plates after Gainsborough reach a total of eighty-eight, and those after the lesser, but perhaps the more popular master, tot up to one hundred and forty-five. Mr. Horne has carried out his self-appointed task with great taste, judgment, and industry. He numbers each plate, gives its method, the name of the engraver, its size to eighths of an inch, and its known states. There is an index, and the printing is very well done by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

THE competition for the right to complete the South Kensington Museum has ended in the victory of Mr. Aston Webb, the partner of Mr. Ingress Bell in the building of the Birmingham Assize Courts. His design is in the style selected for the latter building, and is rather broken up and deficient in dignity. We may note that it has been obviously governed, as a whole, by the wish to produce something that should not quarrel with Mr. Waterhouse's Natural History Museum. Here Mr. Webb seems to have displayed sound judgment from more than one point of view. His plan, too, has much balance and dignity. Among the other designs, the most remarkable is Mr. Mervyn Macartney's rather heavy and Newgate-like, but masculine, project for a building which should carry on the tradition set afoot by Inigo Jones. The design sent in by Mr. J. E. Collcutt, the architect of the Imperial Institute, has also much merit. It includes a dome conceived on lines, and on a scale, not dissimilar from those of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. We shall hope to discuss the whole set of designs at a future opportunity.

THE Royal Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland held its annual congress this year in Edinburgh, where the new National Portrait Gallery, with the fine rooms appropriated to the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities, afforded an ideal centre for the gathering. Besides the meetings of the Society two exhibitions were organized, which cast light on its proceedings. One was the Heraldic Exhibition, still open, which filled two rooms of the Portrait Gallery, the other was a collection brought together by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries of about four hundred rubbings from the early sculptured stones of Scotland, made by Miss Maclagan, of Stirling, one of the ten lady members of the Society. The business of the week began on August 11th with a meeting at which about one hundred Members of the Institute were present. Earl Percy, the President of the Society, introduced the President of this year's Congress, Sir Herbert Maxwell, who gave an opening address on the aims and methods of archaeology in its highest development, the search after truth, illustrating his argument by a telling disquisition on Scott and Horace Walpole as types of the earlier archaeologist, each devoted to the science from a single point, the one as an artist, the other as a romancer. The address concluded with a tribute to the munificence of Mr. J. R. Findlay, the donor of the New Portrait Gallery. In the afternoon the visitors went to Holyrood Chapel and Palace, Mr. W. W. Robertson, of the Board of Works, acting as cicerone. The evening was devoted to the opening of the Antiquarian Section in the Lecture Hall, with an address from Dr. John Evans, F.R.S., 'On the Progress of Archaeology.' Dr. Ware, the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness, afterwards read a paper by Mrs. Ware on 'The Episcopal Seals of Carlisle.' On Tuesday the members visited Linlithgow. After visiting the scene of the Regent Murray's murder, they went to the Church of St. Michael, a large cruciform example of fifteenth century Scottish architecture. Mr. Thomas Ross, one of the authors of 'The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland,' acted as guide to Linlithgow Palace, and the party then went on by train to Stirling, where the 'East and West Churches' were visited, and briefly lectured upon by Mr. G. Washington Browne, and the Castle was inspected to the accompaniment of an interesting historic and architectural commentary by Mr. Ross. The Historical Section opened in the evening with an address from Dr. Hodgkin, F.S.A., on 'The Connexion between History and Archaeology,' followed by 'Notes on the Vitruvian account of the Greek Stage' by the American delegate, Mr. Louis Dyer, and a finely-illustrated paper on 'The Sword Belts of the Middle Ages,' by Mr. Hartshorne, F.S.A. The morning of Wednesday, August 12, was given up to papers of varying interest, the Bishop of Carlisle, who opened the Architectural Section by an address on 'The Relation of Architecture to Archaeology,'

being the chief speaker. Good papers were also contributed by the Rev. W. S. Calverley, F.S.A., Dr. Raven, and Dr. MacDonald. In the afternoon the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, the Parliament House and Advocates' Library, Heriot's Hospital, and the Castle were visited, and the evening was devoted to the great social function of the Congress, the conversazione in the new Portrait Gallery and Museum of Antiquities, given by the President and Council of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The guests were received by Lord Lothian, president of the Society, and Sir Herbert and Lady Maxwell, and the new buildings were formally declared open, and inaugurated by a march of four Cameronian pipers throughout the structure. One of the most interesting expeditions of the week was that to St. Andrews on Friday, the 14th, under the auspices of Mr. D. H. Fleming. The papers read in the evening were, one 'On the Edinburgh Heraldic Exhibition,' by Mr. Balfour Paul, Lyon King-of-Arms; a paper on 'The Demarcation of Scotland and Northumberland,' by Mr. Cadwallader Bates, and an illustrated paper by Mr. Emanuel Green, F.S.A., on 'The Union Jack.' On Saturday, the 15th, one division of the party visited Glasgow Cathedral under the guidance of Mr. J. Honeyman, while the other devoted the whole day to the Roman Wall of Antoninus, the expositors for this section being Mr. William Jolly and Mr. G. Neilson. On August 17th the visitors drove to Rosslyn, Borthwick, and Crichton Castles, Mr. Thomas Ross once more acting as guide, and the programme came to an end with drives to Dunfermline, Dalmeny, and the Castle of Craigmillar, on Tuesday, the 18th. The Congress of 1892 is fixed to take place at Cambridge.

THE Longford Holbein has reappeared in its place in the National Gallery, or rather reappeared in that station among the treasures of Umbria into which it was forced by the congested state of the rooms. It has been *parquetted*, and cleared of its accumulations of dirt and discoloured varnish, and comes out from the restoring-room practically a different picture from that which went in. Its general tone, instead of being very low, is now very high. Passages that were more than mysterious through dirt, are now readily perused, and details have come to light that were not suspected. On the whole the work has been very well done, and reflects great credit on Mr. Dyer. As it now appears, this *Ambassadors* has more in common, perhaps, in the way of tone and colour scheme with the *Georg Gisze* of Berlin, than with any other Holbein. Its illuminant is true daylight. Its colour-pattern an embroidery, as it were, of crimson, blue, red, yellow, black, and purplish brown on a background of warm and glowing green. The various inscriptions have all held their own through the process of cleaning, and remain, as they were, data for the identification of the two men represented.

THE complete list of Chantrey Fund purchases for the year is as follows:—Mr. Calderon's *St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation*, bought for 1200*l.*; Mr. Harry Bates's marble statue, *Pandora*, bought for 1000*l.*; Mr. Harry Dixon's water-colour, *Lions*, bought for 100*l.*; and Mr. J. W. North's *The Winter Sun in the Wild Woodland*, bought for 315*l.* The three last named have already been placed in the Chantrey rooms at South Kensington. A statement of the present condition of the collection has been issued by the Academy, by which it appears that fifty-eight works in all have been bought since the bequest came into operation. Of these, thirty-nine were by 'outsiders,' and eighteen by members of the academic body.

THE large gold medals of the Berlin International Art Exhibition have fallen to Mr. A. Waterhouse, R.A., Mr. J. J. Shannon, and Mr. Stanhope Forbes. Mr. Pettie, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., and Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., have received the small gold medal. Diplomas of honour were awarded to Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Sir John Gilbert; a second-class medal to Mr. Richmond, A.R.A.; while among the 'honourably mentioned' are Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. Yeend King; Mr. Batley, Mons. Massé, Mr. Axel Haig, Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and Mr. Robinson; and the architects, Messrs. George and Peto, Mountford, and Aitchison, A.R.A.

THE drawings premiated in the National Competition of Schools of Art are now on view at the South Kensington Museum. In the various sections of decorative art, and in sculpture, they are up to the average of merit, but the work from the life, whether in colour, or black and white, is not so good as we have sometimes seen it. We are glad to see that in the selected design for the completion of the Museum, provision is made for the more convenient exhibition of these drawings in the future. This may have the good effect of drawing more public attention to the competition.

THE obituary for the month includes one or two names of importance. Mons. Léon Germain Pelouse is a serious loss to French art. He was born at Pierrelaye, Seine-et-Oise, about 1835. He began to exhibit at the Salon in 1865, and eight years later won a medal of the third class. Since then he has been among those to whom official recognition has come easily. There is a picture by him in the Luxembourg, and he was a standing member of the Salon jury. He died on the 31st of July. Mons. Adolphe Leleux, a painter and engraver, who began to exhibit at the Salon more than half a century ago, died suddenly in his studio on the 28th of July. He was born in 1812, learnt painting without a master, but studied engraving under Sixdeniers. He, too, enjoyed a considerable share of official recognition. The Swiss sculptor, Ferdinand Schlöth, died at Thal, in the canton of St. Gall, on August 3rd, in his seventy-third year. The Winkelried monument at Stans and the St. Jacob monument at Basle were, perhaps, his chief works. The death is also announced of Mr. Frank Miles, once so popular for his drawings of pretty women. He had long lived in retirement through ill health.

MAGDALEN BRIDGE AND TOWER, OXFORD

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY TURNER

THIS is an early work of the great artist's, marked by few of the qualities which afterwards made him famous, executed in the quietest manner, with a few pale colours, and with simple fidelity to the subject; and yet a work full of charm. The drawing belongs to the British Museum, and is one of the water-colours now exhibited there. It is a work that holds one before it, and, as the saying is, follows one about the room, although in style it resembles the work of Turner's predecessors rather than that of his own maturity.

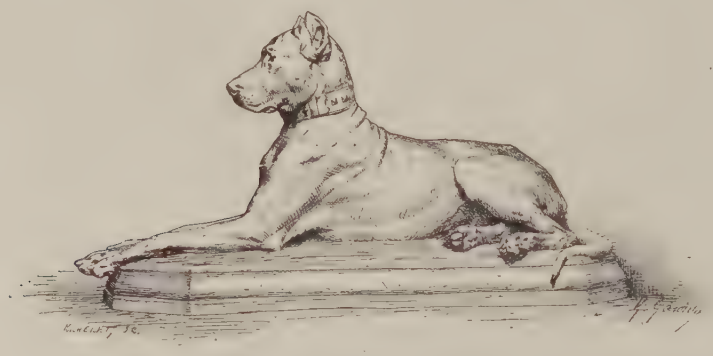
THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

X.—*Sculpture*

A WELL-KNOWN French critic said that if he followed his own impulses he would give himself as much space for sculpture as for painting in his reviews of the annual exhibitions, but the greater public interest in pictures made such a distribution of space impossible. The French critic's wish for room to speak of sculpture would hardly occur to an Englishman in England, because there the art of painting is predominant as much in merit and in vitality as it is in popularity. In France, notwithstanding the evident skill and power of the painters, it might be argued that the sculptors are, at least, their equals, and that the school of modern sculpture is as much alive as the school of painting, and as full of promise for the future. And, although undoubtedly the majority of French people care more for pictures than they do for statues, still there is a minority that takes an equal interest in sculpture, and I myself have known French people who had a special and peculiar interest in plastic art, of a kind that is excessively rare in England. There is, indeed, something in plastic art that answers to the genius of the French mind. Architecture is a living art in France, and when architecture lives sculpture of some kind is always sure to live with it. The modern architectural taste of the French mind is essentially classical; it has revived Gothic as an archaeological and ecclesiastical study, but when left to itself its expression is sure to be classical. The French would never think of building Gothic Houses of Parliament: the idea would never occur to them. Now, a classical taste in architecture is always accompanied by the desire for perfection in sculpture; it is accompanied by an ambition that looks beyond mere decorative carving, beyond the carving of rude and picturesque ornament which was sufficiently accomplished to satisfy Gothic architects, but is not learned enough for the successors of the Greeks. Besides this, any one who knows the French well must be aware

that in all matters of culture they are very willing to submit to discipline, and that they take the fine arts very seriously—that their painting, at least of the human figure, is founded upon the hard and patient study of form. With these qualities they are likely enough to produce good sculptors, and they have naturally the plastic instinct, without which the best of training is but a waste of time.

The instinct must indeed be irresistible when it leads so many young men to enter a profession in which there are hardly any clients except a few public bodies and the State. Here and there a Duke of Aumale, or a Duke of Luynes, buys statues, and smaller folks may commission a bust or a medallion, but there is no purchasing public in France, and the sculptor looks to the foreign magnate or the American millionaire. The life of a sculptor is hard and anxious. I remember Gautherin before he rose to fame—what a terrible life he led, toiling beyond his strength, living like an anchorite, fighting the hard battle that led to a few short years of celebrity and a premature grave. And the unsuccessful men, clever enough to exhibit in the Salon but doing no business, the wonder is that they go on from year to year. I went to see one of them last winter, and found him in a poor workshop in an obscure street, carving by the light of one dim lamp and earning his bread by uninteresting task-work. Many of them carve ornaments for tombstones, or climb scaffoldings to chisel brackets under balconies.



DANISH DOG. BY G. GARDET.

Amidst these numerous failures it is pleasant to come upon a deserved success. The group by Antoine Joseph Gardet, *The Sleep of the Child Jesus*, was one of the great successes in the Salon of 1891. The technical skill and knowledge displayed in the work made it satisfactory to artists, the religious public were pleased and touched by the chastity and serenity of the conception, whilst the popular taste was gratified by the delightful way in which the artist had both realised and idealised the charm of infancy in its two states of watchful wakefulness and unconscious rest. The mother, too, commanded respect by her dignity and grace, accompanied by that gravity, verging upon sadness, which belongs properly to one called to a painful and exceptional maternity. However frivolous and corrupt our age may be, the most serious art is still the surest of success. Perhaps in this instance the seriousness of the artist's temper may have been enhanced by his own presentiment that this would be his 'last word' in art. The group appeared in the Salon with the piece of crape by which the critic knows that his praise is useless. Few artists have ended a brief career more happily, or left a fairer monument.

Antoine Gardet was a pupil of Aimé Millet and Cavelier. There is another Gardet, Georges, a pupil of Millet and Frémiet, who has a sound knowledge of animals, and much sympathy with them. The range of his interest in animals extends from the tragedy of the great carnivora to the tender innocence of the inexperienced little chick or duckling. In the Universal Exhibition of 1889 he exhibited a bear in marble and a group of wild animals in bronze; in the Salon of the same year he had a *Danish Dog* in marble, and in 1891 his whole 'exposition' consisted of a tiny chick and a duckling in marble, both of them full of the closest observation. This may not be very high art, perhaps—and, indeed, it belongs partly to natural history—but the greatest French sculptors do not disdain the study of animals when they have an affection for them. M. Frémiet is unquestionably one of the greatest sculptors now living in Europe, and there is nothing that he enjoys more than the contrast

between human and animal form. In 1885 he exhibited a group entitled *Bear and Man in the Stone Age*. The man has killed a cub and wounded the mother, who, standing on her hind-legs, is wrestling with him, and has got him in her fatal grip. He is strong, yet powerless against the superior strength of the beast, and his wit avails him nothing. The same idea of human powerlessness before superior animal force was expressed in another and still more tragical group, exhibited in 1887, and entitled simply *Gorilla*. The terrible beast has carried off a woman that he holds easily with one long hairy arm, whilst she struggles and pushes vainly. With the other arm he has picked up a large stone that he is ready to throw with his superhuman strength, as he gazes steadfastly at his enemies. The subject is horrible, but the strength of invention, both in general conception and in fearfully significant detail, was beyond dispute, and no one was surprised when the jury awarded M. Frémiet the

ALSATIA AND LORRAINE. BY M. BARTHOLDI.

medal of honour. What a strange power this faculty of artistic invention is! No living sculptor has it in greater strength than M. Frémiet. In the Salon of 1891 there was a bronze statuette by him of an old subject, *St. George slaying the Dragon*. The group was full of vital invention from beginning to end, even to the bending back of the lance as the horse had carried the rider a little beyond his mark. I was admiring the consistent invention of the Dragon, in company with one of the most distinguished members of the jury who knew Frémiet well, and he told me that the grisly beast had been suggested to the sculptor by the back of a skinned rabbit. Here is the difference between imaginative power and the lack of it. To a housekeeper a skinned rabbit suggests nothing but a mediocre dish; to the great sculptor it suggests the legendary enemy of St. George! It is curious how the different studies of an artist sometimes tend to combine themselves in a single work. M. Frémiet has executed several equestrian statues in armour, as, for example, his *Grand Condé* (1881) and his *Jeanne d'Arc*. We have seen that he has also studied fierce animals. The two are combined in the St. George.

Another great inventive sculptor is M. Rodin, also unquestionably a man of genius, not so sober or so severely cultured as M. Frémiet, but still more imaginative, one of the

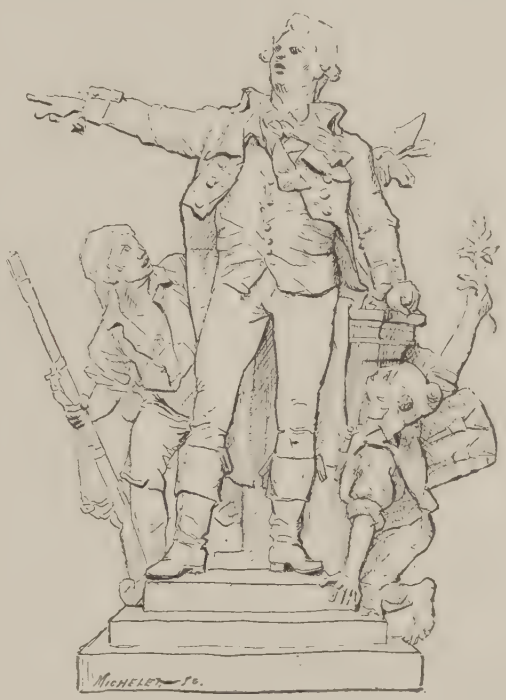
very few artists of the present day who may, without presumption, undertake the illustration of Dante. His great Dante door, as yet unfinished, is wonderful for exuberance of imagination. In everything that M. Rodin does there is an intensity of perception, a grasp of the subject, that put his sign-manual on every bone and muscle. I saw in a friend's house a bronze fragment of a man's trunk and knew it at once to be by Rodin. 'Yes,' said the owner, 'it was a bit of work in clay begun and thrown aside, so I got leave to have it cast in bronze.' His portraits are not flattering, but they are full of character and prove his interest in the life-history of a man. No artist marks more observedly the effects of years, of thought, labour, anxiety. His finest busts are those of elderly men who have gone through much hard intellectual work. One of the best is the recent one of Puvis de Chavannes; the statue of Victor Hugo in the monument for the Pantheon (as yet only a sketch) is at the same time a likeness and a peculiar kind of idealisation quite different from classical embellishments of form. M. Rodin even takes a curious interest in the hideous. He showed me a terrible statuette, in bronze, too dreadful for exhibition, which was simply an attempt to express the hideousness of old age. He had got some wretched old woman to pose for him, and the result, with his own powerful accentuation, was a fearful perfection of ugliness, fascinating in its own way, for I found it hardly possible to turn away from it.

AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ WHEN A BOY. BY RAMBAUD.

I only know M. Bartholdi's *Liberty lighting the World* by the reduced copy erected at Paris. It is majestic even in the reduction, but every statue is conceived for its own intended scale, and we can hardly judge of the enormous when reduced to the simply colossal. The Eiffel Tower, reduced to the height of a church steeple, would not be the Eiffel Tower. I prefer, therefore, to estimate M. Bartholdi by what I have seen in its full dimensions; for example, the marble group of *Alsatia and Lorraine taking Refuge at the Altar of 'la Patrie,'* intended for Gambetta's monument at Ville d'Avray. If the whole monument may be judged from this part of it, our only regret must be that it was not erected in place of the foolish composition that occupies the finest site in Paris, between the Louvre and the Place du Carrousel. The figures in M. Bartholdi's group are well composed, with sufficient variety to exclude an excessive formality, and they are really living, both in attitude and expression. The allegory is good enough for a sculptor's use, though the refuge offered by the French 'Patrie' to the lost provinces is one of which they are not at liberty to avail themselves, so that their satisfaction is purely ideal. Monumental sculpture has made several very important contributions to the Salons of recent years. In 1888 M. Bartholdi exhibited his monument to Paul Bert, which was original enough in the heavy architectural forms that sustained the recumbent figure, the head falling back in death, whilst the left hand grasped the tricolour and the right hung down by the side of the marble couch. The drapery resembled that of an ancient Roman, the legs and feet bare and also the left arm. The makers of ecclesiastical monuments are more fortunate in the matter of draperies when they have to immortalise a prelate, and the poor *curé* seldom gets immortalised in marble.

An arrangement usually adopted for great Church dignitaries is to make them kneel in full canonicals, with a train behind them and a mitre and crozier on the ground, as in M. Vasselot's Bishop Lamazou (1888) and the portrait of Archbishop Landriot by M. Thomas (1880). Exactly the same arrangement was adopted ten years later by M. Delaplanche for

the monument to Bishop Donnet. It is too convenient to go out of fashion, as it combines piety with magnificence and the insignia of rank. It also affords to the sculptor an opportunity for the display of his skill in such things as draperies and lace. So in the monument to the Count de Chambord by M. Caravannier, exhibited in 1888: the heir of the Bourbons was represented in his royal mantle, sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, as he knelt on one knee with the crown of France on a cushion close to his foot. For my part I look back rather regretfully to these splendours and dignities of a time now fading rapidly into the past. The royalty of Henri V. was so shadowy that it is hardly remembered, and even his best adherents do not visit his grave. How vain the marble crown and mantle, imitating the gold and velvet that he never wore! In the touching group of Louis Philippe and Queen Amélie, by Mercié, exhibited in 1866, and now in the chapel at Dreux, the Queen is kneeling, whilst the King stands erect in the royal mantle, his left hand placed affectionately on her shoulder: they two belong to 'ancient history,' as the French say, and the pair have a melancholy expression on their faces, as if they were thinking that their royalty had been ephemeral and a failure. The Orleans family have a taste for good monumental sculpture, and are willing to pay for the finest work of this kind that can be produced. Their chapel at Dreux has the double interest of a curious historical memorial and a collection of admirable monumental art. The most splendid of royal monuments do not remain in the memory so well as something that touches us. M. Mercié exhibited in 1885 a marble, entitled *Souvenir*, a statue of regretful Recollection seated against a tomb—certainly one of the most pathetic works in modern art, enough to awaken in each of us the memories that are associated with our dead. Some years ago M. de Saint Marceau had a brilliant success with his *Genius guarding the Secret of the Tomb*, that secret which is so well guarded.



MONUMENT TO DANTON. BY PARIS.

French sculptors are now more than ever employed on statues of famous men, of course with the ever-recurring difficulty of modern costume, which they either avoid ingeniously or grapple with audaciously. M. Thiers is a very difficult subject for a statue, partly on account of his physical insignificance, but mainly because he never wore a costume that was good for anything in sculpture. The most typical instance of modern costume in French sculpture is the statue of M. Aristide Boucicaut, the great shopkeeper, by M. Leroux. M. Boucicaut, of course, dressed in the usual frock-coat, waistcoat, and trousers; but as the sculptor wished to avoid the prim neatness of a fashion card he made the clothes fit badly, so that M. Boucicaut seemed to have got into a coat too big for him. The attitude, with one hand in his pocket and the other on his cane, seemed to call for the completion of a hat, but this the sculptor did not venture upon. The statue was, I believe, a good likeness. To us it is interesting chiefly as an attempt to deal with the most unrewarding of all possible costumes. It is useless to struggle against the fatal difficulty of dress. One of the most justly famous statues of modern times is the *Florentine Singer of the Fifteenth Century*, by Dubois, at present in the Luxembourg. The costume is extremely simple—tight hose, a shirt with narrow sleeves, a sort of waistcoat, and a belt. This comes next to the nude as permitting the study of form. The robes of a prelate or sovereign may hide the form, but

they substitute a wealth of drapery. In the *bourgeois* dress of M. Boucicaut there is neither form nor drapery.

The costume of the sixteenth century combines form with an element of the picturesque. We have it in Rambaud's statue of *Agrippa d'Aubigné when a Boy*. From the outstretched hand it may be supposed that he is taking the oath his father required of him in presence of the gibbeted Protestants at Amboise. His boyhood deserved a statue, being at the same time most accomplished and most brave. M. Rambaud's work was worthy of so noble a subject, being both graceful and serious. We know by the works of Meissonier that the costume of the eighteenth century is well adapted to painting —as well, indeed, as any costume can be. Many contemporary sculptors go back to it with equal satisfaction. The most important of all recent efforts in this direction was the large panel in high relief by Dalou, illustrating the famous reply of Mirabeau to the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, 'Go and tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will leave only if turned out with bayonets.' This great work has been placed in the Chamber of Deputies, where it may be present in scenes equally stormy if not quite so important in the history of France. A quieter work by the same artist, also with the costume of the eighteenth century, is the thoughtful figure of Lavoisier, with legs crossed, the elbow resting on the knee, the chin on the hand, now on the Boulevard St. Germain. The face of this statue might be taken as a typical illustration of abstract thinking.

THE SEWER-MAN.
BY M. MATHIEU-MEUSNIER.

The *Danton*, by M. Paris, is an equally fine example of inspiration to action. The democratic leader looks vulgar but determined, and the bronze itself seems to bawl even as he probably bawled. It is a trick of sculptors in compositions of this kind to put figures crouching on each side of the principal one. Few groups of the kind have been more animated than this of *Danton*. That was democratic art on its heroic side; but the same democratic or plebeian spirit that I have already noticed in much modern French painting is visible in sculpture also. The ideal of form is often abandoned as the artist's aim in favour of human interest, as for example in the *Sewer-man* by M. Mathieu-Meusnier, whose enormous boots conceal form effectually, and the real interest of the statue is in the quiet courage of the face and attitude. This idea of celebrating and admiring those who do the world's most disagreeable work is essentially a democratic idea. There was a group by M. Theunissen in the Salon of 1891, entitled *During the Strike*, and representing a poor family depressed by hunger and saddened by the wretched look-out before them. Beauty, of course, and any notion of idealisation, were quite outside of the artist's aim, which was purely to excite sympathy

PORTRAIT OF M. SOISSON. BY RINGEL D'ILLZACH.

with the working class, and in this he succeeded. Still, it seems to me that when pathetic interest is entirely severed from beauty it belongs rather to the province of painting, which has compensations in colour and light-and-shade.

When a sculptor likes character more than anything, the most various motives may set him to work. I have not yet seen the statue of Queen Mary Stuart by M. Ringel d'Illzach, but hope he has done justice to her beauty. I cannot admire *La Parisienne*, by the same sculptor, except for its observation. It was marvellously vulgar. A woman in evening dress was seated with one arm on the back of her chair, and her legs crossed, the foot on the ground being turned so that she rested on the side of it, with the inevitable ugly bend in the ankle. The head, craning forward, had an unpleasantly impudent expression. But what vitality! The woman was so much alive that we wanted her to hold herself better. The same remarkable vitality and individuality of character are visible in all M. Ringel's medallion portraits, by this time very numerous. Speaking of modern subjects in sculpture, I notice that the bicyclists have found their artist in M. H. Dubois, who celebrates their prowess on medallions, showing how well adapted their costume is to artistic treatment of rather a severe kind. Its extreme neatness and conformity to the human shape make it seem classical when treated in a classical spirit. This is a curious instance of the rapidity with which the fine arts adopt things of recent introduction. Even the machines did well in the medallions.

ARLEQUINE. BY FOSSÉ.

THE CAT OF THE REGIMENT. BY MADAME TOUZIN.

The contrast between the classical and the popular ways of treating similar subjects has rarely been better marked than between the severe and graceful beauty of the finely draped *Danseuse*, by Chapu, in the Salon of 1890, and the *Arlequine* of M. Fossé in that of 1891. The first was highly idealised, and so carefully wrought out in every curve of flesh and drapery as to have acquired the interest of inexhaustible beauty. The second is extremely true, lively, and French—pretty, too, in its own way, but, of course, considerably below the region of the ideal. If this subject seems rather frivolous we are not to conclude that the artist is incapable of deep and even tragic sympathies. He exhibited in 1866 a group representing a mother, a plain woman of the people, holding the naked body of a boy, her son, across her knees, killed by two bullets in the massacre of the Second of December. The stern, deep misery of the mother was expressed with imposing truth and power. The army has become much more popular since it has been national, and is now a frequent subject for friendly treatment by sculptors, as in the vigorous group of fighting recruits by M. Croisy (1885), entitled *The Army of the Loire*, and in many affectionately trivial illustrations of military life in its details, such, for example, as Madame Touzin's *Cat of the Regiment*, where a cat perches behind a Zouave's neck whilst he gravely marches on.

The realism which has invaded modern French sculpture is an advantage in the treatment of children and animals, as they rarely have any severe dignity, yet are full of delightful interest in a thousand trivial motions that seem beneath the attention of high art. I was

delighted with the lively happiness of three children in a bronze group by M. Louis Martin (1891), entitled *After School*. They are running and skipping, hand in hand, in the most exuberant glee. An opportunity for seizing upon the tragic side of boyish and animal life was afforded by the incident of the shepherd-boy Jupille, who battled very courageously with a mad dog, muzzling him with his whip. The boy was bitten, and afterwards successfully treated by M. Pasteur, the first trial of his method on a human subject, an experiment that caused the *savant* the most intense anxiety. Two sculptors tried the subject at the same time. Of the two, M. Truffot showed the stronger sense of the situation. His group was exhibited in 1887.

JUPILLE, THE SHEPHERD, AND THE MAD DOG. BY TRUFFOT.

The greatest of all living sculptors of animals is unquestionably M. Cain. Whilst most others are men of more or less talent, Cain is a man of genius. His groups are not merely illustrations of natural history, but works of consummate art. In the Salon of 1891 there was a magnificent bronze by him representing *Eagles and Vultures quarrelling over a dead Bear*. The expression of life and conflict in the birds—the eagle majestic, the vulture envious and hostile, and also the deathful hanging and drooping of the bear—were as good as anything in the finest works of Barye, whilst the sense of composition displayed in the whole group lifted it far above the range of simple realism. A less important work by the same artist, *Dogs Tied Up* (1887), showed intimate knowledge of more familiar animals.

DOGS TIED UP. BY CAIN.

There are many inevitable omissions in this chapter. A medium between modern democratic art which celebrates labourers in their ordinary dress, and the serene art of classic times that glorifies dignity and repose, may be found in the fine colossal nude figure, in marble, which M. Alfred Boucher has entitled *La Terre*. It is a man of gigantic strength, toiling with a spade, and with sufficient effort to display all his muscular development. There is a tendency in modern sculpture to occupy itself with other materials than the usual marble and bronze. The recumbent figure of a martyr carved in wood by M. Bloch was absolutely first-rate work, and amongst the *objets d'art* exhibited in the Champ-de-Mars were some pieces of furniture by M. Carabin with very little ornament in metal and wood, but that of rare excellence, including well-carved figures. But of all recent technical experiments I know of none so interesting as the works in coloured glass by M. Henry Cros. They are coloured, opaque, and perfectly dead in surface though vitrified, having a peculiar and exquisite quality. The discovery of the process, which I am unable

to explain in detail, has cost the author the most prolonged and pertinacious labour. He employs it for works in low or high relief, such as medallions and plaques, of which he exhibited a remarkable collection in 1889. M. Cros is himself a delicate colourist with a scrupulously refined taste, and in hands as capable as his I have no doubt that the new art might be introduced with excellent effect in modern architectural decoration.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE SCULPTURE OF PHEIDIAS—ARRANGED OR MISARRANGED

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the propriety of returning the Elgin marbles to Athens—a question lately raised and debated even with some heat—there can be none as to the duty of the country which retains them, to regard itself as trustee on the part of all the civilised world, and to arrange and exhibit them in a manner to do fullest justice to their unrivalled excellence.

Some recent rearrangements have been made in the saloon at the British Museum, which free the finest slabs of the Panathenaic frieze from obstructions which interfered with a fair view of them; other not unimportant changes have been made in the positions of the pedimental statues, which invite more particular attention. It is in respect of the remains of the composition of the Eastern pediment that these are most important. No portion of the central group over the chief portico of the Parthenon remains, nor is there the slightest chance of any being recovered. The destruction of it was not due to the fatal Venetian bomb of Morosini. It had evidently been removed in earlier days, in the course of the alterations which transformed the temple of the warlike Virgin Athene into a church dedicated to the Holy Virgin of the Christians. What are happily preserved to us are the groups which occupied either extremity of the triangular composition. For the due ordination of these some assistance is proffered by the sketches, coarse as they are, which were made by Joseph Carrey, while they were still in place. Otherwise, a certain control is given by the modified parallelism of the two groups as markedly correlative; furthermore, it must be borne in mind that these groups were not even so independent, but must both have acknowledged in the sway of their leading lines the influence of the all-important lost group to which they were subsidiary. They are after all—beautiful as they are in themselves—members of an organism, and if regarded separately, without allowance for this fact, must needs exhibit an incompleteness and absence of balance; and any attempt to counteract this forcibly must involve grave maltreatment of the ideal of Pheidias.

It was against such an abuse that a protest was made as far back as eight years ago in the pages of The Portfolio; it affected the figures usually entitled, and I doubt not correctly, the Three Fates. Two of these are sculptured from one block; the third, a figure corresponding in costume and proportions, and shown in Carrey's sketch, in closest proximity to the others, is detached. In such proximity it had long been allowed happily to remain; at last, under stress of a strange theory propagated from Germany as to a distinction of mythical character, this order was disturbed; the detached figure was not only further moved away, but so turned as to assert the assumed independence. It was against this dislocation that the protest referred to was put forth. An exact representation was at the same time given of the group as falsely arranged, and contrasted with another of what was held to be the true collocation of the figures as delivered by Pheidias. The change demanded involved something much beyond the critical 'poco piu o poco meno,'

though to the uncritical it appeared that the difference was not worth consideration; it was no less than was required to render it possible for the detached Fate to rest her hand behind the shoulder of her adjacent sister, where a cup-like hollow is visibly prepared to receive the piece of marble which it was attached to. There are other signs of the closeness of the original proximity. The deeply undercut and projecting folds of the peplus, which is returned over the lap of the central figure, are cut down to smooth surfaces on its right side, to admit of the interval between the figures being reduced to the uttermost. An attempt to account for this anomalous appearance by the action of water, where water could never penetrate, is as forlorn as to ascribe it to treatment of fractures made in shifting the completed sculpture.

A consensus of rather imposing authorities had sanctioned the shift of position, and the protest from without, for any effect that it produced, might never have been made. Suddenly, however, the detrimental innovation has been cancelled, and the group is seen to be readjusted very nearly as the argument of the protest demanded. It would be more agreeable to think that the correction was due to proper sensibility to effective sculptural composition; but it cannot but be highly welcome however it has come about.

The explanation is this. The surface of the cornice on which the groups were placed retains distinct indications, whether by sinkings of the covered or weathering of the exposed parts, of their exact original places. These marks have recently been accurately measured and mapped by the German Archaeological Institute at Athens, and their publication furnishes criteria which, if duly attended to, reduces the possibility of error to very narrow limits. There is now no excuse for admission of any error at all, but a further movement of at most an inch or two in the true direction is still requisite to bring all quite right. As we look between the figures there is a declared gap which challenges adjustment like an opening in joinery. A slight further swerve of the block would close it up sufficiently, and at the same time bring the limbs of the two figures into due relative position. The right arm of the middle figure is lost, but the remaining part, especially as compared with Carrey's drawings, explains the action; it was bent and raised so far as to allow the hand to hold an end of the drapery caught from behind the shoulder. In true position the elbow would come just over the mid-thigh of her sister, not just above her knee as would be the case at present.

The correction of the position of the Fate has had the effect of exaggerating the misplacement of the grand figure of Victory, the next in order, by increasing the interval by which even previously it had been kept too far apart. Until this is brought to its exact original position of approach—must another eight years elapse?—a fairly recoverable glory of the composition will be missed and forgone. But even more is demanded. The figure as now set up is falsely balanced—is out of balance. This was insisted on in the article in THE PORTFOLIO, and indeed should have been made evident by the representations there given, side by side, of the figure as actually posed, and of the same in due relation to the indicated stride.

Opportunity may be taken here to remark on some points of detail which are not without interest. It will be observed that the drapery of the Victory is of even finer texture than that of the tunics of the Fates. It appears to be of the very thinnest and most delicate fabric possible. The waft of rapid motion drives it in consequence close to her form, and into wavy folds, fine, long, and numerous. It is further treated exceptionally in this respect: on exact observation there become manifest a number of short, sharply incised lines which cross lines of fold—the hints, indeed, of the fine creases which very thin material is subject to, and which are not fully opened out and obliterated by the agitation which casts the garment into folds. It was, indeed, recognition of this peculiarity on the drapery over the fragment of the right thigh of the figure, which led me originally to identify it

as it was lying neglected among other fragments. That one of these fine lines continued across the single inch which remained of the original fracture, was a great help to me in getting the fragment actually attached. The same treatment of indicated creases is observable on the exceptionally fine tunic of one of the Xanthian Nereids. This is a confirmation of several other indications that the sculptor of the Xanthian monument was intimately familiar with the works of Pheidias, and presumptively at the very date of their execution.

Further, the margin of the short tunic over the thigh of the Victory will be seen to be turned over—reflected, an indication of disturbance by sudden rather than simply rapid motion. This very *motif* is repeated and more conspicuously on the short tunic of the Artemis of Versailles. That the later sculptor copied it from the Pheidiac Victory is not to be thought of; it would be absolutely invisible from the platform in front of the Parthenon. It appears, in fact, to have been a commonplace in the treatment of figures so draped and in such action, even anterior to Pheidias, and subject to transmission to others as it came to him. Proof has indeed recently come to light that not only in this 'accident' did he follow an antique precedent, but that he also conformed to a traditional action of the figure of a Victory, even while elevating it to the correctness and dignity of his own style. So it is that in the *Disputa* of Raphael and the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, we discern their regard for the crude but pregnant archaic types of the Campo Santo at Pisa. The recent excavations on the Athenian Acropolis have brought to light considerable fragments of an archaic figure of Nike, or Victory, which exhibits the detail in question; and this also appears in a small bronze figure of the goddess. Several such bronzes have been published by the Athenian Institute of Archaeology, which exhibit a pronounced—a 'spanking'—action; this is tempered in the archaic statues, and was further moderated, yet with full conservation of its intention, in the ideal of Pheidias.

It is far more than eight years—it is more than thirty years—since authorities at the Museum were urged to correct the pose of another striding figure or torso which is still more visibly and grossly out of balance than the Victory. This is the Hermes—usually so referred to—of the Western pediment. The true position of this is shown in Carrey's drawing, but its assistance might be readily dispensed with: the grand muscularity of the figure is sufficiently preserved at the back to show most definitely the contrasted action of the lower limbs; as it is now erected, solely with regard to the centre of gravity of the mass of marble, if one foot touched the ground the other leg could only be restored with anatomical consistency as unsustained at a free angle in the air. It might quite as reasonably be laid on its back, or, indeed, be put upside down.

Credit must be given for the horse's head of Selene in the angle beyond the reclining Fate being brought down into due relation with lip below the line of the cornice—so the sculptor emphasised the descending course of the goddess, whom I restored to her position many years ago. The heads of the other horses of Selene's team were sculptured in relief on the back of the tympanum; a cast of these should be added, whatever may be their state of preservation.

It is not too much to ask in the interest of architecture, but it is to be feared too much to expect, that this angle should be completed by an exact restoration of the meeting horizontal and raking cornices. A few feet of these would be sufficient to exhibit the beauty of their sections and proportions, and the guidance given to the eye by the indicated direction of the upper sloping line would be invaluable in relation to the composition below.

The true key to this composition in its pristine entirety is lost with the main central group, but even so we are left with the power of appreciating the master's marvellous correlation of the terminal groups. These were comparatively—but only comparatively—detached from the scene of the first appearance of Athene among the gods, which was the chief subject. This scene is indicated as central under the general cope of heaven—as in another

work of Pheidias — by Helios rising from Ocean with upspringing horses at one extremity of the horizon, as Selene is about to sink below it at the other. The reposing Fate is at the darkening extremity; at the opposite, Dionysos, recumbent, but not dozing, greets the appearing day-god. Associated with him, as so frequently on other monuments, are the Horae — the pair of Attic Seasons; of these the nearest to him turns towards her companion, who apprises her of the approaching Iris, who, on her part, as she hastens, refers by extended arm to the great event. So on the other side, by artful blending of parallel with contrast, the Victory links the terminal group with the central, towards which she springs to hail the new-born goddess, by her head being still not quite averted from that of the nearest and sympathetic Fate. For all the harmonies of these combinations to come home to us with all their exquisiteness — with all that the ravages of time and violence or neglect of man have left still unobliterated — it is required that the figures at the southern angle of the east pediment, no less than those at the northern, should be disposed as nearly as possible in their original collocation. As they are at present arranged there is much to desire and somewhat to lament. They seem to have been placed in most innocent unconsciousness of regard to original intervals being of the slightest interest or importance. A recent change affecting the Dionysos is purely detrimental. Otherwise most of the misarrangement in this quarter is of old standing — the more reason that no time should now be lost in its correction.

A word or two may be allowed in conclusion on the controversies respecting the design of the lost central group. The subject of the birth of Athene has been preserved on a variety of ancient monuments, on vases and bas-reliefs; but hitherto not one has been recovered which can be taken as reflecting, even moderately, the work of Pheidias. Still, it has appeared unlikely, and even impossible, that no portion of his conception should have been either directly copied, or copied with modifications. This observation applies above all to the figure of the goddess herself. By the suggestion of natural antithesis to the western pediment, and in any case as assertion of predominance, the space under the eastern apex must have been occupied by a single figure, and necessarily erect. This is certified by the special precautions which were taken for the support of a very heavy weight at this point, by iron stays embedded in the cornice and let into the thickness of the masonry at the back. 'The subject of the sculpture here,' said Pausanias, 'all had reference to the birth of Athene,' and, on grounds too specific to be entered on here, it is to be assumed that the goddess, in agreement with the Homeric hymn, was rushing forward, fully armed and with brandished weapon, amidst the admiration and astonishment of the immortals. The full height at command for this figure is eight feet, and it may well seem unlikely, or indeed impossible, that no trace should be detected among the remains of antiquity of either a copy or a manifest modification of so conspicuous a work. It was under this impression that thirty years ago I went over all the known ancient representations of Athene, and at last convinced myself that I had identified the type. I found it in a statue in the Vatican (Museo Pio Clem. 11, 23. Charac. 463–865), which is itself but a poor specimen of sculpture, but as one of several repetitions claims to have connexion with some certain original of superior repute. The goddess rushes forward with grasped spear, not to attack, but with an air of exultant vivacity; no Athene Promachus, but in the joy of first essay of elasticity and vigour—

> 'Buoyed by some inward force she seems to swim;
> And feels a pinion lifting every limb.'

Since the date of this published conjecture, various other repetitions of the type, identified often by details of the drapery as well as action, have from time to time turned up.

They vary from the colossal Athene of the great Pergamene altar, to a relief on a marble vase, a small bronze in the British Museum, and a fragment of a mirror case.

The striking appropriateness to the subject and position of the Vatican statue sufficed to induce me to apply it in a conjectural restoration of the central group of the eastern pediment as long ago as in 1845, which was drawn and engraved for me in 1861 by my late friend, Joseph Bonomi.* Twenty years after its publication, the conjecture was to receive very satisfactory confirmation, if the more appropriate word should not be authentication. An ancient bas-relief was brought to light at Madrid, 'having reference to the birth of Athene,' and on this the figure of the goddess as she starts forward before her father Zeus is an unmistakeable repetition of the type of the Vatican statue. Robert Schneider, who published 'The Madrid Puteal,' in 1880, at once assumed that this type was derived from the eastern pediment of Pheidias; but, even while reproducing Bonomi's sketch among the other tentative restorations, seemed to overlook that the identification had been long anticipated.

Is it beyond hope that other monuments of antiquity will yet be recovered which will give as welcome assistance to a conception of the other important elements of the composition?

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

THE PALACES OF NAPLES

II

THOUGH already residing in the palace, Charles II. continued to add new suites of rooms, and formed plans for the draining of the marshes to the north and east of the city, for the enlargement of the circuit of its walls, and the paving of the streets, which were to be rendered wider and cleaner. Other edifices soon rose around the castle for the lodgment of the different members of the royal family. The palace granted to Charles's fourth and favourite son, Filippo, and called the Ospizio Tarentino, is believed to have stood where we now see the triumphal arch of Alfonso of Aragon. Artists were summoned from Rome and other cities to aid in the decoration of the two chapels attached to the castle, one dedicated to St. Barbara, and the other a little temple, of which are still seen three Gothic arches at the end of the great courtyard, with an Aragonese device over each arch, added, no doubt, later. The beautiful old façade of St. Barbara is close by, the work, it is said, of Giuliano da Majano. A figure on the left hand is believed to be the portrait of King Alfonso, with a cap on his head, long ringlets, and flowing beard. But the sculptured rose-window above the door belongs probably to the Angevine epoch of which we are speaking. Later on we catch sight of a funeral ceremony in this church, on the death of Ferrante I., when, 'on the 2nd March, 1494, the Queen descended to the church with the Infanta and many Neapolitan ladies, while the barons of the realm and the Court remained seated on the ground all round the courtyard. Then the three barons of highest rank took up the coffin, which was deposited on a bier covered with rich brocade, and the procession set forth. It was headed by twenty-five priests, each carrying a crucifix and a white wax candle, followed by the monks of the different Neapolitan monasteries, carrying two wax candles each. Then came the grooms and muleteers, holding black torches fixed in small wooden boards. The coffin was followed by the canons and priests of the Cathedral, all in pontifical vestments. Afterwards came King Alfonso II. and the Duke of Calabria, and the foreign ambassadors, and four thousand persons

* 'The Eastern Pediment of the Parthenon: Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.' Vol. VII., New Series.

clothed in black mantles.' Finally, in this church was interred the fourth of Naples' vice-kings, on the 10th March, 1522; though others say his body was only deposited there for a certain time, being afterwards conveyed to Spain and interred at Monserrato.

But we must return to Charles II., who, while piously eager to adorn the chapels, did not neglect to cause the new apartments of the castle to be fitted up with all the magnificence of that time. The royal residence now became the scene of frequent banquets, jousts, and tournaments. In 1316, when Charles, duke of Calabria, grandson of Charles II., brought home his bride, we read of splendid celebrations of the marriage being held in Castel Nuovo, during which four thousand pounds of wax were consumed in illuminations. Robert, the father of the above-named duke, and then reigning king, had made several additions to the palace in the first years of his reign. A turret was superimposed on one of the towers looking towards the sea; the banqueting hall was newly decorated, the windows of the chapels glazed, and the gardens greatly beautified. In the one lying between the palace and the sea, pheasants and other rare birds were kept, also wild goats and rabbits, for which grottoes were excavated in the live rock. Fountains, arbours, and shady trees were multiplied everywhere. And the example set by the king began to be followed by his nobles, who also built imposing palaces, and laid out gardens and pleasure-grounds.

The court was overclouded in 1328 by the death of the young Duke of Calabria of malarial fever, and in the following year the awe-stricken father, to avert the wrath of heaven, re-adorned the two chapels of the castles, summoning the famous Giotto to Naples to assist in their decoration. This work lasted till 1334, but it is improbable that Giotto remained so long in Naples. We are told that while the great painter was working in the Castel dell' Ovo the king used frequently to go and watch him, and one day, when it was very hot, said to him, 'If I were you, Giotto, I would stop working a little now that it is so hot;' on which Giotto replied, 'And certainly I would if I were you.' At another time King Robert asked Giotto to make an allegory of his kingdom, and Giotto painted a saddled ass smelling at another new saddle lying at its feet, and above the royal crown and sceptre. The king asking what this meant, Giotto replied, 'Such is your kingdom and such your subjects, who every day desire to have a new master.'

After a brief interval of ascetic devotion and penitence, King Robert returned with more zest than ever to gaiety and luxury. Boccaccio and Petrarch were among his honoured guests, and we know from the latter that he was received in Castel Nuovo with all the state and flattery that he so loved, in March 1341.

Robert died in the year 1343, and left the kingdom to his granddaughter Giovanna, then scarcely seventeen years of age. She had all the predilection of her race for pomp and pleasure, and, unfortunately, also the passionate and licentious nature which cast a lurid light over all her long reign.

Her husband, Andrea, was murdered in 1345, and it was strongly believed with her connivance, a suspicion which so enraged the people against her that they rose in revolt, assaulted and threatened to fire the palace, and devastated the gardens. The queen escaped their utmost vengeance by giving up to them those principally concerned in the murder of Andrea, and these persons were shut up in the neighbouring Castel dell' Ovo. Scenes of strife and festivity alternated for the next few years around the walls of Castel Nuovo, for the people were unable to conquer their distrust of the queen, who, even after her second widowhood, could not restrain her innate love of gaiety and diversion.

Among the illustrious guests received by her, we find the celebrated John Paleologus, who lodged in Castel Nuovo, the queen removing to Castel dell' Ovo to make room for him. At this time the former palace was much embellished, particularly by the construction of an aqueduct raised on pillars and arches, which ran from the gardens to Castel dell' Ovo. In 1373 Giovanna married a fourth husband, Duke Otto of Brunswick; but the people,

infuriated at the alliance, rose in more serious rebellion than ever before, and actually set fire to the castle, though we cannot learn the amount of destruction done. Pope Clement VII. came to Naples to mediate a peace; but the people had taken the part of the anti-pope, Urban, and showed their inclination so plainly by assembling in a menacing crowd under the walls of Castel Nuovo, where he lodged, that Clement, after a brief stay, fled in terror, and Giovanna was besieged in the castle. Her husband, endeavouring to aid her, was taken prisoner before her very eyes, and Carlo Durazzo soon after possessed himself of the unhappy queen's person, confining her in Castel dell' Ovo, where, on the 22nd May, 1382, she was strangled.

Carlo Durazzo entered Castel Nuovo with all pomp, and soon afterwards welcomed there his protector, Pope Urban, who was his guest for more than a month. Meanwhile the ravages of the siege were repaired and the ruined towers of the castle rebuilt.

During the long contest with Otto of Brunswick, the two castles were the centre of violent encounters, as one or the other of the rival parties tried to gain possession of them. Finally a siege by Louis II. left Castel Nuovo little more than a heap of ruins, and the garden, rendered classic by Boccaccio, became a desolate wilderness, where only figures resembling evil spirits in search of prey were seen to wander. The palace was afterwards partially restored, and weddings, funerals, and other ceremonies enacted there till the adoption of Alfonso of Aragon by Louis III. of Anjou opened a new era for the storm-beaten old castle, which was destined to receive from this monarch its most striking ornament, and one that still remains.

THE CASTEL NUOVO, NAPLES.

Never was a more promising dynasty than that of this prince; never more splendid and rich the city. Art and science and commerce flourished during the reign of Alfonso the Magnificent, and Naples became one of the most attractive residences in the world.

Soon after his accession to the throne, Alfonso was obliged to leave Naples, in 1423, for Spain; but committed the charge of restoring Castel Nuovo to his brother-in-law. Monasteries and small buildings had been allowed to cluster so closely round it as to render considerable demolition necessary, which caused the work to be looked on with some disfavour. But Alfonso was determined to finish well what he had once begun, and truly the old castle had suffered too much rough treatment in the many assaults it had endured to be fit, in its present state, for the abode of a king. He caused it to be in part rebuilt, both within and without—altering its form and adding new towers and walls, while a principal gate was opened on one side, adorned with the triumphal arch which still exists. An incident related in connexion with the erection of this arch gives us a trait of the kindness of Alfonso's disposition. It seems that the triumphal arch, which was the gift of the people to celebrate Alfonso's entrance, was at first to have been built close to the Cathedral, but in order to do

this, a house belonging to a faithful old soldier, named Cola Maria Bozzuti, must have been pulled down, which the king would not allow. So the arch was erected where it now stands, between the two towers at the entrance to the castle-yard. The arch is all of marble, adorned with statues and bas-reliefs representing the deeds of Alfonso, sculptured by Pietro di Martino, of Milan. It is remarkable as one of the very few specimens of the architecture of that time to be found in Europe. The ornamental work — in fruits, flowers, foliage, and rosettes — is beautifully executed. The bas-relief representing the entry of Alfonso is simplified for the sake of artistic harmony. Thus, the triumphal car has only two wheels, whereas in reality it had four. The king is represented without the crown which he really wore, and there are not at his feet the other crowns of Aragon, Sicily, Majorca, Sardinia, and Corsica, which were actually placed there during the ceremony; in their stead are a globe in his hand and a flame at his feet. The figured car has a baldachin supported on two poles attached to the car; but in reality it was a rich baldachin of crimson brocade supported by four gilded poles borne by youths. We read of the order of procession on that happy day of Alfonso's entry in the fifteenth century as follows: — First came the clergy, the trumpeters, the native and foreign nobles and gentlemen on horseback, of whom the Florentines were dressed so as to symbolise the virtues of the king; then came the governors of the castles and the city authorities, all dressed in scarlet. They were followed by the king's horse, caparisoned in cloth of gold and silk, led by two cavaliers, attended by thirty grooms in green cloth liveries trimmed with black velvet. Then appeared the triumphal car with the king seated within, followed by Ferrante, his natural son. Then the Prince of Taranto, the Grand Constable, between the Chief Judge and the Milanese Ambassador, with twenty grooms, clad in yellow cloth with crimson velvet trimmings, running alongside. And all in crimson were the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord High Steward, and the Ambassador Pietro Trotto, who rode abreast, followed by the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Sanseverino, and all the barons of the realm. The procession was closed by almost the entire population in their varied and bright-coloured costumes.

THE TRIONFO D'ARAGONA, NAPLES.

The bronze gates seen on passing through the archway are ornamented with bas-reliefs representing Alfonso's exploits, and were placed there after the rebellion of the barons. Before

that time there was the usual portcullis, the empty grooves and clefts of which are still seen in the thickness of the walls. Above each bas-relief an explanatory distich is engraved. In the folds of the bronze of one of the wings is a cannon-ball, fired from within the castle, which has not pierced the gate, but burst a triple cleft in the bronze.

The fortifications commenced by Alfonso about the year 1500 enclosed a square of about two hundred toises. They were not completed till 1546, when Pietro di Toledo added two great bastions.

Within the castle the rooms were embellished and painted, and a hall built which was called the Hall of Triumph, and hung with valuable tapestries. Books were collected in the library, and the castle became a more truly regal abode than ever before. But its longest day as such was past, for on the entry of Charles VIII. into Naples fire was set to various public buildings and churches, and thenceforward Castel Nuovo ceased to be a royal residence, and was transformed into a fortress, like that of St. Elmo, which was refortified at the same time.

If the castles hitherto described, with their massive walls and towers, seem to be the fit scenes for some mediaeval romance full of sieges and tournaments, the palace that still remains to be spoken of has a soft elegiac beauty, even in its decay, reminding us of the plaintive grace of some old ballad.

While storm and dashing waves increase the stern appearance of Castel dell' Ovo, the Palazzo di Donn' Anna looks most beautiful on a quiet moonlit evening, when the sea is hardly heard to ripple against its walls, and the once noble façade, with its melancholy empty window-spaces, is glassed in the clear waters, a pale spectre of the past.

The castle, or palace, having never, like the other three, been a fortified stronghold, has borne various names from the different owners through whose hands it has passed: those of the Stigliano, Medina, Teora, and Mirelli families. But it is the Christian name of the heiress of the first-named family which has remained connected with the palace to this day, and the old appellation of the 'Villa of the Siren,' derived from its enchanting position, has fallen into abeyance, and only serves now to distinguish a sea-side restaurant of humble pretensions which is close by. There is, however, no doubt that the country villa which Roberto Bonifacio, a courtier of the last Aragonese King Frederic, began to build at the foot of Posilipo in the latter half of the fifteenth century, was known to contemporaries only as the *Villa della Sirena*.

In spite of its loveliness — perhaps, indeed, *because* of it — a haunting awe of the palace, as being fraught with evil prestige to its owners, seems early to have attached to the building. It was left unfinished by its founder, and purchased by the Ravaschieri family, from whom it passed to the Prince of Stigliano. The care he took for its embellishment was believed to have an ill-starred effect on the destinies of his family, which speedily became destitute of male heirs, so that, at his death, his daughter Anna succeeded to the estate. When she married Don Ramiro Filippo de Guzman, of the old Spanish family of Medina, the young couple took up their abode in the *Sirena*, the completion and further adornment of which was entrusted to Cosmo Gonzaga, a famous architect of the time.

The plan was square in its general outline, and only joined the land on the western side, the rest being built out into the sea on deep-laid piles of masonry. The basement supported three stories adorned with three arched windows on the principal front, and smaller windows, niches, and statues on each side, presenting the general aspect we now see. Water-gates in the basement admitted the sea to the covered courtways and to the very foot of the wide and handsome staircase, built of pure white marble, which led to the apartments on all three floors. The most sumptuous were those on the second story, in which it was computed six great lords could be lodged. On this floor was a doorway on the land side, wide enough to admit carriages and horses to the inner courtyard. A theatre was designed

in the very centre of the building. Nearly four hundred workmen were employed for two years, and more than 150,000 crowns were spent. Two floors were raised above the basement, and antique statues were collected to adorn the palace. More than two hundred rooms were finished, and fountains and other decorations were lavishly employed. The walls of the third story were about to be built when the Duke of Medina was recalled to Spain. Donna Anna retired to Portici, and died there of a loathsome disease, abandoned by her husband, uncared for in her last bitter hours. She was buried in utter privacy. The unfinished palace of the Siren lost all interest for Don Ramiro, whose three sons by Donna Anna all died without heirs.

In 1679 the neglected palace was purchased by the Prince of San Lorenzo. Nine years later it was partially ruined by an earthquake. In our own century (1807) the Prince of Teora bought it. His wife was descended from the Stiglianos, and was sufficiently interested in the old place to carry out a partial restoration. Still, the superstitious feeling about it remained, and, in spite of the poetic beauty of its aspect, all attempts to render it habitable were supposed to bring death and misfortune to the owner and his family. The Teoras were believed to have regained their prosperity when they parted with the palace, where, for some time, a manufactory of glass was carried on.

Ruined, dismantled, degraded as it is, its fallen rooms used as terraces for country restaurants, its old courts for stables of a tramway, the noble lines of its architecture form a picturesque object on the coast, and as one glides in a boat past or into its water-filled cellars and passages on a summer night, the gurgling and lapping wavelets seem to whisper some tragic tale of the fated palace.

Very few are the palaces of which we have been able to give any connected account, yet the narrow, crowded, and noisy streets of old Naples are sprinkled with the remains of the architecture of a Masuccio, who designed the Colombaro Palace belonging to the Carafa family in the days of Ferrante I., which has a façade of travertine stone cut in diamonds; and the Palazzo Maddaloni in Via Roma. It was this Masuccio, too, who transformed a tower called Belfonte, on Monte St. Elmo, into the present castle of that name, in the time of Charles II. of Anjou, when the architect must have been quite an old man. The adjoining monastery of San Martino was at first itself the country mansion of the sovereigns of Naples till the epoch of Robert of Anjou, when his son, the Duke of Calabria, persuaded his father to convert it (in 1325) into a monastery for which Masuccio made the plans.

We find traces, too, of a Bamboccio, who built the Pappacoda Palace, where Ferrante II. of Aragon lodged after Charles VIII. had been driven from the city. Near this palace Queen Giovanna, with dishevelled hair and bare feet, followed by an immense multitude of men and women, had wandered through the streets one November night, imploring the Virgin to quell the terrible tempest which threatened the destruction of the city.

We find remains of the work of many other famous masters who were employed in building the palaces of the aristocracy, whose houses were once the depositories of rich collections of pictures and other works of art, but which are now never open to the public as show-places, like those splendid mansions which line the Via Nuova in Genoa, or give beauty and majesty to Rome or Florence.

For those who, like the writer, have ventured into the labyrinth of alleys and lanes in the heart of Naples, and, by dint of craning neck and diligent study of plans and inscriptions, have identified some of the formerly grand houses by their richly moulded cornices, sculptured portals, and fragments of arched windows, columned courts, and spacious gardens, the effect has been more melancholy than pleasing. One feels too strongly the want of harmony between the signs of old magnificence and the noisy democracy of surrounding modern life. The architectural details, which often possess real beauty, are lost to sight in the too narrow streets and amid the throng of modern squalid edifices. The utter indifference

The Vault of Steel.

of the populace to the old names and families makes it difficult to identify many of these buildings.

A kinder fate has befallen one of the most ancient—the Palazzo Cuomo—which was preserved, on the cutting of a new street, by being transferred, stone by stone, to its present position in the Via Duomo, of which its handsome façade is an ornament. It contains the beautiful mediaeval collection of arms and museum of curiosities presented to the city by Prince Filangiere, and it is hoped that a similar transference will be decided upon for the preservation of the Pappacoda Palace above-mentioned, which is manaced by the demolition necessary in carrying out the plans for the improvement of Naples; for it would be a pity indeed, while the modern town grows more salubrious, to allow all traces of its early history and old palaces to vanish from the earth.

EDITH MARGET.

THE VAULT OF STEEL

FROM THE PICTURE BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

THE important work of which we here give a reproduction is a mural painting intended for the new Hôtel de Ville at Paris. Like many other mural paintings, it was exhibited at the Salon before going to its final destination. The system of mural painting now adopted by French painters does not oblige them to work directly on the wall itself; they paint on canvas in the studio, merely taking the precaution to use a medium (in which wax is an ingredient) that assures deadness of surface.

Pictures of this kind are now very commonly called frescoes, because their deadness of surface resembles that of fresco, and because they are fastened, with white lead, to the wall; but the process has in reality nothing whatever in common with true fresco, and as a training for the artist himself it is entirely different. French painters tell me they are satisfied with it. The effect is excellent; my only doubt is whether a kind of painting that is neither fixed like true fresco in mortar, nor protected by varnish like oil, will bear very frequent cleanings. Protection against damp seems assured by the white lead that cements the canvas to the wall.

Mural pictures of a serious kind are always rather at a disadvantage in the Salon, where they are surrounded by varnished paintings in gilt frames, and I have heard this work called 'heavy.' It is, in reality, only serious and grave as befits the subject, whilst the artist has contrived a contrast of gravity with brilliance in the opposition between the uniform black dress of the Town Councillors and the splendour of the King and Court, a gaiety sadly in contrast with the depression of their feelings. It was outwardly a reconciliation between sovereign and people. Bailly, the mayor of Paris, and La Fayette, commander of the National Guard, had invited the King to go to the Hôtel de Ville, on the 17th of July, 1789, as a friendly manifestation. The royal family had so little confidence, that the Queen and princes opposed the journey to Paris, and the King himself, before undertaking it, made arrangements for a Regency in case he should not return. Bailly had been to meet the royal carriages at a point half-way between Versailles and Paris, and when the combined procession reached the Hôtel de Ville, Bailly, as mayor, received his Majesty, and the Councillors made with their swords a *vault of steel*, under which Louis passed into the building. As he approached, and before he ascended the steps, Bailly handed him the Parisian bi-colour, a red and blue cockade, which the King accepted, and which became the tri-colour by the addition of the royal white at the suggestion of La Fayette. It is curious that the tri-colour (now commonly supposed to be Republican) is, in fact, the emblem of the recon-

ciliation of the legitimate monarchy with the people, and the Count of Chambord in refusing to adopt it declined the reconciliation.

The picture is in the best sense historical, as portraits and documents for costume and architecture exist in abundance. There will be nothing more interesting in the decoration of the new Hôtel de Ville. The work is full of character, especially in the figure of Louis XVI., the keen, sallow face of Bailly, and the stalwart form of La Fayette, who is standing on the lowest step in the near foreground.

P. G. H.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON COMPETITION

IN the angle between the streets now known as Exhibition Road and Cromwell Road there existed a generation ago a piece of ground with certain capabilities as a site for building. It had an old house upon it in which Benjamin Franklin had lived during his mission to England, and this house had about it gardens shaded with those stately trees whose slow development is the despair of people to whose senses they appeal. This land was bought to build a museum. And the chief, if not the only, object of that museum—the justification for its inception put before the country—was the teaching of English people how to decorate, how to apply art to data, how to develop utilitarian conditions until they should afford delight for the eye, and be a means of winning happiness and prosperity and reputation for us all. You would think that with such a well-defined aim in view, the last thing that even the stupidity of officialdom would do would be to set aside deliberately its logic from the very beginning. You would think that when a fine site was found for an institution, the purpose of which was to show how fitness becomes beauty, that its capabilities would be kept in view from the outstart, and that all proceedings would be governed by the principle which was their *raison d'être*. Well, if you had thought all this you would have been mistaken. The reasoning of the British official mind runs upon no such obvious paths. It corrects one idea with another, as a chemist corrects an acid with an alkali. After spending money on teaching the tax-payer how to decorate, it consoles itself by spending more to show him how to make his decorations futile. It buys the finest examples of fitness from every age and country, and at the same time lavishes thought on the making of a home for them which shall itself be a monument of unfitness. The site was just one of those over which any sane private individual would have spent no end of time and trouble in adapting his architecture. He would have laid no brick until his plan, at least, had been decided so that the natural beauties of the place should not be lost or needlessly diminished. At Brompton, to give it its old name, the ground has been covered piecemeal. Each addition has been made with little or no regard to what went before or what was to come after. Neither the plan, nor the design, nor even the style of architecture, has ever been discussed and decided, while the ground has been so occupied that it is now become inevitable that such natural amenities as it can boast should be entirely swept away. Had ordinary foresight been used, the plan might have been determined from the beginning. Such cheap buildings as seemed at first desirable might have followed its lines, and then nothing would have had to be done beyond replacing them with more elaborate erections as occasion arose. As things are, the South Kensington Museum is doomed to be as unmonumental as the National Gallery, while infinitely less well adapted to the purpose it has to serve.

The designs now in view in the Museum are for buildings to stand on the ground which intervenes between the Cromwell Road and the brown-brick precipices which at present constitute the façade. They will stretch from the residence of the Oratorians to the corner

of the Exhibition Road, and will vary in depth according to the line of buildings which back them. The frontage is bow-shaped on plan, bending outwards, and the angle formed by the two bounding streets considerably less than a right angle. For the correction of these irregularities most of the competitors have taken pretty much the same measures, and on the whole their schemes vary less in principle than is usual in such a contest. It is impossible to discuss them all in detail here, but a few general remarks suggest themselves, and space may be found for entering into a few particulars in the case of the successful project.

Only one competitor out of the whole nine has stood upon the ancient ways of English art—has staked his fortunes, I mean, on the tradition which came down in unbroken development from Inigo Jones to Hawksmoor, Dance, and the brothers Adam. This is Mr. Mervyn Macartney, whose design is reminiscent of Holkham and St. Mary Woolnoth, of the Horse Guards and eke of Newgate. Its defect, speaking broadly, is that it does not suggest its purpose. It is altogether too heavy and muscular for the home of things which cannot break *out*. Its details, too, are not always appropriate, while in plan it is wanting both in convenience and dignity. 'English tradition' was Mr. Macartney's motto, and there is nothing in that tradition to prevent its being adapted to the purposes of a museum. That Mr. Macartney has contrived to so adapt it cannot, however, be allowed.

All the other designs are freer and more eclectic. Through nearly all runs a trace of that Spanish feeling which is now creeping into English architecture. Motives, too, from the Certosa, from the palaces of Potsdam, from St. Sophia at Constantinople—even from the designs of the American, Richardson—as well as from the palace of Charles V. at Granada, are to be recognised. Perhaps the most original scheme is that of Mr. T. E. Collcutt. He relies for effect on a dome which reminds us in its proportions of that of St. Sophia. In detail, too, there are resemblances. Unhappily, in a museum such a feature is by no means so well placed as upon a place of worship, and Mr. Collcutt's design looks far too much like a mosque embedded in a barrack to be acceptable. A pleasant bit of architecture, however, is the octagonal campanile with which the dislocation caused by the acute angle at the junction of Cromwell and Exhibition Roads is got over. The corresponding feature to this tower is, perhaps, the worst part of Mr. Emerson's design. It is not unfair, perhaps, to say that none of the towers, taking the whole series of designs, are quite satisfactory. There is a certain picturesqueness and originality about Mr. Belcher's tower; its truncated summit is justified with much skill by the forms below. The domes recall those of Greenwich Hospital, but the design as a whole is not one that would run any chance of victory in such a contest as this. The plan, however, is good—in some ways the best of them all.

The design sent in by Mr. T. G. Jackson is more thoughtful and scholarly than any of its rivals. In style it shows more reserve, perhaps, than is usual with its author. The best part of it, to my mind, is the façade to the Exhibition Road, with its ground-floor lighted by a fine row of semicircular-headed windows. The internal design of the central hall is poor and starved, the general plan wanting in dignity. Sir Thomas Deane's project is a rather commonplace *rechauffé*, chiefly of Certosan detail; Mr. W. Young's an artistic nullity, with none of the grandeur he has given to some aspects of his Glasgow townhall.

The first thing that strikes us when we find ourselves in front of the selected design is its freedom. Recollections of Spanish towers, Mohammedan tombs, Parisian Universal Exhibitions, and Scottish donjon-keeps, rise vaguely before us; but as we look, it is in the flexibility with which motives suggested by all these are used that we find some justification for Mr. Aston Webb's success. Another lies in the dignity and convenience of his plan. This seems to afford almost the maximum of exhibition space, and to afford it in the right way—by galleries and courts whose walls will be as completely available as their floors. At the present moment there is scarcely such a thing as a well-lighted *wall* in the whole of

the ground-floor of the Museum. The weakest point, so far as I can judge, is the insignificance of the staircases. Mr. Webb proposes to do away with two of these which at present exist—those at either end of the Art Library—and to provide in their stead three opening from his entrance-hall. Against this arrangement nothing would have to be said if the proposed staircases were a little nobler in their proportions. The entrance itself Mr. Webb intends to mask, inside, with the Bois-le-Duc screen, which is, at present, one of the chief ornaments of the architectural court. As to this suggestion, the directors may have something to say. To sum up, the design, as a whole, seems to me praiseworthy for its general arrangement, and for the taste and skill with which the decorative features are managed. On the other hand, it is deficient—to put it quietly—in the simplicity, dignity, and severity which form the best parts of the English tradition and are never more in place than in such a building as a museum.

One result is bound to follow closely upon the completion of these buildings, which all those who are interested in decorative art will hail with delight—I mean the weeding of the South Kensington collection. When the site is covered, and the authorities are at last face to face with the necessity for economising their space, many things which now encumber the *vitrines* will have to go. There will be no other way of making room for the things one really wants to see and possess.

W. A.

THE JEWISH BRIDE

THE ETCHING BY REMBRANDT, REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND

THIS etching of Rembrandt's is generally known as the great *Jewish Bride*. Bartsch and others speak of it as existing in three states: an early one, in which only the head and upper part of the background are finished; a second, in which the picture is generally completed, but the hands and the upper part of the dress are left white; and the third, as we give it. But Charles Blanc describes two in the intermediate state, differing chiefly in the background. He also notices the date, 1634, near the right hand, the year of Rembrandt's marriage, and comparing the etching with the pictures known as Rembrandt's wife, concludes that this is 'no fancy portrait,' but 'that the painter has employed the leisure of his honeymoon in drawing the portrait of his wife as he saw her on her wedding-day, in all the splendour of her wedding-dress.' There exists also an etching of the head and shoulders reversed, which is held by some to be a preliminary study, but by others rejected as not the work of Rembrandt.

OCTOBER 1.—The cleaning of the new Holbein at the National Gallery has put the identity of the more important of the two 'Ambassadors' beyond dispute. On the lower shelf of the desk on which the two figures lean there is a terrestrial globe. Before the removal of the old varnishes the names on this were not easy to read; now, however, they are plain enough. There are very few of them, and all are the names of continents, countries, or great cities, such as Paris, with the single exception that in the 'east neuk' of France we find the name of what is, in fact, little more than a village, carefully transcribed. This name is Politzy, and its presence explains itself at once when we find that Jean de Dinteville—the facts of whose life, as Mr. Sidney Colvin was the first to point out, coincide with the other data—was 'Sieur de Policy,' and that Policy was his birthplace. The identity of the second figure still remains uncertain. The only thing the cleaning has revealed about it is that the inscription, 'Ætat 25,' had not been tampered with, as some conjectured.

WITHIN the last month the national collection has been increased, it would scarcely be just to say enriched, by one of those small portraits which Gaspar Netscher painted in the latter part of his career. It is the gift of Lord Savile, and is believed to represent George, first Earl of Berkeley. It would be better placed in the National Portrait Gallery, perhaps.

THE competition designs for the completion of the South Kensington Museum have been on view for the last month in the corridor of the Women's Schools, near the rooms in which the Chantrey pictures hang. The author's names have now been placed upon them.

MEANWHILE the Glasgow competition has been finally set afoot. A sum of 140,000*l.* having been guaranteed from various sources, open invitations have been issued for sketch designs and plans for a building to be erected in the Kelvin Grove Park. Besides a picture gallery, it will contain a concert-room and a general museum. Perhaps, when complete, it will come nearer to the Harris Library at Preston, in scope and purpose, than any other institution in these islands. The first competition is to be followed by a second, in which a certain number of selected artists will compete, each to receive a sum of 100*l.*, but the winner's premium to merge in the commission of five per cent payable on the execution of the work. Again has Mr. Alfred Waterhouse consented to act as assessor.

IT is announced that Mons. Charles Meissonier proposes to convey to the City of Paris his father's studio, on the Place Malesherbes, with all its contents, as a personal museum and memorial of a painter who typified the genius of modern France more completely perhaps than any one else.

THE interior of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has been redecorated, or rather its decorations, possibly the most successful things of their kind in any English public building, have been renewed. Meanwhile, Mr. Stirling Lee is making good progress with the sculpture for the exterior. Four panels are practically complete, and two more are on the stocks.

THE attention of all who love good art should be drawn to some of Mr. Abbey's illustrations to Mr. Andrew Lang's notes on 'Much Ado about Nothing' in the last number of 'Harper.' One full-page drawing is especially fine. It deals with the scene in the third Act where Claudio affixes the epitaph to the supposed tomb of Hero :

> 'Done to death by slanderous tongues
> Was the Hero that here lies :
> Death, in guerdon of her wrongs
> Gives her fame which never dies,' &c.

The cloaked figure of Claudio stands before the magnificent grille—like a Spanish *reja*—which surrounds the tomb. He has fixed the epitaph on the spikes, and with a hand raised to the paper reads out his own lines with the look of satisfaction appropriate to his character. Every detail is rendered with extraordinary taste, thoroughness, and artistic reserve. To get sparkle and vitality with the pen is comparatively easy; but this drawing combines balance with distribution, and colour with both.

THE Memorial to Christopher Marlowe was unveiled at Canterbury on the 16th of September. It is the work of Mr. Onslow Ford, and consists of a muse-like figure, in bronze, on a pedestal, round which four characters from Marlowe's plays are in time to take their places. The muse—she is Euterpe—is a modification of the figure illustrated on page 70 of THE PORTFOLIO for 1890. The memorial stands close to the Christ Church Gate of the Close, and bears this inscription :—'Christopher Marlowe. Born in Canterbury, 1564. Died at Deptford, 1593.' It was unveiled by Mr. Henry Irving, and the speeches made on the occasion were chiefly notable for Canon Fremantle's lament that the Church had killed the Drama, and that Churchmen must ever feel that a great wrong had been done thereby to English literature.

THE Scottish National Museum of Antiquities has now been definitively opened to the public in its new home, the east wing of the fine building in Queen Street, Edinburgh, which goes by the general name of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. When the new and elaborate catalogue is complete, a visit to the collection will be more instructive than one to any other museum of the same sort in the world.

THE Autumn Exhibition now being organized in the Birmingham Museum will include a considerable show of pictures by the leaders of the pre-Raphaelite movement, which, now that it is *démodé* in the capital, seems to be awakening renewed interest in the provinces. The eagerness to acquire pictures by Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, and others, shown by the authorities of the provincial museum, is one sign of this. A project, like the present, for a comprehensive illustration of the 'Germ' principles, is another. Among collectors who have promised their assistance we may name Mr. George Rae of Birkenhead, Mr. Leathart, Mr. Tate, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, Lord Armstrong, Mr. Agnew, and Mr. Humphrey Roberts.

THE English painters have repeated at Munich the success they won last year. Medals of the first class have been voted to Mr. Orchardson and to Mr. Arthur Melville; of the second class to Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Gregory, Mr. William Stott, Mr. Hubert Vos, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Austen Brown, and Mr. Alexander Roche. Five of the nine belong, it will be seen, to the Scottish school, and two—Mr. Roche and Mr. Melville—to that Glasgow section of it which has been coming so rapidly to the front of late.

A NEW gallery devoted to Jewish antiquities has been added to the labyrinth of the Louvre. The chief object exposed in it is the mosaic floor discovered by M. Renan in 1863 near Tyre. It once formed the pavement of a church dedicated to St. Christopher, and is composed of thirty-one medallions with figures and other objects upon them.

IT is announced that the Duc d'Aumale has now completed the transfer to Chantilly of all such pictures and other works of art of his which remained in England after his banishment was cancelled. They have taken up their definitive places as part of the 'Musée Condé,' his superb bribe to the French Executive.

MR. WILLIAM THEED, the veteran sculptor, died on Thursday, the 10th September, aged eighty-seven. Born in London in 1804, the son of the sculptor and Royal Academician of the same name, he was educated at Ealing, and received his early technical training from E. H. Baily, R.A., the sculptor of the Trafalgar Square *Nelson*. In 1826 he went to Rome, where he worked for four years under the direction of John Gibson, Thomas Wyatt, and Thorwaldsen. His first successful bid for fame was made in 1844, when the Prince Consort commissioned Gibson to supply designs

for ten statues to be placed at Osborne, all to be the work of British artists in Rome. Theed's *Narcissus at the Fountain* and *Psyche lamenting the Loss of Cupid* were both accepted, and were followed up at intervals by numerous Court and official commissions, among the best known of which were the life-size group of the Queen and Prince Consort in Early English dress known as *The Parting*, executed for Her Majesty on the death of the Prince; the *Duchess of Kent*, at Frogmore; the *Sir Isaac Newton*, at Grantham; the *Henry Hallam*, in St. Paul's Cathedral; the *Lord Derby*, at Liverpool; the *Sir Robert Peel*, at Huddersfield; the group representing *Africa* on the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park; and the *Musidora* at Marlborough House.

Another veteran sculptor—also, curiously enough, eighty-seven years old—has passed away in Sir John Steel, R.S.A., whom it would, perhaps, be fair to call the Boehm of Edinburgh. As a work of art, his Albert Memorial in Charlotte Square is about on a par with the *Wellington* at Hyde Park Corner; and parallels could easily be found in other corners of the Scottish metropolis to the Lawrences, Burgoynes and Napiers with which the Anglo-Austrian sculptor has bedizened London. Perhaps the best thing Steel has left in Edinburgh is the Achilles group in St. Andrew's Square. This was modelled in his youth, although only cast some ten years ago. The statues in Prince's Street are all poor, but none of them are quite so bad as the *Burns*, a replica of which adorns the Embankment Garden near Charing Cross Station. Steel was a native of Aberdeen, but was trained in Rome on the soft, sugary, Thorwaldsen tradition.

From Paris we hear of the death of Théodule Augustin Ribot, a modern French *tenebroso*, with more ability, of a kind, than any of the original *tenebrosi* could boast. Only the other day, at the Salon of the Champ de Mars, he was to the fore with a collection of ten canvases in which his talent showed no signs of decay. One of them, indeed, *Les Récureurs* the name of it, was among the best things he has done. Ribot was born at St. Nicolas d'Attez, in the Eure, in 1823. He was educated at Chalons, and then, in 1851, he entered the studio of A. B. Glaize in Paris. His first real success was won when he sent his *Cuisiniers* to the Salon of 1861. This picture was probably inspired by his close friend, François Bonvin, the 'Chardin du Dix Neuvième Siècle.' During the *année terrible* Ribot retired into Brittany, where he persevered with his palette. He died at Colombes on the 11th of September. The chief defect of his art was a technical one. He was apt to confuse blackness with shadow.

By the death of Jules Élie Delaunay, the French school loses one of its few originally gifted painters. Delaunay was born an artist. He was no product of the École des Beaux-Arts, turned out by perfection of system, but a man who came into the world with something to do in paint, which training made it possible that he should do. He was a good—not a great—colourist, and his ideas were always pictorial. Unhappily, he was not as much *en évidence* as his admirers could have wished. His work was as modest as himself, and one might have gone to the Salon for ten years at a stretch without having his personality forced upon one. And yet, at the Luxembourg, there is a picture by him, *La Peste à Rome*, that will betray all his powers to the non-careless eye. Adequacy of conception, refinement of execution, the gift of design and colour—all are here, and no picture in the collection is better fitted to satisfy the real connoisseur. Delaunay was born at Nantes on the 12th of June, 1828. He was the pupil of Lamotte and of Hippolyte Flandrin. He entered the École des Beaux-Arts in 1848, won the second 'Prix de Rome' in 1853, and exhibited at the Salon with sufficient success to go through the inferior prizes up to the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur in 1867.

From Japan comes the news of a national loss in the death, at the age of eighty-three, of Shibata Zeshin, said to be the greatest of modern Japanese artists in lacquer. Examples of his beautiful decorative works have been exhibited in Europe, and have long secured his fame among the devotees of *japonaiserie*. His death has further a special interest as following closely upon those of three other artists of the first rank in Japan. Zeshin began his career as a painter of fans, and first won recognition in a wider field by means of a votive tablet, painted about 1845, and still to be seen in the shrine of Inari, at Oji, a village near Tokio. At the time of his death he was engaged on a large decorative painting on silk, representing the Japanese Paradise.

Names of less note to be added to the list are those of Leonard Charles Wyon, the medallist and seal-engraver, who died at St. John's Wood at the end of August, having for many years capably practised the art in which his family had excelled for generations; of Boulanger, the French worker in iron, whose principal achievement was the portal-doors of Notre Dame; of Signor Rosa, the archaeologist and excavator of the Palatine; of Joseph Tournois, a pupil of Rude, whose *Bacchus inventing Comedy* is in the Luxembourg, and whose statue of his master is shortly to be erected at Dijon; and of Paul Naftel, a refined and accomplished water-colour painter and member of the 'Old Society,' best known perhaps to the general public by his exhibited studies of Channel Island scenery. Mr. Naftel, who was born in 1826, and died at Strawberry Hill on the 13th ult., was the father of Miss Maude Naftel, the flower-painter, whose early death was not long since recorded in these columns.

The Sleep of the Child Jesus, from the Sculpture by Antoine Gardet.

THE SLEEP OF THE CHILD JESUS

GROUP IN MARBLE BY ANTOINE JOSEPH GARDET

THIS is the group alluded to in our last number (page 198). We had intended that the illustration should accompany the chapter on sculpture in the series on 'The Present State of the Fine Arts in France,' but there was some difficulty about photographing the marble after the close of the Salon, and there has also been a technical difficulty about the *héliogravure*, since happily overcome. We therefore had to give *The Vault of Steel*, by J. P. Laurens, instead.

To save the reader the trouble of referring to last month's PORTFOLIO, we quote what was said there of M. Gardet's work :—

'The group by Antoine Joseph Gardet, *The Sleep of the Child Jesus*, was one of the great successes in the Salon of 1891. The technical skill and knowledge displayed in the work made it satisfactory to artists, the religious public were pleased and touched by the chastity and serenity of the conception, whilst the popular taste was gratified by the delightful way in which the artist had both realised and idealised the charm of infancy in its two states of watchful wakefulness and unconscious rest. The mother, too, commanded respect by her dignity and grace, accompanied by that gravity, verging upon sadness, which belongs properly to one called to a painful and exceptional maternity. However frivolous and corrupt our age may be, the most serious art is still the surest of success. Perhaps in this instance the seriousness of the artist's temper may have been enhanced by his own presentiment that this would be his "last word" in art.'

Antoine Gardet unfortunately died in Rome in the summer of the present year, just when his reputation had become established. His group was purchased by the State.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

XI.—*Architecture*

THE interest of France as a country for the study of architecture is that the art is alive there and national, not seeking its models in any foreign contemporary school, and treating those of the past with the freedom that belongs to complete independence. This could not, I believe, be said with equal truth of any other country. There is not in Europe, and there is still less in America, any country whose architecture borrows so little from abroad, or adapts itself with so much freedom and elegance to the varying necessities of the present. In saying this, I am not unmindful of the good and original work produced by several English architects of the present day. There is, no doubt, a great variety and vitality of conception in contemporary English work, and the general artistic advancement in England is probably leading to a great architectural future; but taking the two countries

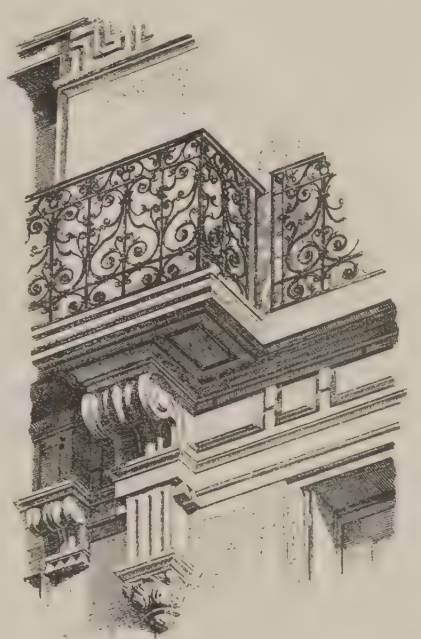
just as they are at the present moment, and not looking too far ahead, I think it is indisputable that France produces architecture more easily and naturally, as well as in greater abundance. For example, a block of buildings like Queen Anne's Mansions would not have been erected in Paris. The pervading architectural sense of the place would have urged the builders to attempt something more than a lofty brick box, with oblong holes in it for windows. The problem of the big house to be let in flats is one that has engaged the attention of French architects for many years, and it is important enough in a modern capital to deserve all the care and intelligence that can be brought to bear upon it.

The reader is perhaps familiar with the common criticisms on the Rue de Rivoli, especially on that part of it which extends from the Ministère de la Marine to the Rue du Louvre. Had it not been for the variety given to one side of the street by the Louvre and Tuileries, the monotony of it would have been as bad as the monotony of Harley Street, though the masonry is more costly and better finished. The mechanical repetition of the same arch, balcony, and windows, in an apparently infinite perspective, can have no better effect than that so easily attained by putting two looking-glasses on opposite walls of a room. It is multiplication, and no more. There is no reason for stopping anywhere to see any particular arch or any window when those before us are precisely exact copies of those we have left behind. Not that the builders of the Rue de Rivoli are to be condemned as if they had invented repetition. We had it already in Greek architecture, and in Gothic, but with this difference, that the old architects always knew where to stop. No Greek would have made an apparently unending array of columns, no Gothic builder would have made a cathedral a mile long. And the modern French themselves have, architecturally, now left the Rue de Rivoli far behind them. It is now a long time since that street was built. It was finished in 1855, and in the thirty-six years that have elapsed since then all the fine arts have gained greatly in variety and interest. The fault least readily forgiven in the present day is dulness, and it is not easy to prevent a lofty tenement house from being dull. The mere height of it is in itself a great difficulty, especially as the division into floors leaves no liberty for a corresponding height of windows. When such a problem is dealt with inartistically the result is Queen Anne's Mansions.

HOUSE IN THE RUE DU LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.
M. Cahn Bousson, Architect.

A good example of the Parisian solution of the same problem is a house in the Rue du Luxembourg by M. Cahn Bousson. To prevent emptiness and sameness in the great expanse of height, it is divided into distinct parts. The ground floor and first story are taken together with alternate courses of stones rusticated and all joints deeply incised. This part of the structure ends with a heavy stone balcony with a balustrade supported by four deep and massive carved consoles. Above this the masonry is plain and smooth, and the

balconies of the third and fourth floors have light iron railings. The cornice, instead of being quite at the top of the building, as in Italian architecture, is ingeniously brought down almost to two-sevenths of the total height,* by having a story between it and the beginning of the roof, whilst a story is gained in the roof itself by the slight inclination of the lower rafters.† By this device the house proper is made to finish apparently at the cornice, where the balcony has a stone balustrade, and all above is but a light, plain superstructure. In some of the most recent Parisian houses this superstructure is made of distinctly different materials, so as to seem rather a thing erected upon the house than a part of the house itself. It is hardly necessary to observe that the variety in the balconies (in the present instance very ingenious) is intended to be of use in the division of the mass. Of late years a kind of light oriel window has been frequently introduced in Parisian houses. It includes two or three stories, and is supported by consoles, or by a stone cul-de-lampe, which affords a good opportunity for sculpture. The framework of the window may be of oak or iron, and the glass is usually in small panes, leaded. The effect from the street is picturesque, as these projecting windows break the monotony of the front. The gain to the interior is very great. In the small Parisian rooms a few square feet make the difference between confinement and a sense of space. The idea is borrowed from the projecting lattices of Arab architecture, cleverly adapted to that of modern Paris, and it may safely be predicted that projecting windows will be more employed in the future and with a richer variety of design. The desire for more interesting or (as a French artist would call it) more amusing architecture is seen not only in the present extensive employment of coloured or tinted glass in small panes, or moulded with facets like jewels, but also in the now frequent insertion of coloured slabs of pottery, which give opportunities for an endless variety of decoration and are not affected by smoke, of which there is more in Paris than there used to be. Ceramic decoration associates itself very easily and naturally with the new iron architecture (of which I shall have more to say presently), and it is often used for villas and other private houses that aim rather at being pretty and interesting than imposing.



CONSOLES AND BALCONY ON THE FOURTH STORY.
M. Cahn Bousson, Architect.

Before passing to these, I wish the reader to take note that although there are many very accomplished architects in Paris and in other French cities, who never turn out work that is not, at least, designed with some intelligence and care, France also abounds in a class of builders who are simply masons without artistic culture of any kind, yet whose work bears some superficial resemblance to that of architects and may cast discredit on French culture, though in reality French culture has nothing whatever to do with it. Their work is not exactly that of the London jerry-builder—it is more substantial and may be durable enough ; the misfortune about it is that so much fairly good handicraft should not have been employed in the realisation of an acceptable design. Some of the chapters of this volume were written in a Parisian street where building was going forward on the opposite

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* This is not apparent on the perspective view, but it is obvious on the elevation.

† Fifteen degrees from the vertical. In Mansard roofs (so called from the French architect who invented them) there are two sets of rafters, A B and B C, instead of one set, A C, as in the older system of roofing.

side. The workmanship was excellent, the art deplorable, and the more to be lamented that any competent architect might have corrected it in a few minutes. On making inquiry I discovered that the houses were built by a master-mason as an investment, he being his own architect. I was told that he had become wealthy, and built many large houses for himself. In the provinces there is a dread of employing competent architects on account of their supposed costliness, and this perhaps may be a reason why some architects of great merit have applied their minds to the conciliation of art with economy. M. Bocage has successfully attempted this in five different and independent houses, perfectly architectural, with quite sufficient ornament, yet costing only 1120*l.* each, everything included. Notwithstanding the higher rate of wages in Paris, I doubt whether houses of that quality could be built for so little in any French country town. I have been rather surprised by the costliness of building in the provinces, where 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* is a common outlay for a house of no great pretensions. A good example of a cheap, yet artistic and picturesque villa, is one by M. Lucien Magne on the Boulevard de Boulogne. In this case the chief economies are in the extreme simplicity of the masonry and in the absence of carving, either in stone or wood, whilst the picturesque elements are in the treatment of the openings and porches, in the use of visible carpentry, and in the judicious employment of ceramic decoration. There is often much fanciful irregularity in these villas. I remember one, at Passy, by M. Lheureux, where the architect's purpose was to make the most of an irregular corner of ground, to amuse and interest the eye as much as possible at a small expense. He seems to have taken a hint from the round towers of some old castle, but he adapted his idea entirely to modern requirements, one great semicircular projection being, in fact, a sort of conservatory, whilst a small round tower or turret is useful mainly as giving an apex to the composition. I never saw a happier example of the invented picturesque. M. Lheureux made use of everything—outside stairs, railings in unexpected places, massive shade given by verandah under the conservatory, an intricacy of thin linear detail in ironwork; but very little decoration, except two or three pieces of sculpture (some carving about a window or a fountain, or the capital of a column), and a course of coloured *faïences* under the roof of the round turret and that of an ivied building to the left of it.

VILLA, BOULEVARD DE BOULOGNE, SEINE.
M. Lucien Magne, Architect.

Considering that Gothic architecture is essentially a French style, and that the French once excelled in it, and have studied it profoundly in the present century, it may seem strange that it has never been adopted for large tenement houses, and very rarely for public buildings other than ecclesiastical. The French usually prefer Gothic for churches after making various experiments in other styles, of which the Madeleine is the best-known example.

It is not so much the architects who insist on Gothic churches as the clergy and laity. There are, however, good reasons for believing that this preference is a mistake, except where money is abundant. For village churches nothing is practically so good as the French Romanesque—what is called in French *le Roman.* It is substantial, durable, and moderate in cost, whilst its homely, snug, and unpretending character makes it admirably adapted for use in villages. It is, however, exactly this unpretending character that the ambitious *curé* dislikes. He wants especially a tall church with a steeple, and neglects the beautiful and harmonious models of romanesque architecture that abound in old villages for the cheap Gothic of the contemporary architect. Sometimes, when the architect is skilful, he may solve the difficult problem of making Gothic acceptable and cheap at the same time. This seems to have been accomplished by M. Duthoit (a disciple of Viollet-le-Duc) in a little village church at Souverain-Moulin, which is remarkably complete, betrays no sign of parsimony, is by no means uninteresting or vacant in design, and yet only cost, including furniture, the almost incredibly small sum of 3000*l.* The church is of brick, with stone facings and ornaments, and there is even a little sculpture in conspicuous positions.

CHURCH AT SOUVERAIN-MOULIN.
M. E. Duthoit, Architect.

A good romanesque church has been built lately at Châteauroux (Indre) by M. A. Dauvergne. The only objection I feel inclined to make to it, and to others of the same type, is that romanesque architecture, when treated in this sense, tends to lose something of that sturdy strength which properly belongs to it, and to borrow something of the elegance of Gothic. For example, in the construction of towers and spires, the prevalent spirit of early French romanesque architecture is not to seek a great elevation when the materials are limited, but to be satisfied with a moderate height, combined with the avoidance of meagreness. In the genuine old romanesque spire there is every degree, from the pyramidal roof to considerable acuteness, but the usual tendency is to treat the spire as nothing more than a steep roof. In M. Dauvergne's church the spire is sharper, and the tower proportionately thinner than in the church of Notre Dame du Port, at Clermont, which is supposed to have been his model. The roof of the church itself is steeper, too, than was usually the genuine romanesque roof.* There is some reason to be apprehensive that the desire of the modern clergy, and the admiration of the modern laity, for mere height may lead to an adaptation of romanesque architecture to the tastes of the present day which would be foreign to its true spirit.

In the great romanesque church now in course of construction on the hill of Montmartre

* When the cathedral at Autun was restored in the present century, an important part of the restoration consisted in removing a comparatively recent high-pitched roof to make room for a much lower one with the angle of the original romanesque. The improvement added greatly to the harmony of the edifice.

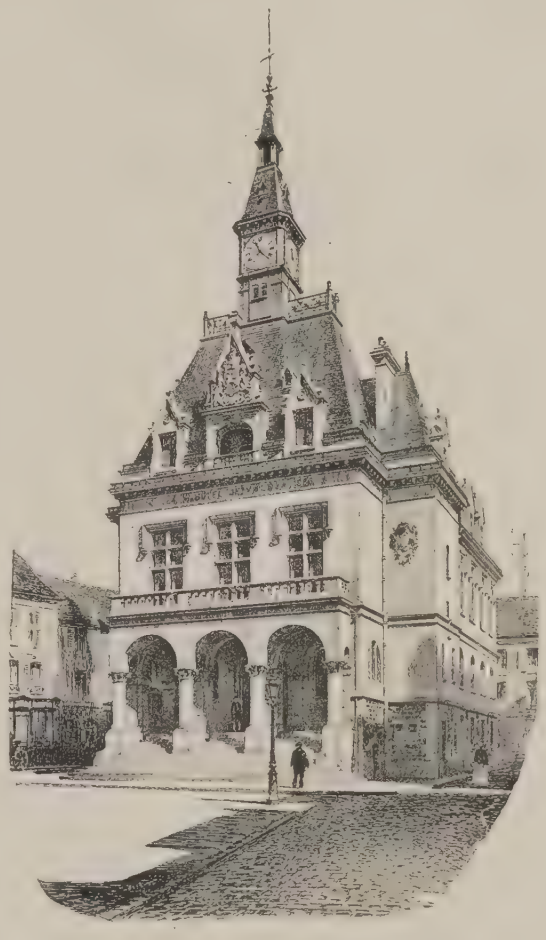
the modern desire for height would be unsatisfied were it not for the proposed dome and campanile, as yet existing only in the design of the architect. The first impression one receives on reaching the top of the long Montmartre stairs is disappointing. Having heard of the numerous millions of francs that have been already expended, we think there is little to show for the money. After visiting the interior, especially the crypt with its many and large chapels, we begin to understand that the building of the church has been like casting money into a coal-pit, a simile which the reader will see to be just when he learns that the massive piers on which the church is built are in more than eighty pits, each more than a hundred feet deep, and that the work of the foundations alone cost 200,000*l.* It is satisfactory to think that an architectural undertaking on a scale so colossal has been conducted on principles both of sound art and of common sense. Out of seventy-eight plans presented, the jury selected one that has the double advantage of recalling the old twelfth-century chapel of Montmartre, and of perpetuating the style to a very remote future by its almost incalculable durability. Had the style selected been, let us say, the Gothic of Beauvais, it would have needed successive restorations; but unless this edifice is wilfully destroyed by enemies, it may last like the Pyramids. The present state of the building shows, in the interior, its enormous strength, but not its future splendour. One is impressed by the great vaults, by the wide span of the round arches under the dome, by the strength of the piers; but there is also an impression of nudity, darkness, and plainness. The darkness will be relieved by the light from the dome, the nudity and simplicity by mosaics, especially in the huge waggon-vault of the apse, whilst no doubt the impression of sublimity will be much enhanced by the height under the dome, now closed by a temporary roof. The severe simplicity of the exterior will be relieved by four minor domes, still important, and by many turrets with little domes, whilst the campanile will have a dome-roof carried high on a circular colonnade. If, as is probable, the necessary number of millions are forthcoming, the church of the Sacred Heart will be the most important ecclesiastical edifice constructed in Christendom since St. Paul's, and though not comparable for fecundity of invention to the best of the Gothic cathedrals, it will excel most of them in unity and severity of design, as well as in strength and durability. The domes and campanile will be the crown of Paris, visible from many a street in the city, as well as from all the country round. The names of serious architects are seldom popular, so it is not probable that M. Abadie, the designer of the Montmartre church, will rival the notoriety of M. Eiffel.

Section of the Nave. *Section of the Transept.*

CHURCH AT SOUVERAIN-MOULIN.
M. E. Duthoit, Architect.

The name of M. Eiffel reminds me that in France, during the last fifteen years, some attempts have been made to give to iron architecture artistic qualities, or, rather, to develop the artistic possibilities that may be inherent in the material. A powerful testimony in favour of iron was that of M. Viollet-le-Duc, whose knowledge of the older French architecture was unrivalled, so that his hopefulness for the new could never be said to proceed from ignorance. He hoped and believed that a new iron architecture would in course of time

develop itself, and that it would be worthy of the nation that had produced the cathedrals of Rouen and Rheims. Certainly a great step has been made in this direction already. Viollet-le-Duc took the keenest interest in the buildings for the Exhibition of 1878. Had he lived till 1889 he would have seen great progress in the use of the new materials. I leave the Eiffel Tower out of the question. It is entirely engineer's work—an engineer's solution of the problem how to build the highest structure that will resist a hurricane with a very limited sum of money—and it is said by competent men that the problem cannot be solved in any form differing widely from that adopted by M. Eiffel. In a word, he did not choose his lines; they were imposed upon him by a scientific necessity. In architecture of a purely artistic kind the submission to scientific necessities is limited merely to a certain degree of stability and durability. Artistic design, to satisfy the eye and the mind, often goes quite outside of science—as, for example, in making parts of a building stronger than is necessary that the eye may not receive an impression, though a false impression, of weakness. In making artistic furniture, the supports for a light yet voluminous superstructure will be made thicker than necessary to support the *weight*, because the eye wants to have them thick to carry the visible *mass*. The main difficulty of iron architecture, and still more of steel, lies in the strength of the material. It is said that not a particle of iron, or wood either, has hitherto been admitted into the church of the Sacred Heart, so that building may be harmonious in its own way. An interesting and partially successful attempt was made to combine iron with stone in the church of St. Augustine. A much more successful combination is that of iron with terra-cotta and *faïence* in the buildings of the last Universal Exhibition. The central dome, that of the Galerie de Trente Mètres, is too heavily charged with ornament on the outside; the interior, however, is beautiful and worth preserving. But the most successful of all attempts in this most modern style of architecture are the two domes of the lateral buildings, the Palais des Beaux Arts and the Palais des Arts Libéraux. I have very frequently revisited that of the Palais des Beaux Arts, and have each time been impressed, especially in the interior, by its structural elegance and its grace of proportion. The architect, M. Formigé, had cultivated a taste for elegance as architect of the promenades of Paris. If his work in the Champ de Mars is not more famous for architectural merit it is simply because it is near to us, and new, and connected with an industrial exhibition. It lacks the poetry that belongs, for us, to some 'Emir's dome' in the far East.



HOTEL DE VILLE AT LA FERTÉ-SOUS-JOUARRE.
M. P. Héneux, Architect.

In public buildings other than ecclesiastical, there has been much employment for French architects since the establishment of the Republic. Great numbers of schools have been erected all over the country, and although these are chiefly of a utilitarian character, the objects being good light and air, and healthy accommodation rather than beauty, still many

of the best architects in the provinces have done what they could to make school-buildings acceptable. I may mention M. Paugoy of Marseilles, and M. André of Lyons, as architects of good plain commercial schools, and M. Debaudeau of Paris as the architect of a more ambitious educational building, the Lycée Lakanal at Sceaux (seven miles from Paris), where, at a cost of about 500,000*l.*, he succeeded in making what, according to French ideas, is a model public school for eight hundred boys of the middle classes. The Lycée Lakanal (which I have visited repeatedly and know in detail) is full of air and light, with most spacious halls, corridors, and class-rooms. The architecture can only be described as the most recent French, in which various materials—stone, iron, and bricks of different colours—are used with great liberty and originality. As this school is in the country, with wide grounds of its own, the architect has been free to do what was impossible in the old Parisian schools—spread his work out in distinct masses of building. Thus, the infirmary, the chapel, and some of the scientific class-rooms, as well as the gymnasium, are in the grounds, and the healthiness of the place may be understood from an answer made to me by a sister of charity in the infirmary. I praised the completeness of the appliances. 'Yes,' she said, 'we have everything here except patients.'

GALLERY AND LIBRARY AT TOULON.
M. G. Allar, Architect.

Many new town-halls have been erected in France during the last twenty years. I say nothing of the Parisian Hôtel de Ville, having described it in another work, and also because, though almost all its details are freshly invented, the general plan of it is copied from the old building, burnt in 1871. Some of the small provincial town-halls are very interesting. One of the best of them is that erected by M. Héneux at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. With its broad stair ascending under the porch, its handsome windows and balcony, and its high-pitched roof crowned with a clock-turret, this building produces quite an imposing effect in the public place of the little town. The interior, too, presents a good deal of well-designed and interesting detail, including some good carving in wood and stone, and some artistic wrought ironwork.

An edifice of greater importance, in a style of architecture that recalls Italian predecessors more than French, is the combined gallery and library at Toulon by M. Allar. The accompanying illustration shows one of its richest and most picturesque corners, where the effects of light and shade must be superbly beautiful in the glaring sunshine of the south. Architecture such as this is too noble to be associated with the costumes of modern burgesses or tourists; it would need as an accompaniment the stately draperies of Paul Veronese.

Amongst recent museums I cannot omit the Musée Guimet at Paris, which contains objects illustrating the history of religions, and the Musée Galliéra, very near it, which will contain nobody knows what. The Guimet Museum consists of two blocks of buildings independently designed, and each with a pediment in the middle. They stand back to back where two

A SMALL HOUSE.
M. Deverin, Architect.

streets converge and almost join together at an angle where a circular structure occupies the corner. The idea was not a very happy one, nor was the site happily chosen, especially because there happened to be a block of houses showing an unfinished inner wall that the Museum does not hide, whilst it effectually prevents new houses from being built up to it. The Museum itself is an awkward structure, betraying great dearth of invention. The Musée Galliéra, on the other hand, by M. Ginain, is an exquisitely beautiful architectural composition, in a rich Renaissance, against which the only objection is that it can never afford an internal space answering to the outlay. It seems like an architect's fancy built for its own beauty. It is as yet unfinished, but will unquestionably be one of the best ornaments of Paris, admirably situated, too, with its own green lawn and enclosure.

I have said elsewhere that the modern French do not employ Gothic for their large tenement houses, finding, no doubt, the modern Parisian style more convenient. There are now, however, a considerable number of private houses which perpetuate the styles of French architecture prevalent in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Some of these are extremely rich—for example, that by M. Février in the Place Malesherbes; but I have preferred to take as an illustration a much smaller and plainer house by M. Deverin, which seems to me admirably consistent and tasteful in design. Again, not having much to say in favour of the way in which the Musée Guimet occupies the angle of two streets, I give one of the many favourable examples to be found in Paris where the difficulty is happily overcome. This is a charming house in the French Renaissance occupying an angle in the Rue Dumont-Durville. The architect is M. Gaillard, and his design is, I think, distinguished by great taste and judgment. I would invite the reader especially to notice the wise reserve in the use of ornament, the relief given by plain spaces, and the delicate quality of the ornamental sculpture which the architect has admitted.

A HOUSE IN THE RUE DUMONT-DURVILLE.
M. Gaillard, Architect.

I cannot conclude this imperfect notice of recent French architecture without thanking M. Ducher, the architectural publisher, for the assistance he has afforded in materials and illustration. His publications, especially

'Études de Façades, Maisons, Villas, Hôtels,' and the invaluable series of 'Monographies de Bâtiments Modernes,' by M. Raguenet, are of the greatest use to the student of modern French work in architecture. It is well known to every one who cares for architecture at all that careful and exact drawings make clearer to us even a building that we think we know quite intimately.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE COMPANY OF ST. LUKE, FLORENCE

[The COMPAGNIA DI SAN LUCA, of Florence, fills so large a place in the history of Tuscan painting, that readers of THE PORTFOLIO will no doubt welcome the following account of its foundation and career by Sir Dominic Colnaghi, Consul-General at Florence, who has for some time past been investigating its history.—W. A.]

THE Company of St. Luke, or of the Painters, was founded in the first half of the fourteenth century, but the precise date is uncertain. In the MS. statutes preserved in the Royal Archives of Florence, to which the roll of members (incomplete) is attached, the numerals referring to this point have been partly erased, and read thus . . . . xxxviiij. These statutes, drawn up on the 17th of October, the vigil of St. Luke, were approved and confirmed on the 13th of February, 1405, c. s., by the Vicar-General of the Bishop of Florence, 'in Episcopali curia Florentia.' The heading of an account-book of the Company, known as the 'Libro Rosso,' and begun in 1472, gives the year 1303 as the date of foundation. There is, however, no further evidence to lead to the conclusion that the Company was formed at this early period. On the contrary the balance of authority points to the year 1339, which is suggested by Signor Gaetano Milanesi, the learned superintendent of the Royal Archives of Florence, whose ever-ready assistance to elucidate any question of Florentine art, I wish to acknowledge here. That the Company must have been formed before 1350, the date given by Vasari* in his 'Life of Jacopo di Casentino,' is evident from the fact that the painter Bernardo Daddi, who died in 1348, was one of its first councillors, while, on the other hand, the earliest date attached to the name of any member on the roll is 1340.

The Company of St. Luke was a purely religious confraternity—as artists the Painters belonged to the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries. The statutes of the Company, which are written in Italian, have the following heading :—

'In the name of Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of Messer St. John Baptist and of Messer San Zanobio, Confessor, and of Madonna Sta. Reparata, Virgin, and of the glorious Messer St. Luke, Evangelist, father and beginning and foundation of this company and fraternity, and in honour and reverence of Holy Mother Church and of Messer the Pope, and of his brethren the Cardinals, and of Messer the Bishop of Florence and of his clergy, and for the benefit and consolation of the souls of all those who are and shall be of this company and fraternity.'

The brethren were enjoined to recite, daily, five Paternosters and five Ave Marias, and, in case of omission, to make the number good on a future occasion ; they were to communicate at least once a year, if they could lawfully do so. Each member was to do all the good he could without compulsion, according as God, and His Mother, and the blessed St. Luke should grant him grace. As a work of charity the members followed the funerals of deceased brethren, and assistance was granted to the sick. Mass was celebrated once a month in the

* 'Vite dei Pittori,' 8vo. ed. Gaetano Milanesi: Florence, Sansoni, 1878, vol. i. p. 673. See also Baldinucci, 'Notizie dei Professori del Disegno,' 8vo. ed. Ranalli : Florence, 1845, vol. i. p. 237, *et seq.*, where he gives the date of 1349. In his life of Fra Giovanni Agnolo Montorsoli, Vasari (*op. cit.* vol. vi. p. 655) says the Company of St. Luke was founded in the time of Giotto.

chapel of St. Luke, in the church of the Hospital Sta. Maria Nuova.* St. Luke's Day (October the 18th) was kept as a special holy day, and celebrated by a special service. At the end of 1395 it was ordered that every year, on the day of St. Mary Magdalen (July the 22nd), a solemn funeral mass (Rinnovale) should be held in the chapel of St. Luke, to pray for the souls of all deceased faithful Christians. Each member of the company, who could or would, was to pay 'soldi 2,' to be given to the priest, and for providing candles.

The confraternity, according to the statutes, was open to women as well as to men, but the register of the sisters, if ever it existed, is no longer extant. The company admitted among its members not only the painters matriculated in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, but all members of the art generally, as well as persons exercising other trades or professions. The latter clause renders it sometimes difficult to ascertain whether an inscribed member were a painter or not. In any case, however, the great majority of the brethren exercised one or other of the various branches of the art, including the allied trade of the goldbeater.

The company, under the original statutes, was governed by four captains, four councillors, and two treasurers. On special occasions, as at the election of officers, a certain number of the brethren were called in council to form a quorum. The captains and treasurers were required to belong to the art of Painters; the post of councillor was open to any member of the Company, whatever his calling.

The first office-bearers of the Company named in the statutes were :—

Captains: Lapo Gucci, Vanni Cinuzzi, Corsino Bonajuti, Pasquino Cenni.

Councillors: Segna d'Antignano, Bernardo Daddi, Jacopo di Casentino, Consiglio Gherardi.

Treasurers: Domenico Pucci, Piero di Giovanni.

All the above were painters; two of them, Pasquino Cenni and Domenico Pucci, were Sienese artists established in Florence.

In later times, about the middle of the fifteenth century, there appears to have been only one treasurer, an officer named the 'Provveditore' (administrator) taking the place of the second. He seems to have ranked after the treasurer. Syndics (? auditors) elected in general meeting by the body of the Company (Corpo della Compagnia) are named among the regular officers in the year 1525. Before this syndics and attorneys were specially named to represent the Company in its corporate capacity. Thus, on January the 29th, 1483, s.c., by deed drawn up by Ser Lotto di Ser Francesco di Ser Tommaso Masi, the Company's notary, and executed in the residence of the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, Vittorio di Lorenzo Ghiberti, Neri di Bicci, and Cosimo Rosselli were so appointed. Among the painters present were Domenico del Ghirlandajo and Filippino Lippi, two of the captains; Sandro Botticelli, a councillor; Alesso Baldovinetti, Pietro Jacobi (? Piero del Pollajuolo) and Davide del Ghirlandajo of the quorum (arroti).

Some entries on the roll of members show that the Company had its trumpeters (trombadori), and there is one entry of a tamburino or drummer. 'Festaioli' were also elected from among the members to superintend the festival held in honour of St. Luke.

Under the original statutes it was provided that the captains of the Company and their council, to the number of sixteen, should meet in the church of the Hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova, on the first Sunday in October and on the first Sunday in April, to name eight men of the art, the four who obtained the most votes to be elected captains for the ensuing six months. Each captain selected his councillor, and the captains jointly named the treasurers. The new officials entered on their duties on the first of November or on the first of May, according to the date of election. In 1396 a change, however, was effected, and 'in order that the Company

* This must have been the church, or chapel, built by Folco Portinari, the founder of the Hospital. In 1420 the old church of St. Egidio, having been incorporated with the hospital buildings and restored, was consecrated by Pope Martin V., and has since served as the church of the Hospital. See Richa's 'Chiese Fiorentine,' vol. viii. p. 197.

should be well served by good and discreet men' the elections were ordered to be held every four months, *i.e.*, on St. Luke's Day and on the first Sundays in February and June. The new officers entered on their duties on the first of November, of March, and of July, respectively. The outgoing officers had to render their accounts to their successors. No officer was eligible for re-election until after the expiration of one year from the time he had laid down his office.

In the year 1406 a rubric of the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, of which, as has been said, the painters formed part, after stating that the monthly celebration of mass in the Chapel of St. Luke, 'held in honour of God and St. Luke and of all the Celestial Court, and for the benefit of the souls of deceased brethren and of persons lying in the Hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova and of those dead and buried,' was less regular than heretofore, and that the members no longer rendered due obedience to the captains, or paid their fees willingly, 'thus tending to the dispersal of the said Company and to the injury of this Guild and University, which is especially displeasing to our Lord Jesus Christ,' ordered that, in future, every painter in the city of Florence, being a member of the Company, whether matriculated in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries or not, as also all other persons who may or shall belong to the same Company, should attend Divine service once or twice a month at the said church, or make oblations and obey the orders of the captains under penalty of a fine of 'danari 12' for each time they shall be absent from mass, or negligent in conforming to the commands of the captains without legitimate excuse. If the fines were not paid the servants or messengers of the Guild, at the request of the said captains, or two of them, were to levy a distress on the goods of the debtor to recover the amount, under a penalty of 'soldi 20'* of small florins (fiorini piccioli), to be deducted from their wages and applied to the purposes of the said Guild.

On the first Sunday in every month the captains and treasurers were ordered to set out their table (desco), probably in the church of the hospital, and there register all applicants for membership on payment, under the original statutes, of 3 soldi per annum for the men, and 2 soldi for the women. They were, also, to remind defaulting members to pay up their subscriptions. In 1406 the annual fee was fixed by the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries at a maximum of 10 soldi of fiorini piccioli; in 1472 it had risen to 16 soldi; between 1502–5 the fee appears to have been temporarily established at 17 soldi, 4 danari, per annum, at the rate of 4 danari per week. Later, in 1520, it was again fixed at 16 soldi, but there was a call on the members to pay 2 soldi to extinguish any debt they might owe to the Company, and place matters again on a satisfactory footing, which it appears was not the case at that date. Besides the annual fee, the members of the Company subscribed towards the expenses of the festival of St. Luke—the amount fixed, in 1472, was 5 soldi, and on occasion they appear to have been called upon for other charges, as in the 'Libro Rosso' I find an entry 'for the pennons of the trumpeters, soldi 5.' They also contributed towards the funeral masses for deceased brethren—2 soldi was the sum paid in 1538.

On its part the Company presented its officers on St. Luke's Day with a certain quantity of pepper (pepe), the value of which, if not taken in kind, was deducted from the annual fee; while, on Candlemas Day, the spedalingo (rector) and treasurer of the Hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova, the provveditore and notary of the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, and the officers and men† of the Company received wax candles, probably painted, varying in weight

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* The gold florin was divided into 20 soldi, or 240 danari of gold for matters of account. The silver lira or 'fiorino piccolo,' was composed of 20 soldi or 240 danari of base currency used in ordinary transactions. The comparative values of the gold florin and lira were as follows:—

1345.	1 florin gold	= lire 3, soldi 2, dan. –	1475.	1 florin gold	= lire 5, soldi 8, dan. –
1415.	id	= „ 3, „ 17, „ 4	1500.	id	= „ 7, „ – „ –
1448.	id	= „ 4, „ 5, „ –	1564.	id	= „ 10, „ – „ –

† Probably only those who attended the meetings of the Company regularly.

from two to four ounces. Judging from the later custom of the 'Accademia del Disegno' in 1586, the officers of the Company may also have received gifts of wine on St. John-the-Baptist's Day, and of spiced bread on All Saints' Day. Some of the members appear to have partaken of a light collation together on St. Luke's Day. Entries exist in an account-book* of the Company, under the year 1554, of the expenditure incurred for this repast, which included 'pinochiati' (a conserve of pine kernels), 'birichicoli' (a kind of sweet cake), rolls, and wine. Thirty members were present, each of whom contributed one grosso (7 soldi), making in all 11 lire, 18 soldi. The total expenses, including the hire of glasses, amounted to about 18 lire, 16 soldi, 4 danari—the balance, I presume, being paid by the Company. The brethren first attended mass in Sta. Maria Novella, which cost 10 soldi. The numbers of the Company varied at different times: in 1472, they were about 120.

The income of the Company though, perhaps, not large, appears to have more than covered the expenditure, as after having paid for the solemn celebration of the patron saint, and for the obsequies of deceased brethren, to both of which, as has been said, the members partly contributed, having granted aid to the sick and distributed the customary gifts to the officers and others, a small capital was gradually collected. This was invested in land and houses, the income derived from which was subsequently enjoyed by the 'Accademia del Disegno' until 1789, when the Grand Duke Pietro Leopoldo abolished all trusts in mortmain.

The seal of the Company was a winged bull, recumbent and with a nimbus, its right paw supporting a book, the emblem of the patron saint.

The meetings of the Company and its religious services continued to be held in the church of St. Egidio until the beginning of the sixteenth century. In 1503, Don Leopoldi Bonafede, Spedalingo of the Hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova, let to the men of St. Luke a room at the corner of the Via della Pergola, in which to hold their meetings. This room, previously used as a hay-loft, was put into good repair at the Company's expense, and was occupied by the brethren until 1514. The next temporary meeting-place, on St. Luke's Day, was at the residence of the confraternity of St. Anthony, near the Faenza Gate, from whence it passed in 1516, but only on one occasion, to the Church of San Michele delle Trombe.† Between this date and 1520, the brethren held the festival of St. Luke in different places, and were compelled to suspend their collegiate meetings, as they had no fixed place of abode. It may be conjectured that, after 1520, the Company renewed the lease of their former residence in the Via della Pergola, and kept St. Luke's Day in the Church of St. Egidio until 1550, in which year Don Isidoro da Montaguto, a monk of the Badia, then Spedalingo of Sta. Maria Nuova, repaid the Company the sum of 200 lire di piccioli, which they had expended on the room under the contract of 1503. Between 1550 and 1560, the meetings appear to have been held in the monastery of Sta. Maria Novella, in the room known as the 'Stanza degli Angioli,'‡ for which they paid an annual rent of 7 lire fp.

In 1562 the Company enjoyed a brief renewal of prosperity, when, within its ranks, was founded the 'Accademia del Disegno.' Merged, however, in the more important association, the Company of St. Luke lost its independence. It did not, however, entirely cease to exist. The last manifestation of the Company was in 1821, when, on the 15th of July, a meeting was held of the President and Professors of the I. R. Academy of Fine Arts of Florence. It was determined that, for the future, the Company should be composed only of those painters,

* 'Entrata ed uscita,' marked A, 'dal 1535 al 1556,' in the State Archives of Florence.

† An old parish church, now suppressed, called 'Delle Trombe,' because the trumpeters of the Signoria resided in its neighbourhood. It was originally known as San Michele in Palchetto, and later as the Congrega di Sta. Elisabetta or della Visitazione. *See* 'Firenze antica e moderna illustrata.' Flor. 1792, vol. iv. p. 162.

‡ *See* 'Notizie storiche intorno alla R. Accademia delle Arti del Disegno in Firenze.' C. Jacopo-Cavalluccii: Firenze, tip. del Vocabolario, 1873.

sculptors, and architects, professors of the Academy, who should demand admission into its ranks. The President, *pro tem.*, of the Academy was to be the head and governor of the Company, and the officers were to consist of a provveditore (Raffaelle Morghen), who was to act as treasurer and secretary, a vice-provveditore, three chaplains, and a beadle. Three masses, one sung, were to be celebrated on the festivals of the Holy Trinity and of St. Luke, on All Souls' Day, and at the obsequies of deceased members respectively. The annual fee was fixed at 5 paoli. By 1823, the number of members had risen from forty-six to fifty-five, but then they gradually fell off, and after 1876 there are no further notes on the register of the payment of the annual subscription. The yearly service, however, in honour of the patron saint is still held in the chapel of the painters in the first cloister of the church of the SS. Annunziata by voluntary subscriptions among a few of the Royal Academicians of Fine Arts.

The volume of Statutes of the Company and the 'Libro Rosso,' to which I have previously referred, may now be briefly described.

1. The Statutes of the Company and Roll* of Members (incomplete—letter R, nearly all S, and part of P wanting) from its foundation to 1525, with a few scattered entries up to 1550, codex folio, 18 sheets parchment: Royal Archives of Florence, No. 195 (Arte).

The majority of the dates affixed to the names on the roll have been altered or erased. These alterations may, in some instances, mark the date of the member's death, rather than that of his admission into the Company. I have already mentioned the names of some well-known painters who belonged to the Company in 1483. Among the earlier artists inscribed on the roll, I may name Buffalmacco, Orcagna, Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi, Gherardo Starnina, Lorenzo Ghiberti, goldsmith; the two Peselli, Masolino da Panicale, Paolo Uccello, Masaccio and Lorenzo di Credi. Among the later—Fra Bartolommeo, Mariotto Albertinelli, Andrea del Sarto, Franciabigio, Michelagnolo Buonarotti, sculptor; Lionardo da Vinci and Giorgio Vasari.

2. The 'Libro Rosso,' Debitori Creditori e Ricordi, marked 'A,' extends from 1472 to 1520, with some scattered notes belonging to the years 1525 and 1533; MS. small folio, paper, sheets 240, of which 239 are numbered. Called the 'Red Book' from the colour of its original binding, but now bound in white parchment: in the Royal Archives of Florence, to which, with other registers belonging to the Company of St. Luke and the Accademia del Disegno, it has only recently been removed from the Library of the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence.

This is an account-book of fees, &c., due from members to the Company, with occasional memoranda entered by the Provveditore. The names are placed in alphabetical order, each on a separate sheet. The heading of the 'Libro Rosso' is believed to be in the handwriting of Neri di Bicci, who was, probably, Provveditore in 1472. In 1482, there are entries in the hand of Cosimo Rosselli. Among other interesting matters, an entry determines the fact that Pietro Perugino was already established in Florence in 1472. The names of Antonio del Pollajuolo, goldsmith and painter, and of his brother, Piero, of Don Diamante, the pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi, of Francesco Granacci, and of Raffaello di Bartolommeo del Garbo, are found on the pages of the 'Libro Rosso.'

DOMINIC E. COLNAGHI.

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* The Roll of Members was published by Gualandi in the 'Memorie Originali Italiane di Belle Arti,' Seria Sesta, 1845, Bologna, pp. 176–190.

COBLENTZ, WITH THE BRIDGE OVER THE MOSELLE

ETCHED BY FRANK SHORT, AFTER THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY TURNER

COBLENTZ, with its two bridges and rocks, and the dismantled fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, was a favourite subject of Turner. It was probably in 1819 that he first saw it or sketched in its neighbourhood. Five sketches at or near Coblentz were included in the wonderfully rapid series of sketches bought by Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley, on the return of the artist from a short continental tour in 1819; and in 1824 an engraving, after Turner, by J. C. Allen appeared, of which the subject was Ehrenbreitstein during the demolition of the fortress in 1819.

The sketch from which Mr. Short's etching is taken is of later date—in the early thirties probably—and is a lovely example of the radiant colour and exquisite handiwork of his third period. It is an imperfect realisation of a sketch, one of two evidently taken at the same time. One shows the bridge over the Moselle, the other the bridge of boats. Both the original sketches are in the National Gallery (in frame 94), and of both these sketches there are lovely 'imperfect realisations'—suggestions for finished drawings—on the same themes, framed in the cases and numbered 279 and 280. Our plate is from 280, of which the finished drawing, perhaps the finest example extant of Turner's colour of the time (1842) is in the possession of Mr. Ruskin. Turner's famous oil painting of Ehrenbreitstein with the tomb of Marceau, engraved by J. Pye, and bought by Mr. Bicknell, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1835.

'ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND THE EARLY JESUITS'

A LIFE of Ignatius Loyola* must of necessity bristle, so to speak, with questions which are clearly beyond the province of a writer in THE PORTFOLIO. To discuss thoroughly the work and character of the founder of the Society of Jesus—the man who above all others gave strength and impulse to what has been called the counter-Reformation—would bring us into the very heart of the controversy between the Churches. But there is much that may be said of him without trenching on topics alien to these pages. The life of Ignatius, whatever else it was, was eminently picturesque; and this characteristic is brought out very distinctly in Mr. Stewart Rose's biography. The narrative has, it is true, no great charm of style, but it has been carefully filled in with an abundance of detail which makes it effective, and it has been profusely illustrated. The landscapes, architectural studies, and portraits number more than a hundred and twenty. Many have been made for the purpose, others have been industriously collected from various sources; they show a fair average of excellence, and they are illustrations in the best sense of the word, that is, they illuminate and realise the story.

Ignatius was born in 1491, near Azpeitia in Guipuscoa, of an ancient line which on one side claimed descent from the Roman conqueror of Spain. In his youth he differed little from other young men of his rank. He followed the profession of arms, and devoted himself, after the fashion of his time, to the service of a noble lady. (Mr. Rose thinks that she was no less a personage than Germaine de Foix, the second wife of Ferdinand of Arragon). In 1521 he was serving with the garrison of Pamplona, the capital of Navarre,

* By Stewart Rose. (London: Burns & Oates. 1891.)

which was being held for Charles V. against the partisans of the D'Albret family (which Ferdinand had dispossessed), supported by secret help from the French king. The town was evacuated on the approach of the French, but the citadel still held out, and into this Ignatius retired. A few days afterwards the besiegers delivered an assault. In the course of the struggle Ignatius was wounded. Seldom has a cannon-ball been fired to more effect than that which put an end to the young Spaniard's soldiering on the Whit Monday of 1521 — the same year, by the way, in which Luther made his famous declaration at the Diet of Worms. Appropriately enough a basilica, which we have figured in this notice, marks the spot where this wound, so far-reaching in its effects, was inflicted.

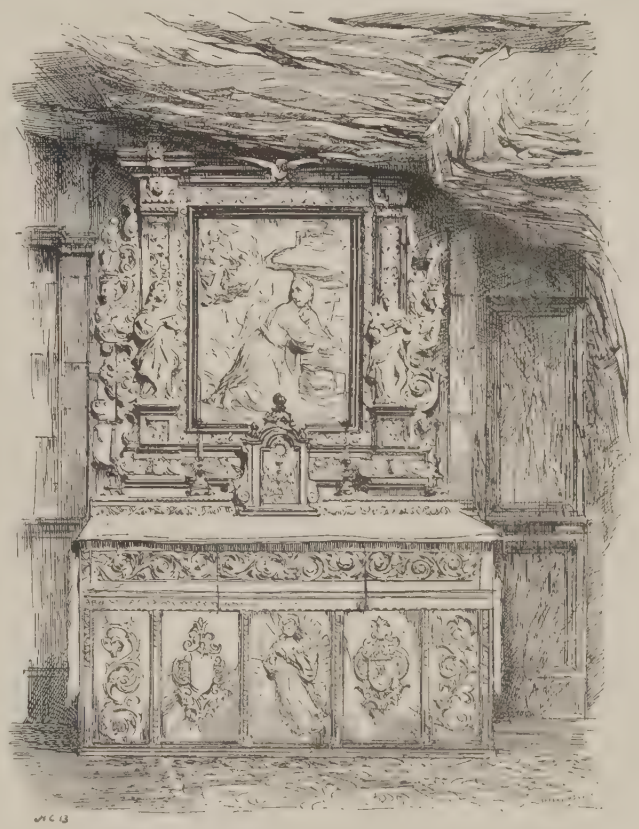
The conquerors treated the young knight with the greatest respect. He was conveyed to a lodging in the town, and when it was evident that he required more careful nursing than could there be supplied, he was taken to his home at the Castle of Loyola. He had not yet given up the world. When the surgeon told him that a painful operation, the sawing off a protruding bone, would be necessary to prevent permanent deformity, he insisted on its being performed. 'He was chiefly induced to bear it'—such was his confession made in after years—'by his wish to be able to wear the trunk hose then in fashion.' A long convalescence followed. To while away the time the patient asked for some of the romances which were, it seems, his favourite reading. The castle could not supply them, and a monk lent him instead a life of Christ and a volume of lives of the saints. The story of their austerities, the contrast between their ideal of life and his, astonished him. By the time his strength was restored he had resolved to give up the world.

THE BASILICA, PAMPLONA, BUILT ON THE SPOT WHERE ST. IGNATIUS WAS WOUNDED.

His first ideas of carrying this purpose into effect were naturally crude. A barefoot pilgrimage to Jerusalem was the object which he set before himself. This was not immediately possible; and he bent his steps first, on leaving for ever the home of his fathers, to the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat. There he consecrated himself to the service of God, watching all night, as aspirants to knighthood had been wont to do, before the altar. His mule he gave to the monastery; his sword and dagger he hung up by the image of the Virgin; and finally, to complete the self-sacrifice, changed his clothing with a beggar—a proceeding, by the way, which brought the poor beggar into no little trouble. The next four months were spent in a hospital at Manresa, spent in the practice of austerities that were perpetually increasing in severity. At last he found that nothing but complete seclusion could content him, and he retired to a cave, the 'Sacra Cueva,' as it is now called, a few hundred yards from the town. 'In shape and aspect the cave is not unlike an ancient sepulchre, being about nine feet long and four wide; its elevation at the highest point six feet, but in its farthest depths much less.' The piety of later generations has totally changed its aspect, as may be seen from the elaborate ornament which our illustration presents; in the time of Ignatius it was a simple cavern, almost hidden by brushwood, through which

the anchorite had to force his way. It is noteworthy that the practical mind of the man was now beginning to assert itself. Ignatius's residence here was eminently fruitful, for here the 'Spiritual Exercises,' one of the epoch-making books of religious history, was produced.

In January, 1523, Ignatius left Manresa, on his way to Jerusalem. He made his way to Barcelona, where a captain gave him a free passage to Italy, on the condition that he should bring his own provisions. To provide food for several days when he had resolved to live on daily alms seemed to be wrong, and he had to consult his confessor before he could do it with a good conscience. His conscience, however, did not forbid him to reply to one who asked whither he was going that he was on his way to Rome, an answer which was truth, but not the whole truth. To announce that he was journeying to Jerusalem would, he thought, savour of vainglory, and he accepted as a salutary humiliation the remark that 'they who go to Rome are apt to return no better for their journey.' He reached Rome on Palm Sunday; it was not till the 14th of July that he started from Venice for the Holy Land. There were few pilgrims that year. Rhodes had fallen (just six months before), and the Mediterranean swarmed with Turkish cruisers; the plague was rife in the Levant; lastly, Ignatius himself was seriously ill. Nothing, however, daunted him, and he reached Jaffa on August 31st (after a voyage of forty-eight days, we are told), and Jerusalem a few days afterwards.



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE SACRA CUEVA, MANRESA.

His stay in the Holy City was brief. In fact, he was sent away. The Franciscan fathers with whom he sought a home were terrified at his zeal. It was the darling wish of his heart to commence his work at Jerusalem. His hosts dreaded embroilments with the Moslem authorities, and peremptorily commanded him to depart. In January, 1524, after enduring no small amount of hardship, he found himself again at Venice.

Returning without delay to Spain, he set himself to a serious course of study. After two years and a half spent at Barcelona he returned to Alcalá for the purpose of studying philosophy. But to study without working for the salvation of souls was impossible to his fervent spirit. Before long Ignatius got into much the same troubles as two hundred and fifty years afterwards the Methodists got into at Oxford, and humbler followers of the Methodists are getting into to-day. From Alcalá he removed to Salamanca. There he was equally unwelcome. Indeed, he was thrown into prison, and only released on much the same conditions as those on which the Sanhedrim would have released Peter and John, that he should not teach. Ignatius now recognised that Spain, with its rigid conservatism, was no place for his work; that he must finish his preparations, and found his society, the form of which was already shaping itself in his mind, elsewhere. In 1528 he went to Paris. Resolved to begin at the beginning—another proof of his sturdy common-sense—he entered at what was practically a grammar school, the Collége Montaigne. Poverty, aggravated by the

dishonesty of a fellow-lodger, continued to harass him. He had actually to employ his vacations in begging for what would support him during the sessions. Two vacations were thus employed in Flanders, and one, of which no narrative has been preserved, in London. His elementary studies concluded, he devoted himself to philosophy and theology, not forgetting the practical work which was so dear to him. It was not till June, 1537—so little did Ignatius sympathise with those who think that a change of purpose is preparation enough—that he received priest's orders; and more than a year had passed after this before he said his first mass. This function he performed in Rome on Christmas Day, 1538.

Meanwhile he had summoned his companions to Rome. They busied themselves with two things—drawing up the rules for the Institute, which was afterwards to develop into the Society of Jesus, and carrying on what would now be called a 'Mission' in Rome. The preaching of Ignatius was peculiarly effective, partly, perhaps, because, as we are told, he 'abhorred long sermons.' In 1539 the Institutes of the proposed Society were presented to the reigning Pontiff, Paul III. Paul, though not by any means a model Pope, was greatly impressed by them. In spite of the opposition of an eminent Cardinal, who would have preferred the suppression of existing Orders to the foundation of a new one, he approved the new scheme, first, by word of mouth, and then on September 27th, 1540, by the bull *Regimini*.

BASILICA OF IL SANTO ST. ANTONY OF PADUA, FROM THE CLOISTERS, PADUA.

In 1541 Ignatius was unanimously elected General of the Society. At first he refused the honour, doubtless with a sincere feeling of reluctance. But his opposition was overborne. When, ten years afterwards, he was anxious to lay it down, he was again overruled; and he died still holding the office. The brethren who elected him were but nine in number, the most famous among them being Francis Xavier, who had already started for his work in India, leaving his vote behind him in a sealed paper.

The story of Ignatius's fifteen years' tenure of his office is remarkably interesting. He had long since given up the extravagant austerities of his earlier years. The men who were to do their work in kings' homes, as some, at least, of his followers were meant to do, must wear soft clothing, not the beggar's garments for which he had once exchanged his knightly array. 'He enjoined on his Society a particular neatness and an abhorrence of all personal neglect.' In fact, he began to formulate, though his successors completed, that conception of the Jesuit which made him at once a polished, cultured gentleman, and a devotee to his Church and his Order. His rule was at once inflexibly severe, and yet full of accommodation to human weakness. The obedience that he required was absolute; a member of the Society, according to an oft-quoted rule, must be 'like a corpse, which has neither will nor understanding.' With any who could not reconcile themselves to this submission, he was peremptory. They had to depart—sometimes at an hour's notice. But with restlessness he

was singularly patient. One brother, to whom the discipline of the Order was particularly irksome, he released from all obligation to observe it. The effect was like that which sometimes follows on giving an impatient horse his own way. It quieted him for good. Doubtless his knowledge of men's temper was singularly acute. He saw who were fitted to serve the cause of his Order, and to them he could not be too forbearing.

The story of Ribadeneira is a notable instance of this capacity. As a novice no one could have been more troublesome. It was a wonder that the Superior could have endured him. Yet Ignatius knew what he was doing. At twenty-seven the young man was a great

THE OLD AND NEW CATHEDRALS, SALAMANCA.

preacher; and he lived to be one of the most eminent and useful members of the Order. He survived Ignatius by more than fifty years, seeing the honour of Beatification bestowed upon his old master in 1611 by Paul V. (Mr. Rose has written 'Paul III.,' and in his 'Chronology of the Life of St. Ignatius' puts the date of the Beatification 'July 27, 1559,' while stating it correctly in the text of his narrative).

We have spoken with general praise of the illustrations, but we may point out as particularly interesting the *Austin Friars, London* (p. 155), and *Antwerp in the Time of St. Ignatius* (p. 149)—both restorations by Mr. H. W. Brewer; the *Old and New Cathedrals of Salamanca* (p. 395); and the portraits, including *SS. Francis Borgia* and *Xavier, Ignatius* in his later years (this has more shrewdness than saintliness in its looks, but was not painted from life), *Cardinal Pole*, and the *Popes Paul III., Julius III.*, and *Paul IV.*

A. J. Church.

LUCRETIA

THE ENGRAVING BY MARCANTONIO, REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND

'MARCANTONIO,' says Vasari, 'being arrived at Rome, engraved upon copper a most beautiful design of Raffaelle de Urbino, representing Lucretia killing herself, which he executed with such care and delicacy of manner that upon its being immediately carried to Raffaelle by some of his friends he presently thought of having prints published of several of his compositions.' Vasari's account of Marcantonio is too inaccurate to be relied upon, but it seems to be a generally received fact that this was one of the earliest plates that Raimondi executed in Rome. Examples of it are very rare, and Bartsch says it was afterwards retouched by a very clumsy hand and its beauty entirely destroyed.

THE SALONS OF BAUDELAIRE

'DIFFICULT are all fair things' was one of the typical proverbs of that artist nation which did not sever the arts and virtues, but regarded them with happy ambiguity as different manifestations of the same principle. Among the Greeks the feeling was latent that even the discerning of the beautiful in right conduct and true art demanded perfect, previous training, that strenuous exertion was needed to attain the beautiful, and that, above all, an exquisite balance of the human faculties was necessary if the beautiful that had been attained was to be preserved. Hard it is to keep to the narrow way of the good and fair, for many and broad are the paths of error, and on either hand stretch the tangled wildernesses of excess and defect. Amid such wildernesses the morbid, abnormal Baudelaire, poet of the 'Fleurs du Mal,' loved to wander, and yet there is a portion of his work in which he maintains for the most part that difficult equilibrium between the extremes of defect and excess, in which he is sound and healthy, though sombre still in tone, in which he did not feel called upon to maintain his satanic pose as a connoisseur in corruption. Though, like other men, the principles of his criticism were derived from the predilections of his temperament, and though the aim of his art was to set forth the elements of beauty he claimed to discover in the horrible and the evil, yet the Salons he wrote contain much just counsel and a canon of painting that, however fastidious, is noble and complete. And this because, in spite of the fact that his incisive, overcharged style beguiles him to indulge in the dangerous glitter of apparently inconsistent paradox, and, in spite of a frequent strange brutality of phrase, he had a sincere desire to judge from a broad cosmopolitan point of view, and a glowing enthusiasm for his subject. The form, however, of a Salon being necessarily a loose one, consisting of the detailed criticism of pictures of the year, mingled with a greater or less amount of dogma in solution suggested by the occasion, it may not be useless to exhibit this exacting canon of Baudelaire's, concentrated and abstracted from contemporary personalities.

Art being the expression of individual sentiment, the principles of art may be ascertained by an analysis of the necessary qualities that go to the making of an artist. A great artist is one who possesses a strong, supreme imagination, and a complete mastery of the technical means of bodying his imagination forth. Imagination, without a copious store of observations derived from material objects and unsustained by a facile dexterity in the use of them, is impotent; and, on the other hand, that common, exclusive devotion to 'technique,' and contempt of the imagination, is the mark of an incomplete talent. The true artist is

swayed and dominated by a strong, impassioned temperament, which stamps itself upon his slightest productions, and guides him infallibly to the choice of subjects congenial to that temperament. He is *naïve*, and his *naïveté* consists precisely in his constant, unconscious submission to his temperament. Doubt and hesitation are unknown to him; if his soul is fashioned in Grecian mould, he will paint as a Greek, despite the lapse of centuries; if he is irresistibly drawn to the loving contemplation of the plastic and pictorial elements of modern life, to the portrayal of these he will devote his unwearied energies. He will love the grand, the simple, and the nude, and his works will be the expression of his soul and its reveries in its fair, untroubled hours, the translation of the raptures of the heart in its halcyon days. Each work will bear the impress of the unity of emotion which produced it, and will fix itself tenaciously in the recollections of those who gaze at it; it will immediately transmit to the soul of the spectator the sentiment to which it owes its being, causing the chord of memory to vibrate, and leaving for many a day a tender, musical impression. Though the nerves of the artist are ever ready to respond to the appeals of outward nature, he will be spiritualistic in creed and will protest against Nature. Convinced, consciously or unconsciously, that man is the measure of all things, he illuminates the world with the light of his own temperament—he is lord, not slave, of the universe. Painter of dreams, and no mere copyist of what he sees, the ideals he creates will be the representations of individuals restored from their fallen state, and freed from the travel-stains of a sojourn in a cruel, adverse world. If he paints landscape, he will still protest against Nature, though his protests will be but rarely called for in comparison with those of the painter of Man. He will not fall into that prevalent modern error of blindly loving Nature, and of regarding it as perfect when left unmarred by the restless hand of man, and will not mistake the dictionary of art for art itself. For Nature is but a storehouse of materials for the imagination, a dictionary of modes of expressing the soul. It is the imagination which makes landscape also, and patient, faithful transcripts of nature are to be regarded, not as pictures, but as notes, as studies or documents. A landscape is, or ought to be, a poem, and a poem cannot be copied, but must be composed.

Few are the artists to whom this lofty standard applies, for the strong are rare, and their strength is the strength gained by sacrifice. And this sacrifice is an involuntary one, no easy sacrifice to be made or left unmade at will. If their art is original and profound, it is because they have been endowed with a strongly marked temperament, because they have been compelled inevitably to regard and depict human life and nature in ways utterly distinct from those of predecessors or contemporaries. Kings among men, their kingship is founded on sacrifice, and they rule securely on condition that their frontiers shall be limited precisely, and the extent of their domains be not too great. *Non omnis fert omnia tellus*, and one decided view of life, one chosen line of art, excludes all others. The great artists necessarily obeyed the fatality of their temperaments, however much they may have longed to leave their wonted paths. To have done so would have been to destroy their personality, and they were happy in the persistence of their mannerism, if so we must call it—happy because they were limited.

Baudelaire, in setting forth these necessary traits and signs of the great and true artist, seems to grimly rejoice in the knowledge that few men are dowered with the rare gift of a strong, decided temperament, that few possess these throbbing, passionate souls which make them kings among men. He postulates—as in his poetry—an almost unattainable ideal of life and art, and regards all that falls short of the mark with a passionate hatred. He subjects to pitiless analysis the descending degrees of failure from the perfect, laying himself open, like a satirist, to the charge of deriving delight from the delineation of what he abhors. He is convinced that it is his duty to war against the trivial and second-rate, that to create anything that is not sublime and perfect is sinful, or at least futile; Paradise is Paradise precisely because the elect are few in number. In his aristocratic fastidiousness he

affects to feel no slightest sympathy for those debarred by nature from attaining the first rank, he cares not to realise the pathos in the lives of those honourable, talented artists who are humbly conscious of their own fated shortcomings. No consideration can make him relent towards them. If they manifestly proceed from the school of some distinguished master, they are mere imitators, having no mission or message of their own; if, on the other hand, they stand alone and aim at originality, they are mere emancipated workmen, rioting in a sterile and anarchic liberty. They can all design, he complains, they can all paint—indeed they paint and design almost too well, with a kind of desperate perfection; they are too self-complacent in the possession of admirable technical acquirements. For they lack just that which is the most needed—the fervour and passion of genius, a temperament that is certain and decided. Feeble and lukewarm, they have no faith in themselves or their aims, and their doubts leave them stranded on the shoals of eclecticism. Dominated by stronger men, contemporary or of classic fame, they gather and join together disparate beauties, and endeavour to compensate for lack of unity by the laboured finish and petty delicate detail of the parts. Their countless, confusing productions leave no lasting impression—no impression of newness and strangeness, stir not the feelings nor wake recollections, and are swept speedily away down the stream of oblivion.

To prolong and detail further this unhappy analysis of failure would be painful, but it is to be remembered that Baudelaire held a brief for the uncompromising recital of the woes and deficiencies of human existence. To others he left what he considered the impossible task of reconciling men with life, of justifying the sad and cruel mysteries of nature. His own fatality of temperament led him to brood constantly on fallen nature, on the decadence of all things. History ran, he believed, in cycles, and his own life, as he deemed, was fallen on a time the degradation and misery of which portended coming end and dissolution. And these views did not prevent him from deriving a strange enjoyment from the study of the horrible, from sucking nutriment, ghoul-like, from corruption and disease. It was not to be expected that there should be no trace in the Salons of the wonted exaggerations of his nightmare creed. He expressly states that he detests moderation, that he loves all excesses, for excess is a token of strength, and there is a grandeur in all forms of madness. Here and there, accordingly, he gives loose rein to the morbid fancies which perpetually besieged him, and then we must listen as well as we may to rhapsodies on the beauties of macquillage, and must bear to have our attention called to pictures or statues representing lunatics, skeletons, and *danses macabres*. And, hereupon, we can only sigh or shake our heads at his perversity, and turn the page, comforted by the assurance that overleaf we shall meet some terse disquisition on the principles of art, or, at least, some pregnant utterance, some well-considered aphorism that calls for thought.

GARNET SMITH.

NOVEMBER 1.—The publishers have fairly taken the field for their autumn compaign, and the list of new books swells every day. Among the latest are several that deal with art subjects. Miss Roosevelt's enthusiastic biography of Gustave Doré is now supplemented by that of another 'Schwärmer' for the Alsatian, the late Blanchard Jerrold. The 'note' is again that of indignant protest against the 'injustice' of Doré's countrymen, and strenuous insistance on all the non-pictorial qualities of his *oeuvre*, as giving him a right to that title of 'great artist' which the critics of a continent have denied him. But Mr. Jerrold's literature is better than his criticism, and his vivid study of his friend and *collaborateur* makes very pleasant reading. The book is copiously illustrated, chiefly with unpublished sketches from private collections.—'The Tombs of the Kings of England,' by J. Charles Wall, with illustrations by the author, is a work full of curious information on an attractive subject. The writer claims to have filled up the *lacunae* in the dealings of Gough, Weever, and others, with his theme, and to have put together for the first time a consecutive record of the series. These tombs form, since those of France were destroyed, the most complete array of royal monuments in existence. It will, perhaps, surprise many, even among the well-informed, to learn that Queen Elizabeth's monument in Westminster 'was the last erected over the tombs or to the memory of England's sovereigns in England.'—'Symbolism in Christian Art' is a handy little volume of reference for the curious in legendary lore as connected with painting and sculpture. The mystic force of colours, numbers, ciphers, and attributes, the stories of the saints, the catacomb inscriptions, and innumerable kindred subjects are touched on, briefly but sufficiently, with many quaint quotations from ancient writers, and plentiful indications of more ample sources.—'Olympus: Tales of the Gods of Greece and Rome,' by Mr. Talfourd Ely, professor of Greek at Bedford College, is a volume based on and partly translated from Dr. Dütschke's *Der Olymp;* but several original chapters have been introduced by the compiler, while the whole has been altered and expanded to suit the wants of English students. It is avowedly a popular work, and presented to 'the youth of both sexes,' so that its aims are necessarily restricted. But within its scope it is well done, and the volume deserves recognition as a text-book of a kind for which there was a real demand.

MR. ERNEST LAW has crowned 'the happy deed that gilds his name,' in the matter of the chronicles of Hampton Court, by the issue of a third volume — a fourth if we include his catalogue of the pictures — no less attractive than his study of the Palace annals in the days of Tudor and Stuart. This final instalment brings down the history through Orange and Guelph times to the year 1890. The pageant set forth is perhaps less stately, but, on the other hand, it will have for many readers more of life and actuality. In the minds, indeed, of most of us, Hampton Court is even more intimately associated with the 'teacup days of hoop and patch' than with the pomp of Wolsey, or the frolics of wits and beauties under the Merry Monarch. Among the mountains of memoirs, letters, poems, and satires dealing with this period, Mr. Law gleans with mastery. In a style at once reticent and stimulating, he sets forth for us just such scenes and indications as give the aroma of court life under William and Mary, Anne, and the two first Georges. His pictures are necessarily somewhat after the manner of dissolving views, but his carefully wrought volumes are lavish of authorities for those whose awakened curiosity craves wider pastures. Few readers, for instance, will not wish for more of the pages that touch on the gallant state held in the Palace by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1715, during one of George the First's absences in Hanover, and on those fair paragons, the eighteenth-century 'Queen's Maries,' Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel. The annals are no less full of interest after the Prince and Princess had become King and Queen, though here attraction is tempered with something very like its reverse. The relations between Prince Frederick and his parents have been made familiar, of course, by other writers. Mr. Law, however, is specially dramatic in his account of their domestic troubles, although, in common with other writers, he gives no plausible reason for the hatred borne by father and mother to their son. His anecdotes of Queen Caroline are thoroughly characteristic of that able woman's somewhat caustic intelligence. Life in the Palace under William and Mary, Anne, and George I. was a less lively business, but each phase offers some point of interest from one side or another. Among the many things touched on early in the volume are Queen Mary's passion for needlework, old china, and horticulture; King William's unpopularity with his English subjects, and his lack of social gifts. The propensities of both did much to make the Palace a thing of beauty. The King delighted in the place. The flatness of the country about it, and the long straight canal, with its fringe of limes, reminded him of Holland, while it had the crowning charm of being separated by twelve long miles from Whitehall and importunate ministers. The Queen could sit and embroider half the day, and for the other half could superintend her gardeners, could arrange her pieces of 'blue' to the best advantage among the decorations of Wren, the carvings of Grinling Gibbons, and the cabinets of Gerard Johnson. Other topics on which Mr. Law descants pleasantly are the gradual development of Wren's plans, Kneller's portraits of the 'Beauties,' Verrio's decorative paintings, the judicious treatment of the gardens by 'Capability' Brown, and the planting of the famous vine in 1769. The closing chapters are devoted to the history of the Palace as 'the quality poor-house,' which William IV. called it. A very complete account is given of its vicissitudes in this character, the conditions of tenure, regulations affecting its inmates, &c., as well as notes on many famous personages, who have from time to time accepted the royal hospitality. Mr. Law corrects the mistaken notion that the poorer the recipient the greater the boon. In many cases, he tells us, apartments have been declined on the ground that the favoured lady had not means to keep them up. This is conceivable enough, seeing that several of the suites run to twenty rooms. An appendix gives a list of all the occupants of apartments for the last 130 years, with biographical notes. The volume is embellished with those rather guide-booky illustrations with which Mr. Law has favoured us in his previous issues. The index seems good, as it is certainly copious. Perhaps the worst fault of the volume is the writer's total misapprehension of artistic aims and ends, as betrayed in his strictures upon Wren's design for the east front. Mr. Law falls foul of the pediment, for instance, because it was not raised to the level of the balustrade, so as to stand against the sky. If Wren had done anything of the sort he would have had to increase the size, both of the pediment and the order it crowns, to such an extent as to dwarf the rest of the front, besides turning a confessedly decorative feature into one making a pretence of being structural, or he would have had to commit the barbarism lately perpetrated in St. Martin's-le-Grand, of divorcing a pediment from its supports, and inserting an attic, like the meat in a sandwich, between the two. To wish the pediment away altogether would be reasonable criticism.

ONE of the most curious of recent developments in what not only the profane call the 'Crafty Arts' is the competition which has lately broken out in London in the matter of signs. At present it is practically confined to two trades, if the word may be used, that of the art dealer and that of the insurer of our lives and properties. Mr. Dunthorne's sign in Vigo Street is already of some standing. Another one of much the same class has been put up over Messrs. Roberson & Co.'s shop in Piccadilly. It has some fairly well designed ironwork enframing on one side the head of Sir Joshua, and on the other that of Angelica Kauffmann. A very elaborate sign hangs at the south-western angle of Mr. Norman Shaw's building for the Alliance Insurance Company, at the corner of Pall Mall and St. James's Street. But perhaps the most successful, so far, of them all, is the ensign of the Sun Fire and Life Offices in Holborn. The title of this institution lent itself to a good design. The face of the Sun acts as a clock, the flaming corona blending with the hammered iron

of which the frame consists. The design is by the architect to the office, Mr. A. B. Hutchins.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to point out a slip in last month's 'Art Chronicle.' In the obituary notice of Mr. Paul Naftel, his date of birth was given as 1826. This should have been 1816.—The names to be added to the muster this month include those of Jan Bosboom, Narcisse Berchère, Vincent Vela, and F. H. Henshaw. Jan Bosboom, a painter chiefly of church and cottage interiors, was born at the Hague in 1817, and was a pupil of Philippus van Bree. As an artist, the problem with which he mainly occupied himself was the rendering of daylight within the walls of buildings. He followed, in fact, the tradition of such men as Emmanuel de Witte, Pieter Saenredam, and Gerard van Hoecgeest, not to invoke so crushing a name as that of De Hooch. His studies are purely architectural and aërial, and the human interest so conspicuous in the earlier Dutch masters of atmosphere is entirely absent from his work. He painted with equal mastery in oils and water-colours, but is perhaps most widely known by his work in the latter material.

NARCISSE BERCHÈRE was a well-known painter of landscape, chiefly Oriental. Born at Etampes in 1819, he studied under Rémond, and was a frequent exhibitor at the Salon from 1843 onwards. His *Crépuscule, Nubie Inférieure*, is in the Luxembourg. M. Berchère was also a writer of some parts, and published in 1863 a volume called 'Le Désert de Suez, cinq mois dans l'Isthme.'—Signor Vela was one of the most distinguished of modern Italian sculptors. The son of peasant parents, he was born at Lignoretto in 1822, and began life as a quarrier of stone. His aptitude for sculpture manifesting itself very strongly, he was sent by the help of friends to Milan in 1836, and was employed in carving for the Cathedral restorations. He subsequently studied under Cacciatori, and made models for goldsmiths. In 1848 he gained the prize in the sculpture competition at Venice with a bas-relief of the *Raising of Jairus's Daughter*, and thereafter rose rapidly into public notice, and received commissions in plenty. His labours were interrupted by two intervals of military service, one during the war of the Sunderbund, in which he was called to take part on account of his Swiss origin, the other in the Italian campaign of Independence, in which he served as a volunteer. His best-known works were his *Spartacus*, which was at the Paris Exhibition of 1855; *Harmony in Tears*, for Donizetti's monument; and the group, *France and Italy*, exhibited in Paris in 1863, and presented by the ladies of Milan to the Empress Eugénie. Signor Vela died at his birthplace, in the canton of Ticino.—Mr. Henshaw, who died on October 10th, was a Birmingham landscape-painter of considerable local reputation.

IN the Birmingham Museum a number of examples of the English pre-Raphaelites have been arranged as a sort of welcoming exhibition to the large *Star of Bethlehem*, by Mr. Burne-Jones, which has entered the permanent gallery since the summer. The exhibition was opened just in time for the Birmingham Festival. It consists of a well-selected show of the work of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, Mr. Holman Hunt, D. G. Rossetti, and Sir John Millais, besides a few pictures painted more or less on lines sympathetic to the pre-Raphaelite aims by Mr. Henry Wallis, the late J. F. Lewis, and one or two more. Of the seven Rossettis, including the two which belong to the permanent collection, the *Venus Verticordia* is perhaps the finest and most famous. The Holman Hunts include *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the smaller version of the *Shadow of Death*, *The Scapegoat*, and the little masterpiece known as *Strayed Sheep*. The Madox Browns comprise *The Last of England*, *The Coat of many Colours*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Cordelia's Portion*. As to Sir John Millais, there is a capital show of his work during the pre-Raphaelite period, between 1850 and 1860: among them the *Blind Girl*, *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, *The Proscribed Royalist*, the small full-length portrait of Mr. Ruskin, a water-colour study for *The Huguenot*, and the famous *Vale of Rest*, which passed, at the dispersal of Mr. William Graham's pictures, into the collection of Mr. Henry Tate. Mr. Burne-Jones is represented by two other pictures besides the *Star of Bethlehem*, namely, the *Flamma Vestalis* and the splendid *Wheel of Fortune*, one of the most completely satisfactory things he has done. The opening of the exhibition was signalised by an address from Mr. William Morris.

THE permanent collection at Birmingham has been lately enriched by the purchase of Mr. Watts's *Roman Lady*, Sir John Millais's *The Widow's Mite*, and J. F. Lewis's *The Doubtful Coin*, as well as by Mr. Burne-Jones's *Star of Bethlehem*.

THE two galleries at the foot of the Haymarket, the Messrs. Tooth's and Mr. McLean's, have opened their usual autumn exhibitions, with their usual blend of British and Continental art. At the Tooths', the best things are a good example of the young Servian painter, Joanowitch; a clever bit of military life in the eighteenth century—somewhat after the manner of Watteau of Lille—by Raffaello Sorbi; two or three good landscapes by Mr. D. Farquharson—one of them a view of Murthly Castle, where Sir John Millais has so long been in the habit of spending his autumns, and the country *From Birnam Wood to Dunsinane*. Sir F. Leighton's *Kittens*; Mr. J. C. Hook's *Music by the Sea*; M. Bouguereau's *Paul and Virginia*; an excellent Hamilton Macallum, the *Anchor Watch*; Mr. Alma Tadema's *The Vintage Feast*—the smaller picture; and a good three-year-old canvas by Mr. Seymour-Lucas, *The King's Visit to Wren*: all these may be mentioned.—At Mr. McLean's, visitors will turn with most interest to a contribution from the easel of Carolus-Duran—*Ophelia* he calls it: a rather meretricious Ophelia, perhaps, but the power of the work is not to be gainsaid. *A Difficult Question* is a good Pettie, painted some years ago; *The Fisherman's Return*, a satisfactory example of the later manner of Josef Israels. *The Fortune Teller*, by Charles Wilda, is good; and *Gleaners*, a pleasant Lhermitte. But a deeper satisfaction will be felt before Mr. George Clausen's *Little Haymakers*, two small girls returning from the hayfield with their rakes. Painted in the thorough fashion distinctive of Mr. Clausen, it is 'better seen,' perhaps, than the generality of his works.

THREE colossal statues, or rather one statue and a group of two figures, have been discovered at Aboukir, a few feet below the surface. They are of rose granite, and are each about ten feet high. The single statue is a Rameses II. seated; the group, Rameses II. and Queen Hentmara. The pair are on a single throne, which makes the group unique among Egyptian royal statues.

MR. BRUCE JOY'S statue of John Bright was uncovered on the 10th of October in the square in front of Manchester Town Hall. Another statue of the same statesman will be shortly inaugurated at Rochdale. It is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft.

ONE of the most artistic plates recently issued by English art publishers is a mezzotint after Crome, scraped by Mr. Frank Short. The picture—it is in the collection of Mr. Henry Tate—is one of the finest that ever came from the school of Norwich. The subject is Hobbemasque, while the execution has a delicacy and sense of unity that Hobbema rarely equalled. To all this Mr. Short has done full justice, and a good impression from his work would enrich any portfolio. The publisher is Mr. Stephen Gooden.

IN BRUGES CATHEDRAL

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY JOSEPH NASH

THIS drawing is at present on exhibition at the British Museum. It is a good example of the artist's free and expressive execution, to which the subject, with its picturesque mingling of Gothic and Renaissance architecture, is exactly suited. Nash began life in the office of the elder Pugin, and so acquired the knowledge which is invaluable to an architectural draughtsman. He was elected an Associate of the Water-colour Society in 1834, and Member in 1843. He died in 1878, in his seventy-first year.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE

XII.—*Engraving, &c.*

THE severity of the French system of art instruction, founded as it is on a serious discipline in drawing, must of itself tend to produce a good school of engravers, but the superior attractions of painting, and especially its lucrativeness in all cases of decided success, have withdrawn many of the best draughtsmen from engraving. The difference between the two professions is that, in painting, a very clever practitioner—such, for example, as M. Carolus Duran—can produce a satisfactory result in a very short time, whilst all engraving with the burin inexorably demands its count of days with so many hours of steady work in each of them. Etching appeared at first to come as a deliverance from this toil, but etching itself as time went on became a slavery too, as greater degrees of finish and more perfect tone were exacted from etchers by the publishers, and applauded by painters whose works were reproduced. One man of genius, Waltner, has indeed made a fortune by his rare skill in the use of etching and other rapid methods of engraving. I remember admiring, in his presence, the fine quality of certain tones in the background of a large portrait, and also in the dress and hair. 'Oh! that was an experiment,' he said; 'I got that quality with a file.' It is admitted, however, that Waltner may do what he likes. The commercial demand has its influence, rather, on inferior men who try to satisfy the trade. The consequence of the introduction of etching has been to increase immensely the number of these inferior men. The process of etching tempts by an apparent facility; it is at least much nearer to painting than the rigorous art of the burin: so that hundreds of artists, who would paint exclusively if they could sell pictures regularly, turn to etching that they may live without abandoning art. An eminent French painter said to me, 'In the last generation there were a dozen engravers in Paris; now there are several hundreds, and in this multitude there are but few thoroughly good draughtsmen.' The ordinary etcher often attains to a superficial imitation of texture and style, he very rarely acquires the power of first-rate draughtsmanship. The superiority of Flameng, who, though still working with undiminished ability, is already an ancestor in the history of Parisian engraving, is due to his thorough knowledge of drawing.

This knowledge might be more general if a school of severe engraving could be maintained against the rivalry of photogravure, and a very earnest attempt is now being made to do this; but there is not a natural and popular demand for excellent engraving—there is only the encouragement of a small class of lovers of art inspired by a sense of duty. It may be doubted whether this will be sufficient to keep the art alive. There are, however, several examples of arts that are maintained without a natural demand, either by Governmental or other patronage—that is, by paying for what is not really wanted merely from a sense of duty to art. Engraving seems to be poorly aided by the State in France in comparison with sculpture. I am told that the Government spends 2400*l.* a year on the encouragement of engraving. There is the 'Chalcographie du Louvre,' a print-publishing establishment in the Louvre itself, that issues engravings from the works in the national collection at low prices. The quality of these plates varies very much. Some of them are of first-rate excellence, as, for example, the *Anne of Cleves* by Didier, after Holbein, and the *Portrait d'Homme* by Emile Rousseaux, after Francia; but these are not recent works, and so lie outside of my present subject. I only wish to draw the reader's attention to the 'Chalcographie du Louvre' if he cares about serious engraving. A 'Société Française de Gravure' was founded in 1868, and it has since issued a certain number of good plates. The object of the founders was to keep the art alive by ensuring a sale for two engravings in the year. Lastly, we have the 'Société des Graveurs au Burin,' recently founded, and including the best line-engravers amongst its members. Here I must beg leave to offer a word of personal explanation. Notwithstanding three long visits to Paris in twelve months, it so happens, very unfortunately, that I have missed the exhibition of this Society, which had a special interest for me, and the only work exhibited there of which I have any right to speak is the engraving by M. Adrien Didier of *The Three Graces*, by Raphael, which was also exhibited at the Salon. This work is published this year (1891) by the Society, and may be taken as the representative example of the present state of burin-engraving in France. The picture is the well-known little work in the collection of the Duke of Aumale, for which that princely lover of art, whose enthusiasm does not cool with age, gave the magnificent sum of twenty-four thousand pounds. The engraving is the size of the original, and is, no doubt, extremely faithful; but fidelity in the sense of accurate copyism would not, of itself, ensure any eminent rank to an engraving. What is rare in this work of M. Didier is the completely sustained perfection of its technical style as an interpretation, by the burin, of just that kind of painting that the burin is able to interpret. I cannot at present call to mind any example of a *picture* by Raphael that has been better engraved. The plates after Raphael by the great Italian engravers were interpretations of his designs into an art severe and noble in itself, but taking no account of the qualities of painting. Now, in this work of M. Didier, the qualities of Raphael's early paintings, the modelling of the figures, the tone and texture of the landscape background, are followed with an affectionate and respectful exactness, which is truly remarkable when we remember the difficult and unaccommodating nature of the burin. However, as I have just said, there is sufficient affinity between this kind of painting and burin-engraving for such translation to be possible, nor has M. Didier in any way sacrificed the qualities of his own instrument to imitate those of the brush. His work is exquisitely right in all ways.*

A direct consequence of photographic engraving has been the tendency, in the most recent etching and dry-point work, to make the lines invisible by their very multiplicity, and effective only by tone and texture. One of the most favourable examples of this kind of

* The number of impressions printed from the plates issued by the 'Société des Graveurs au Burin' is extremely limited, and the plates are afterwards destroyed. It is therefore impossible for us to give an example of their work otherwise than by one of the reproductive processes, which would not answer the purpose when perfection of technical quality is in question. There is another Society called 'La Société des Amis des Arts,' which to some extent encourages burin-engraving of the best quality.

work was a plate by M. Jeannin, after J. Gigoux, entitled *Rêverie*. This was published in 'L'Art' (vol. i., p. 105), and no doubt is a wonderful specimen of technical ability, if only because the artist was deprived of expressional powers which are very valuable in etching, and that few etchers would be willing to do without. A French engraver once told me that the present demand for etched work by publishers required a rivalry with photogravure, and that the object of the younger etchers was to equal photogravure in the perfection of tone along with invisibility of hand-work. I need hardly observe that nothing can be more opposed to the spirit of free linear etching, and the question naturally suggests itself, 'Why not get the picture reproduced by photogravure at once?' There is, however, an intermediate kind of work in which the lines, though extremely numerous, are still important, and which greatly excels photogravure, both in the transparence of shade and in the brilliance and purity of its lights. For example, our plate by M. Manesse, after the picture by Henry Lerolle, of *The Shepherds at Bethlehem*, is certainly far superior to photogravure in these respects and received the warm approval of the painter, and though the multiplicity of the lines makes them almost invisible at a little distance, still, if the reader will take the trouble to examine them closely, he will see that the direction of all of them has been very carefully determined, and that they are not thrown in indiscriminately, as they are in inferior work. This plate, by the way, may stand as a sufficient answer to the assertion that truth of shade cannot be obtained in etching. The result, too, was not obtained in a slow and tentative manner; the elaborate linear work was on the plate before it was first bitten. I saw it there.*

The present state of engravers' etching in Paris may be estimated accurately by the plates issued in 'L'Art' and THE PORTFOLIO, except that these periodicals cannot publish plates of very large dimensions, such as those which are exhibited, for the purpose of winning reputation, in the Salon. M. Manesse, for example, set himself to rival the great engravers of the eighteenth century in his fine large portrait of the Archbishop of Rouen, for which the Archbishop gave sittings, as to a painter, and the plate was unquestionably a success. M. Leopold Flameng does not belong to the present generation of engravers, who look up to him as the father of modern picturesque engraving in France, but his large portrait of Shakespeare was exhibited in the Salon of 1891. It is from the Chandos picture, which does not, in reality, contain enough material to supply all that a great engraver wants, so that M. Flameng's work, without departing from the original in the matter of likeness, contains a good deal of original invention or induction. I mean that when an artist as learned as M. Flameng has to make something out of a work that is not learned, his own knowledge enables him to make inferences from the meagre and insufficient material. A more straightforward, if less stimulating task, is the interpretation of a work that supplies material in abundance, like the large mural painting of *The Death of St. Geneviève*, by Jean Paul Laurens, in the Pantheon, which M. Flameng has engraved on a large scale, and with the most laborious care and fidelity. Another veteran, M. Brunet-Debaines, exhibited a large etching, after Keeley Halswelle, from the landscape entitled *Willows whiten, Aspens quiver*. The subject is a pond with a mass of trees reflected in the middle, and on the surface an abundance of flowering aquatic plants. The plate displayed great mastery, both of art and nature.

Amongst newer names of etchers who work from pictures I may mention M. Eugène Fornet, who interprets Henner with great fidelity, suggesting admirably the painter's

* The picture by M. Lerolle, from which this work is engraved, may be taken as an excellent example of the best modern realism in the treatment of sacred subjects. The reader will see for himself that, although the painter has entirely discarded all the decorative enrichments with which mediaeval artists adorned subjects of this kind, and has not cared for the dignity of attitude and gesture which the painters of the Renaissance substituted for mediaeval jewellery, still, his realism is very remote from that vulgar realism which rejoices in depreciating noble subjects. M. Lerolle's mural pictures (St. Martin and others) are proof enough that his conception of art rises far above the commonplace.

qualities of execution. J. Torné contributed two of the best etchings to the forty-fifth volume of 'L'Art.' Daniel Mordant has etched good plates after Goya ('L'Art,' xliii., 58), and Ulysse Butin ('L'Art,' xlii., 40). E. Daumont contributed to one of these volumes an April landscape after Zuber, a river scene remarkable for its truth of pale tones, but weak, though delicate, in drawing. P. Lafond has interpreted Charles Jacque almost as well as that skilful painter-etcher could interpret his own work, and much in his manner. A. Masson has a hard and clear style of engraving, suitable for certain pictures, but which he modifies when working, for example, after Ribot. All these are accomplished men, and if I do not extend the list it is because laconic criticism is unreadable, and I have not space for more.

At the time of the revival of etching—that is, from 1858 to 1868—I had hoped, along with a few others, that original engraving would take its place by the side of original painting, and that there would be a fertile production of really autographic work on copper. Unfortunately, the art of picturesque engraving has been employed almost exclusively in the interpretation of painting. However, there are still a few original etchers in France, some of them very skilful. There is M. Edmond Yon, whose variously accomplished hand turns from painting to etching, and from etching to wood-engraving without betraying the amateur in either. M. Ardail, a highly-trained pupil of Waltner, produces original etchings, as, for example, his fine and truthful portrait of President Carnot, which is the frontispiece to the fiftieth volume of 'L'Art,' and on which no labour has been wasted. M. Lepère, whose painted landscapes I have noticed, is a clever original etcher and wood-engraver. His etchings, which are linear and intentionally very slight in treatment, leave much more white paper than is usual in etchings from pictures. They can scarcely be said to be published, as a very few copies are printed of each before the plate is destroyed, and the artist himself looks upon them chiefly as free experiments in an art that interests him. After watching very carefully the effects of the revival of etching in England and France for the last thirty years, I have come to the conclusion that the qualities that at first attracted us in the free etchings of painters, and which, after all, are really what we call the qualities of etching, are best attained, if ever, by an accomplished painter who takes to copper in a mood of affectionate recreation. M. Lepère told me that nothing had ever interested him so much as etching, because thought expressed itself so quickly by the process, whilst there was so little technical hindrance. The last reason would not be given by an etcher from pictures.

If the etchings of M. Lepère are linear, in wood-engraving he works, within fixed limits, for tone. There was an interesting woodcut by him—I mean an original—in one of the exhibitions, representing the space before the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. It was extremely clever, though wood-engraving is hardly adapted to the expression of original thought, except on the understanding that the artist is to copy some design that he has already made in a more tractable material. M. Lepère is, however, not the only contemporary French artist who does original work on wood. M. Farlet engraved a subject of his own invention entitled, *Que fait-elle?* Three children are together in the country; the elder girl is seeking for something in a bush, the little ones look on curiously—that is all; but for skill in minute engraving this woodcut has seldom been equalled. The clearness and abundance of detail, and the painstaking fidelity to nature, remind one of principles that were prevalent in the English school thirty or forty years ago. The versatility of wood-engraving in the interpretation of other arts has been proved abundantly by the Americans. The French seem to be trying its powers now in very various directions. M. Duplessis, in an engraving from a picture entitled *Quiétude*, by Duffaut, seems to have aimed at the qualities of etching; M. Maurand, in *The Old Dwelling*, after Lhermitte, has imitated the quality of Lhermitte's charcoal drawings, whilst Mlle. Juliette Leluc, in her wood-engraving of the *Danse des Bacchantes*, by Corot, has rendered the tender quality of

Corot's painting so marvellously, that I doubt if I have ever seen it so exactly rendered before in any kind of art. The possible rivalry of wood with steel or copper seems almost proved by an astonishing woodcut by M. Emile Derbier after a *Judith and Holophernes*, by Cranach: the combined delicacy and clearness of this work, the sureness of hand and eye required for its execution, are enough to rivet the attention of any one who knows what engraving is. How it would have astonished Dürer—I mean as evidence of modern technical progress in wood-engraving. M. Félix Jasinski, a Pole naturalised in France, displays great skill and knowledge of the old masters in two engravings after Dürer and Botticelli. Surely work of this fine quality deserves quite as much honour as if it had been done on copper.

The tradition of original work has not been entirely lost even in lithography, an art that has long remained out of fashion, and that can hardly make much way, in these times, against the facilities of drawing on paper for reproduction by photogravure. There are still good lithographers in France, and I noticed with interest that in the Salon of 1891 nine or ten of them exhibited original works, and took care to describe them as original in the catalogue. This is as it should be, for whenever an art has been entirely given over to the copyists it has invariably declined. Amongst the original lithographs in the Salon were some studies of wild beasts by M. Adolphe Millot, including a lion which was admirable. His portraits seemed to me less admirable, being hard and too clearly detailed, as well as on too small a scale. One of the best qualities of lithography is its richness—what the French call its fatness—and the endeavour to give it the hard precision that belongs to line-engraving robs it of this quality. The finest lithographs have been broadly and rather bluntly drawn, with full darks and on rather large stones.

A class of artists who do not usually excite any keen public interest, and yet who frequently deserve it by their patient labour and accomplished skill, are the medal and gem engravers. Every Englishman who takes an interest in the fine arts knows the leading French painters and sculptors of statues, but he is not likely to know the names of those wonderful workers in little who cut the cornelian or the sardonyx. Yet their labours may outlast not only our iron towers and bridges, but the most valued of large works in the fine arts. The time may come when the gems we so easily overlook will be the representatives of the French art of to-day. To estimate these minute and exquisite works at their true value, we ought to have a special and peculiar interest in them—and this, I fear, is often wanting. Considering the extreme inconvenience of large works of art in small Parisian apartments, and the handsome incomes of many people who are very narrowly lodged, it seems as if no place could be more favourable than the Paris of to-day for the encouragement of an art that produces objects so beautiful, so portable, and so precious. Very few artists of any kind have attained the union of qualities that we call *perfection* so completely as Louis Roty, the medal engraver. There is, for example, the portrait-plaquette of M. Hirn, as good as a drawing by Holbein; the medal of Sir John Pope Hennessy, the medal of Mounet-Sully, the well-known tragedian, besides *plaquettes*, such as that of the French Alpine Club, all of consummate excellence in a style at once severe and full of character. It is interesting to observe how rapidly new things gain a place for themselves in the fine arts. The bicycle has only been current (*current* indeed!) during a few years, but we have it already in a large medal by M. Dubois, and it does really very well as a subject of art, aided as it is by the neat costumes of the riders, which display the human figure to great advantage, and permit the full expression of muscular strength or agility. As medals are given for prizes in athletic contests, M. Lavée has enjoyed a good opportunity with his subject of runners arriving at the goal. Agriculture, too, offers available subjects with the necessary degree of simplification and idealisation; and agriculture in France is more than ever held in honour now that it has an Order of Merit of its own. Every year the features of President Carnot and a few other political celebrities are

immortalised afresh in medals and medallions, whilst the tendency to that kind of portraiture for people in more private stations appears to be on the increase. The art, then, is not without that contact with contemporary reality which is necessary to the health and vigour of every fine art. Still, it has not abandoned either the historic past or the poetic ideal. M. Lemaire recurs to the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice. M. Mouchon also goes back to Orpheus. The interest of the old legends is not yet exhausted.

Here may end a survey of the present state of the fine arts in France, which I do not offer as without omissions, but which will, at least, have given a truthful idea of the different tendencies most prevalent in the French school. It may be considered an omission not to have dwelt more particularly on water-colour and on pastel; but the truth is, that the essential differences between those arts and oil-painting may be described in a very few words, and that the artistic tendencies of an epoch are exactly the same whether they manifest themselves in one medium or another. In water-colour and pastel the modern Frenchman seeks, above all things, for freshness; I mean that he dislikes laboured work, and tries, at least, to make his drawings appear as if they were not laboured, but the direct expression of his thought. If this tendency were peculiar to water-colour, then that art would have a special interest of its own; but, in fact, we find it equally in much contemporary oil-painting. All these arts are practised by the same men. The oil-painter turns to water-colour or pastel for a variety or for his convenience in study; if he is a landscape-painter he has probably used water-colour for his sketches from nature, and the transition to making a water-colour for exhibition is not like taking up a new art. M. Lhermitte works in pastel after working much in charcoal and in oil. Is it not easy to see that the technical accomplishment of the pastellist was ready to his hand, that the handling of charcoal and pastel are almost the same, and that the drawing came from charcoal and the colour from oil? The catalogue of the 'Société des Pastellistes' contains quite a list of names already well known amongst painters. In 1889 the deceased members were Baudry, Boulanger, Rousseau, Guillaumet—all painters; and the members who had resigned were Clairin, Jacquet, Rafaelli, and Vollon—all painters again. The names in the catalogue of active contributors included such well-known painters as Adan, Béraud, Besnard, John-Lewi, Brown, Cazin, Dagnan-Bouveret, Dubufe, Duez, François Flameng, Heilbuth, Lefebvre, Madeleine-Lemaire, Lévy, Lhermitte, Montenard, Moreau, Nozal, Puvis de Chavannes, Roll, Tissot, Yon. I may, therefore, be pardoned for not expatiating separately on their merits as pastellists, which are exactly the same as their merits in the art of painting, the art that taught them all they know and all that they express in pastel with greater manual facility.

My general conclusion from this survey of contemporary French art is, that there is no lack of vitality in it, but that the invasion of modern realism has destroyed all authority whatever. The French school is, in fact, in a condition of the most complete anarchy, and is no more a school in the sense of any common purpose than the business association of individual artists in England can constitute a school. In a word, the condition of French artists to-day is that of perfect freedom for individual talents and of surprising independence as regards the past. This will be seen very plainly when, after the lapse of a few years, some of the most modern of modern pictures find their way into the Louvre.

P. G. Hamerton.

ACHAEAN ART

THE results of Dr. Schliemann's twenty years of work with the excavator's spade needed greatly to be summarised, expounded, and reconciled by a scholar who should be at once competent and sympathetic. Such has certainly been found in Dr. Schuchhardt.* We

* 'Schliemann's Excavations.' By Dr. C. Schuchhardt. (Macmillan & Co.)

do not accept all his conclusions, and we regret to see that he is infected with the literary heresy of a multiplicity of Homers; but that he has done a great service by this volume to the great explorer, whom he would, doubtless, recognise as his master, cannot be questioned.

Schliemann's enthusiasm, unrestrained as it was, at least in earlier days, by an adequate knowledge of his subject, led him into rash conclusions, and expressed itself in statements which were open to objection and even to ridicule. From very early days his whole soul had been given to Homer. Pursuing up to middle age the career of a busy and successful merchant, he had always cherished an inner life, so to speak, of which the Story of Troy was the central interest. When the opportunity came to turn fancies into facts, when he found actual tangible results—walls, and treasures, and so forth—he announced his discoveries to an incredulous world with an excessive confidence. 'Dr. Schliemann,' writes his biographer,

GOLD CUPS FROM VAPHEIO.

'was rash in naming his gold relics "Priam's Treasure," the largest building "Priam's Palace," and the entrance the "Scaean Gate." Then these names were enough to make most people refer every assertion in the book to the realm of fancy.' But, as it turned out, he was not far wrong after all. Like not a few other great discoverers, his imagination hurried on in advance of his facts, but hurried in the right direction. That there was a Troy which had perished in a prehistoric age by some sudden catastrophe, of which a siege and a capture is the readiest explanation, and that this Troy was situated at Hissarlik, are now, it may almost be said, certainties. It is true that the remains of Hissarlik do not answer closely to the great and stately city which is Homer's conception of Troy. Homer's Trojans, says Mr. Walter Leaf, in the Introduction which he has prefixed to this volume, are 'quite imaginary.' Troy was probably a much smaller place, very likely a pirate stronghold which had defied the civilising power of which the Cretan Minos, said to have cleared the Mediterranean of pirates, was the representative. But there was a Troy and a Trojan War. We can recognise the localities to which the genius of Homer has given an undying fame—the Scamander, still sometimes a mighty torrent, though dwindling in summer to a slender stream; the springs where once the Trojan women had been wont to wash their linen, by which Hector fell; even the rising on the plain where, on the eve of his last battle, he bivouacked,

high in hope that the next day he should sweep the invaders from the soil of his fatherland.

But it was not on Trojan ground that Schliemann's most fertile discoveries were made. The obstructive policy of the Turkish Government — not wholly unjustified, it must be confessed, for the explorer had not been quite straightforward in dealing with the treasures he discovered—hindered the progress of the excavations, and Schliemann turned his attention to Mycenae and other buried cities of Eastern Greece. The upshot of his discoveries in these regions may be described as the bringing to light of an 'Achaean' civilisation, which could not but be thrown back to a very remote time. About 1000 B.C. there swept over Greece what is known as the Dorian invasion. The Greece which slowly emerges into history has its beginnings with this event. It was the Achaean Greece that waged the great war on the plains of 'windy Troy.' And here comes in what is in some respects the most remarkable of all Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. One of the great difficulties in the way of an early Homer has been the Shield. The common tradition has been that Homer was a native of Asiatic Greece, living at some time in the eighth or ninth century B.C. Some critics have put the poet who wrought the 'Iliad,' not to speak of the 'Odyssey,' into final shape much later, and the great argument for the later date has been the difficulty of imagining where the poet could have found in contemporary art anything that could serve as a model for the elaborate reliefs of the Shield. Our readers will remember the grotesque character of Greek art — if it may be so called — as seen, for instance, in the sculptures of Selinus. (Casts may be seen at the South Kensington Museum.) These date not earlier than the first quarter of the seventh century. But now we know that the Achaean civilisation, which is many centuries older than the foundation of Selinus, produced an art of a very high character: we have figured two cups, which may be taken as typical specimens of this art when it was at its best. (We must remind our readers that the representations here given do not do full justice to the originals, some of the fine qualities of their art being necessarily lost in the process of reproduction.) These cups were found in

OXHEAD OF SILVER.

a tomb at Vapheio, near the ancient Amyclae, a Laconian town. That there are crudities in the work cannot be denied, but, on the whole, Miss Sellers' remark, that for 'originality of design and delicacy of execution they are unrivalled, except, perhaps, by the finest goldsmith's work of the Italian Renaissance,' is little beyond the truth. The tomb was of what is called the 'beehive' type, and belongs to the later stage of the Achaean or Mycenaean civilisation. The conclusion which we may draw—with so much reserve, indeed, as is inevitable in a matter so obscure—is, that it is possible to imagine a Homer of the eleventh or twelfth century; that a Homer of the eighth or ninth, so far, at least, as the conception of the shield is concerned, is almost impossible. Miss Sellers points out, with much ingenuity, that the designs on the two cups—the capture of a wild bull, and the employment of bulls in agriculture—have an interesting correspondence with two of the principal subjects of the Shield—a city in time of war and a city at peace. A difficulty that has been urged that the 'beehive' tombs indicate a practice of burial, while the Homeric heroes are burnt, is met by Mr. Leaf with the remark that burial may have been customary when the warrior died at home, and burning when he died during a campaign. Burying and burning co-existed in ancient Rome, and they may very well have co-existed under the varying exigencies of circumstances.

The other article figured in our pages, a silver bull's head and horns, was also found in one of the beehive tombs, and doubtless belongs to the same age. Less interesting than the cups, it exhibits much artistic power.

A. J. Church.

A SURREY COMMON

ETCHED BY F. SLOCOMBE.

THE Commons of Surrey are a principal feature of that delightful county, which, indeed, owes not a little of its beauty to the poverty of its soil. Many square miles of its surface have escaped enclosure in past days, when no Commons Preservation Society existed, simply because the light sandy soil was not worth cultivation. Mr. Slocombe's etching shows well the undulating character of these Commons, which makes a walk across them so full of changeful interest. Many of the paths lead over a continual succession of little hills, each with its pleasant view beyond, and by a gradual ascent, with countless ups and downs, lead one to a height of some eight or nine hundred feet, from which, all across Sussex, the South Downs are visible, and perhaps a glimpse of the sea. In August and September the foreground is often splendid in colour, the purple heather being mixed with the bright gold of the small summer gorse.

GUSTAVE DORÉ

IT is, perhaps, fitting that the two most voluminous biographies which have yet appeared of the marvellously prolific artist to whom France gave birth, but whom England took to her heart and cherished, should be in the English tongue. The first, with which we are not now concerned, was undertaken by an ambitious and versatile American lady, Mrs. Blanche Roosevelt; the volume, substantial at any rate in its dimensions, which has just now appeared,* has the merit of having been written by a close personal friend and collaborator of the

* 'Life of Gustave Doré.' By the late Blanchard Jerrold. (W. H. Allen & Co., Limited. 1891.)

deceased artist, the late Blanchard Jerrold. The fact that the biography sees the light only now, after the death of its author, may account for a certain disjointedness, a certain want of fusion of the material brought forward. The enormous over-estimation by the biographer of his hero is quite pardonable under the peculiar circumstances, and, if it deprives his book of value as a piece of criticism, leaves intact its direct interest—that of furnishing a series of vivid and sympathetic notes on the artist's life from childhood to death. Mr. Jerrold's critical estimate of his hero's artistic personality, of the scope and versatility of his facile genius, is so manifestly an echo of Doré's own standpoint in these matters that it acquires a redoubled interest. We find it much less easy to pardon that here and there through the volume we are treated to sundry exasperating disquisitions on such diverse painters as Frans Hals, Courbet, Ingres, and others; not so much by way of showing that Doré had even the smallest points of contact with them as in order to prove what no one doubted—that he had none. On the other hand the biographer quotes for our benefit many favourable and also many adverse opinions on the deceased artist, the brilliancy and agreeable pungency of which latter remarks serve to relieve the occasional irritation produced by a narrative inartistically put together—though it has many pleasant oases—and for lack of workmanship often repeating itself. The *naïveté* with which, by bringing forward these unkind dissections of naughty Parisian critics, unawed by Bond Street triumphs, or by incense rising thick from the capital and still more from the provinces of the sister nation, the biographer strengthens and completes the case against his much-maligned client, is not a little diverting.

One of the greatest attractions of the volume is the profusion of illustrations with which it is commented and adorned. Very many of these are the rough-and-ready performances of *le petit Gustave*'s boisterous schooldays, showing remarkable precocity, and caricatural power based on a more objective and a closer study of humanity than he vouchsafed in his later time; but giving little or no indication of the peculiar romanticism and the tempestuous energy of his later youth. Other preliminary studies and drawings here given belong to the artist's maturity, and though in many instances slight in the extreme, and wanting in beauty both of line and touch, they have their special value as showing the preliminary methods of this Lope de Vega of draughtsmanship.

It is impossible to dwell here on the early schooldays of Doré at Strasbourg and afterwards at Bourg, during which, battling after the fashion of his kind for his vocation with family and friends, he would appear to have shown a precocity and a decisive intuition as to the true direction of his talent extraordinary even where precocity is the rule. The first important date in his life is his arrival in Paris, in 1848, with his mother and two brothers, and his introduction there to M. Philippon, the then manager of the *Journal pour Rire*. Straightway, when he was literally still a schoolboy in his teens, he attained practical and commercial success almost without effort, and this proved the capital misfortune of his life; for the golden moment slipped by when, like almost all French artists who have reached solid and enduring eminence, he might have submitted himself to the searching training of the *atelier*, and have acquired the technical accomplishment which as a painter he always lacked. Fiercely as he might rebel against the cruel but just judgment of the Parisian critics, who persistently declined to take seriously the productions of his brush, as distinguished from those of his pencil, his pain must have been redoubled by the remorseful consciousness that they were essentially in the right. He had, indeed, thus early but irrevocably taken a wrong turning in life, for ever defeating his main ambition—that of dazzling the world as a great painter. His first formal appearance, apart from his current journalistic efforts, was a small album, 'The Labours of Hercules,' published by Aubert & Cie., of the Place de la Bourse, with the statement that it was designed, drawn, and lithographed by a self-taught artist of fifteen years. A biting satirical vein, which never received in later years the further development that it deserved, is shown in a much more serious performance, the *Histoire, dramatique, pittoresque*

et caricaturale de la Sainte Russie, published in 1854, when the artist was in his twenty-second year. A terrific *Battle of Muscovite Usurpers*, in this set of designs, has not been surpassed for cunning intricacy and *furia* in any of the productions of the more mature time, while *The Czar surveying Europe through an inverted Telescope* has something of the pungency of an Adolf Menzel. At the present moment, when in the eyes of France *la Sainte Russie* is holy indeed, and holy are all her children, the reproduction of this opusculum would hardly be received with a conspicuous degree of favour.

In the same year appeared the first example of that burlesque-romantic style by which —in France, at any rate—Doré is best known and deservedly most esteemed. This was the 'Rabelais' edited by the Bibliophile Jacob and Louis Barré, brought out at first tentatively in the roughest and cheapest possible form, and afterwards, on its attaining popular success, elaborated by both artist and publisher into the majestic *édition de luxe* with which the public is more familiar. If the designer, with all his wonderful ease and variety, remains ever on the surface, and shows himself incapable of appreciating, in the immortal *Curé de Meudon*, the rich, unctuous jollity, the unalterable serenity, the mingled breadth and subtlety of the smile, he yet succeeds in realising his grotesque enormities as they have not, on the whole, been realised before, with an extravagance as powerful as it is spontaneous, and in its peculiar fashion irresistible.

THE APOSTLE JOHN, 'ORLANDO FURIOSO.'

Upon the grim pictures of the 'Wandering Jew,' published in 1856, the biographer dwells with a singular complacency; but we have ourselves always felt in its elaborately grotesque horrors an absence of the true *macabre* quality, while those designs in which Doré shows his Teutonic origin, in his attempt, after the fashion of the Middle Ages, to combine the supernatural with the farcical, must be deemed conspicuous failures. It is, perhaps, in the smaller designs for Balzac's 'Contes Drôlatiques' that the artist reaches his highest level in this same burlesque-romantic manner, which he may, indeed, be said to have created. Balzac's often incomparably humorous, often gross and cruel, and not seldom pathetic paraphrases of Rabelais and Brantôme have, with all their wondrous cleverness of imitation, just that personal touch of *modernité* which brings them thoroughly within the comprehension of his ardent young interpreter. Take, as instances of happy achievement in different fields of burlesque, the scene in which a lover, sighing at the feet of his mistress, is sliced into two fair halves by the irate knight, her spouse — where the very charm lies in the manifestly impossible horror of the situation — and the large sheet of heads, *Physicians and Surgeons*, reproduced in Mr. Jerrold's volume, which, in the splendid exaggeration of its caricature, is nothing short of masterly.

No stranger union could well be imagined than that of Gustave Doré, the mercurial, the romantic, the unreal, with M. Taine, the weighty, the solid, the calm; and yet this marriage of two singularly assorted talents actually occurred in the 'Voyage aux Pyrénées,' the vivid and effective sketches for which were, as the author tells us, prepared by the artist with characteristic audacity, not from the actual regions reproduced, but from photographs.

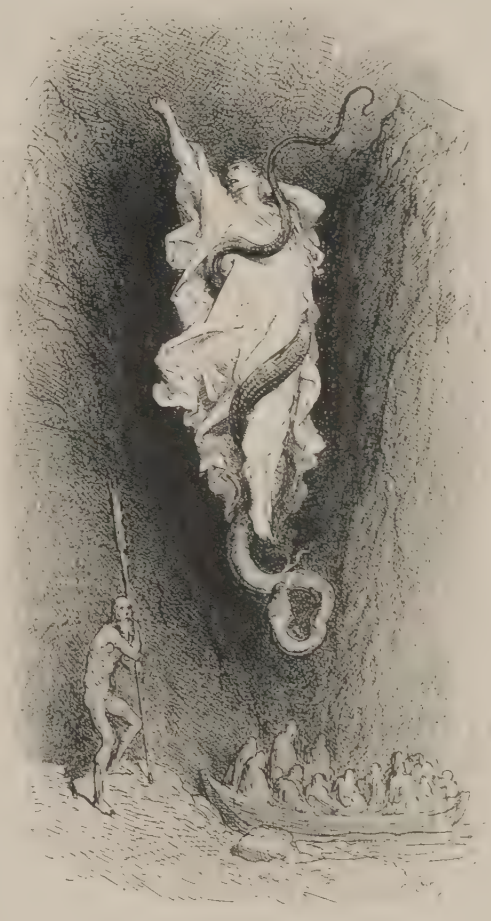
It was, however, the publication in 1862 of Doré's 'Inferno,' from the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante, which set the seal to his reputation as a designer. This work it was that laid the foundation of the tremendous vogue in England which proved more

enduring than the fame won in his mother country, and was, as we are told, a source of infinite consolation to him when he frantically and vainly sought to conquer the opposition of the French critics and the indifference of the French public towards his pretensions as a painter. If, looking back at this remarkable achievement now, in cold blood, we are apt to underrate its value, because the brilliant Alsatian has not even sought to grasp more than the superficial aspects of Alighieri's vast yet singularly concrete imaginings, we must yet bear in mind that the great task has not on the whole been so well performed by any modern, and that to hope for a rendering which should at once lay bare Dante's esoteric meaning and the outside physical aspects of his awful vision is to hope for what is practically impossible of achievement. The mere *mise-en-scène*—as especially in the opening cantos of the poem, and again in some of the closing scenes in the regions of ice—is singularly impressive; while Doré reaches, as appears to us, his highest point as an imaginative artist in the really extraordinary drawings of the animated trees in semi-human shape, whose lamentations are among the most piteous things in the poem. On the other hand, his triviality and want of penetrative sympathy are fully shown in the more human episodes—the 'Ugolino' series, and that much-vaunted 'Francesca da Rimini' design, which combines some of the least admirable characteristics of modern French and German art, though it is drawn and grouped with unusual care. Doré's first inspiration for the whole 'Inferno' was in all probability that great invention of Delacroix's youth, the *Dante and Virgil in the Barque of Charon* (Louvre), in which are realised with so rare and spontaneous a power not only the raging despair of the lost souls, but the august composure of Virgil, the smouldering fire of Dante. With the much feebler 'Purgatorio' and 'Paradiso,' published later on, in 1868, we cannot here attempt to deal. Relief from the gloomy oppression of Dante's hell-circles was sought by the brilliant artist in the delightfully fresh 'Contes de Perrault,' in About's 'Roi des Montagnes,' in 'La Legende de Croquemitaine,' and other kindred publications.

In 1863 came *inter alia* the 'Don Quixote,' a task rendered doubly a labour of love to Doré by a recent journey through Spain with the famous connoisseur and collector, Charles Davillier. This must count, in its most successful pages, as one of his highest achievements, since he has penetrated and made his own the individuality of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance as no other designer has quite succeeded in doing. He manages throughout the most wildly grotesque situations to preserve, without any undue exaggeration of the serious element, the pensiveness and idealism of the character and its Spanish *hidalguia*. The frontispiece, *Don Quixote in his Study*, is certainly one of his finest inventions in the tragi-comic style, and it is but one instance taken at random where many might be cited. That tremendous undertaking, the 'Sainte Bible'—a veritable and most unmanageable *édition de luxe* if ever there was one—was completed in 1865; it revealed at once how little Doré could raise himself to the high level which must of necessity be climbed if the great and well-worn scriptural themes are to be adequately treated, otherwise than from a quasi-oriental and merely spectacular point of view. Milton's 'Paradise Lost' must also have been a great disappointment to those whom the power and variety of the 'Inferno' had led to expect great things. The Satanic architecture magically springing from a smouldering soil, the fiends in their monstrous as distinguished from their quasi-human shape are treated with characteristic fancy and success. But how insufferably trivial and meaningless is the conception of Milton's fallen Archangel, how absurd the Sin and Death in comparison with the gigantic visions evoked by the text, how cheap and conventional the orthodox and over-decent scenes in Paradise! To leave no great author untouched, Doré about this time attacked, rather as *hors d'oeuvre* than as serious *pièces de résistance*, Montaigne, Gautier's 'Capitaine Fracasse,' and then, with more intention and on a larger scale, the 'Fables de La Fontaine.' The 'Idylls of the King' (1869), notwithstanding the unusual care bestowed on the large and elaborate designs—carefully engraved on steel—can have satisfied no true Tennysonian. Its fairy rings and lurid, romantic landscapes in the true Doré vein show

a delicate and charming fancy, but elsewhere it can hardly be said that the designer comes even for a moment into true kinship with the poet.

We cannot do more than refer passingly to the 'Orlando Furioso,' although it contains some of Doré's most brilliantly fantastic landscapes and architectural creations, and one design—the descent of Rodomonte's blaspheming spirit into hell, enwrapped by a ghastly snake—which must count above any in the 'Inferno,' as the artist's most truly tragic conception. It is the 'London,' published in collaboration with Mr. Blanchard Jerrold himself, in which Doré's weaknesses and his want, with all his unequalled facility, of the true power to adapt himself flexibly to a subject new and strange to him, must be felt. His biographer truthfully relates how he refused to note individual specimens of humanity; how he even declined to be bound by the all-important, if prosaic, landmarks of the architecture which should rightfully frame his personages, preferring to churn up both men and things in his fertile brain, and to evolve them anew, all too changed by the process. How different is this system from the exquisitely patient realism which a true poet of the pencil and the point—Méryon—did not scorn to make his guiding principle under similar circumstances, while he vivified the unexaggerated truth of his representations with a subtle power of pathetic suggestion rarely surpassed! Doré's interpretation of London is admirably summed up in M. Jules Claretie's criticism: 'His London Docks have the aspect of Nineveh.' Up to the time of his death, in January 1883, he was working on what would have been his vastest undertaking as an illustrator—his Shakespeare; but although he had made preliminary sketches for 'The Tempest,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Macbeth,' 'King Lear,' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' none of these proved to be in a sufficiently advanced state to see the light.



'ORLANDO FURIOSO.'

As we have more than once hinted, the only moments of eclipse in an otherwise singularly happy and successful life were caused by Doré's failure to obtain rank at home among the masters of the brush whom France delighted to honour. Thus it might be imagined that the most painful part of the biographer's task would be a dispassionate consideration of those vast canvases upon which his hero expended enthusiastic but ill-directed labour, and—with the too common perverseness of creative artists, when their own work is concerned—would have desired mainly to rest his reputation. But the late Mr. Blanchard Jerrold seems to have felt no misgivings on the subject. He puts before us quite fairly, though with the natural indignation of the thoroughly convinced partisan, some of the most cutting things said of Doré's painting by his detractors; but it is only to cap these by the enthusiastic and hyperbolic laudations of friends. He who would judge for himself can still contemplate these vast machines, as our neighbours call them, collected at the Doré Gallery, where, for a number of years, arranged after the fashion of the true Bond Street peep-show, they have made the delight of a certain preponderant section of the British public, but

vaguely and mildly interested in art, save from the point of view of the panorama and the illustration on a large scale.

To dwell on Doré's technical shortcomings, or rather on that strange technique which was all too much a thing of his own invention, would to-day serve no useful purpose. We fancy, however—reading through the lines of the biography—that he was in his secret heart of hearts as conscious of his defects as the severest of his critics, and that thence came the acute pangs which he undoubtedly suffered. Moreover, the real bent of Doré's facile genius, so superficial in its most dazzlingly brilliant manifestations, was never in the direction of sacred art, in which he showed himself, indeed, unable to put forth that exuberant vigour of representation which marked his work in other branches. He substituted for it a vein of semi-Teutonic religious sentimentality, well adapted to catch the crowd, but not less so to repel the more earnest observer. It is this which even more than all other drawbacks prevents us from taking *au sérieux* vast spectacular canvases of the panoramic type, such as *Christ leaving the Praetorium*, *Christ entering Jerusalem*, *The Christian Martyrs*, and others of their kind. Better, certainly, is the *Ecce Homo*, in which the serenity of the suffering Christ is happily contrasted with the seething crowd of blasphemers beneath—a living mass such as Doré always showed a peculiar cunning in depicting. Perhaps the nearest approach to complete pictures achieved by the artist are *The Neophyte*, and the *Francesca and Paolo* enlarged from the design in the 'Inferno;' the latter a coarse and uninspired version, as we have already pointed out, of a divinely tender and beautiful subject, but, as to the mere lines of the composition, a more complete thing than Doré often achieved on a similar scale. The grotesque *Rizzio*, which dates from the painter's youth, shows with all its manifest absurdities a certain fiery romanticism of the Delacroix and Dévéria order, a certain sombre brilliancy of colour which might have been developed into better things than Bond Street now has to show. In some of his Alpine landscapes the artist attained to beauty of a nobler and serener order than he has elsewhere exhibited; and this quality was especially evident in some large water-colours of this type sent to the first exhibitions of the then infant *Société des Aquarellistes* in Paris. That no phase of executive art should remain unattempted, Doré enthusiastically devoted himself in the last years of his life to sculpture, and obtained in one or two instances a success nothing short of remarkable, seeing how here, also, preliminary training was entirely lacking. His most popular achievements in this line were the *Atropos and Love*, somewhat similar in its leading idea to Mr. Watts's *Love and Death;* another group, *Glory pressing Ambition to her breast;* and above all his monster vase, *The Vine*, prepared for the Universal Exhibition of 1878—a big-bellied bottle for the potations of giants, overlaid with a grape-vine, through the intricacies of which sported cupids, fawns, and bacchic figures.

There was characteristic generosity and impulsiveness in his resolution to design, execute, and present to the French nation the statue of Dumas the Elder, for which, curiously enough, the French public had, when appealed to, failed to subscribe an adequate sum. It was particularly fitting, too, that the most marvellously prolific of modern artists should thus pay a tribute of sympathy and admiration to the wonderfully fecund writer, whose work, with all the irresistible fascination of its easy flow, has so many of the faults and superficialities, as well as of the merits, of his own. The monument now stands on the Place Malesherbes in Paris, where, however, the artist did not have the supreme satisfaction of seeing it placed; for it was not unveiled until the November of that same year, 1883, of which Gustave Doré had hardly lived to see the dawn.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

STORM-CLOUDS AT THE POND OF ST. QUENTIN AT TRAPPES (SEINE ET OISE)

BY ALEXANDER NOZAL

M. NOZAL, who is a Parisian by birth and was a pupil of M. Luminais, is now one of the leaders in the French school of landscape. There is nothing eccentric about his work, he does not amaze the public like some of the Impressionists, but he has a fine sense of grandeur in landscape (a quality that has not been hitherto common amongst French artists) and a remarkably retentive memory for effects. The *héliogravure* published in this number will convey to the reader at once the impression of a noble landscape, painted by one who has well observed skies and waters, but it cannot, of course, give the colour, which in the original picture is extremely vigorous and true. The handling, too, is very masterly ; but this the reader will infer from the reproduction, though handling loses much by reduction of scale, and the picture is rather a large one. This work and the other that M. Nozal exhibited in the same Salon (1891), have already been described in one of my articles on the Fine Arts in France (PORTFOLIO, page 180).

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL PALMER

MR. A. HERBERT PALMER, having already discharged one part of his duty to his father, and published a biography comprising such materials as were then—it was ten years ago—available, now, in addition to writing a new memoir, performs another affectionate office, and gives to the world about one hundred and thirty letters* addressed by the deceased poet-painter to many of his friends, many of whom are more or less distinguished. All these epistles are interesting as exhibiting the writer in his capacity as a pious, happy, and, so to say, devout lover of nature and the God of nature. A most religious and reverent spirit was Palmer's, without the least strain of asceticism, but simple-minded, sympathetic, and bound to rejoice in whatever was beautiful and good, never failing to see beauty and goodness, and eager in charity of the noblest kind. Whoever has known Samuel Palmer in his paintings and etchings only will find in these letters their counterpart, with much that is new and, in some respects, unexpected, as the utterances of a genial, modest, and warm-hearted friend, and one who was full of humour—and witty, but never sarcastic. Here and there sardonic touches reveal the pained spirit of the writer, but wrong no one. Some of his later letters are instinct with the sorrows of a life which was shadowed by grief for the loss of his elder son, who died while little more than a youth.

Palmer was an admirable letter-writer, and, in point of style, nothing throughout this book offends the cultured student's taste ; his characteristic carefulness is, without the least sign of labour, apparent in every sentence, while a nervous and yet simple 'form' pervades the epistles and gives to them a charm which carries us along without effort, and interests us in the smallest thing which has interested the writer. Here a happy phrase gives life and colour to a terse but thorough description, there a pathetic inference inspires a sentence and commands assent. It is as a humourist Palmer stands forth in the newest light to those who, charmed by the noble pathos and rare sentiment of his designs, have with him listened to the sighing of

* 'The Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer, Painter and Etcher.' Written and edited by A. H. Palmer. With Illustrations. (Seeley & Co., Limited.)

evening breezes in the foliage of the golden sycamores and dark cypresses or lofty poplars which adorn his landscapes; or heard, when he bid them, the rushing of water in sunlit cascades, and with him witnessed the glories of dawn and evening; while to each or all of these he imparted that grave or graceful poetry which only he, his model Claude, Claude's model, Elzheimer, and Gaspar Poussin have set forth in art. Take this as a humorous passage, meaning more than meets the ear:—'Whatever may be our national virtues, humility is not one of them. A lady at a party asked me in one word to name our great national virtue. I said, without a moment's hesitation, "Cleanliness." Yes! we may look down from the organ gallery at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in the London season, and say, "Every one of you has taken a tub this morning!" In what other country could *that* be said?'

Here is a declaration, which is likewise an illustration of that carefulness to which I have already alluded, as thoroughly characteristic of the writer as of the artist. 'For my word's

IN LULLINGSTONE PARK.

sake, I send the clumsy little blot of *The Shepherd*, which I trust, for my sake, you will burn. I forgot a serious rule I had imposed upon my proceedings, viz., seclusion or the fire for everything, large or small, that was not done as well as I could do it at the time; and this yields the "peaceable fruit" of knowing that no one has anything of mine which is not taken pains with, be it good or bad; no *scraps*. The scribblings I can best paint from are, in the opinion of the artist, to all intents and purposes, *hideous*, therefore you cannot wonder that he invokes oblivion.' Again he says, referring to himself and Blake, to whom, second to Milton and Claude, he owed most for inspiration, 'I am the very "youth"!! of the biography [? Mr. Gilchrist's rhapsodical "Life of W. Blake"], upon whom Blake turned with the question, "Do you work with fear and trembling?" and I could tell him now, as I told him then, "Indeed I do."* But I look cheerfully on the Milton set [a series of drawings he was then executing for his correspondent, Mr. L. R. Valpy], because my mind is in undivided allegiance to them, and in their very arduousness I find my delight.' Palmer's reverence for Blake glows in many pages of this book; the phrase, 'I am the *very* youth,' is pregnant with it, and was

* Blake's rejoinder and encouragement was, as I remember to have read, 'Ah, then you'll do!'

Storm Clouds.

said much as if he gloried in having been spoken to by one of the grand Old Testament prophets.

Reverence for Blake he divided with homage for Milton and Claude, and it is evident that Palmer thought, as most of us do, there is a strong Miltonic instinct, or inspiration, in a fine Claude, while some of the landscapes of Milton are extremely Claude-like. How what Mr. Ruskin once called his imagination penetrative, of poetry all compact, affected him by means of that Claude of Claudes we saw lately at the Royal Academy, and which is renowned in one of the finest line engravings in the world, appears in the following piece of advice to a friend: 'Suppose yourself standing before that divinest of landscapes, Claude's *Enchanted Castle.* Lo! it becomes *real* (in the silly popular sense of the word), and you walk up and enter the gates. You find it full of the most beautiful paintings, and long to make some memoranda of them. You have only a fortnight to stay in the neighbourhood, and have permission to go to work.' 'I wish,' he wrote Mr. Valpy, 'you could have seen Claude's *Enchanted Castle.* After all, there is nobody like him, when we get him at his best and uninjured. I mean among the painters of pure landscape.' Palmer over and over again averred, as we might expect he would, of landscape, that without sentiment landscape was of little value. He did not care much for figures in landscape, except, as in his own *Turdus baculans*, they were simply there as accessories. In writing to Mr. Hamerton on tree-engraving, and of Bonasoni in particular, he elegantly commended his much-honoured model as 'Claude, the supreme tree-master (his mother must have been a Dryad!), never transgresses the neutrality of shade, though, from the intricacy of his matter, the science is less obvious than in Bonasoni.' Elsewhere Palmer said of Claude that it was he who 're-opened upon canvas the vistas of Eden.' An unimaginative writer would not have suggested a whole history in the word '*re*-opened,' which is simply perfect in taste, aptitude, and pregnancy of meaning and poetry.

DESIGN AT SHOREHAM.

The friends to whom those letters were addressed must, as I did with my share in them, have preserved them with a sort of pious care. These friends included John Linnell, the writer's companion during their early manhood, whose daughter he married, and a painter to whose example and advice he, in technical matters, though not in inspiration, owed a good deal; Mr. G. Richmond, R.A., who is now the last survivor of the Blake cycle of poet-painters, the warm and sympathetic comrade and refuge in many ways of Samuel Palmer; Edward Calvert, another of the Blake devotees, and a sort of *pictor ignotus* of the nineteenth century, who designed and painted in a manner which amazed those who had not seen his works until the present Keeper of the Prints obtained a few and exhibited them in the British Museum;* Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., and his sons; the late R. Redgrave, R.A., and his

* It is hoped that Samuel Palmer's god-son and namesake, one of Edward Calvert's sons, who, a few years since, returned from the Antipodes with an intention of publishing a memoir of his father and amplitude of illustrations of his idiosyncratic art, will carry out that purpose. Calvert's obscurity was manifestly wilful and due to want of sympathy with the age in which his lot was cast, to a refusal to adopt what may be called the mental costume of this age, and not to any lack of poetic power, artistic skill, or defect of encouragement from those among whom he lived. His remaining designs (he designed a great many more) combine much of the spirit of Samuel Palmer with that of Blake, a pure Greek feeling for form which found apt expression in a noble style of draughts-

daughter; Mr. P. G. Hamerton; the late T. O. Barlow, R.A.; Miss Louisa Twining;* his elder son, Thomas More Palmer, and the author of the book before me. Palmer's letters here in question were, additionally to the above, addressed to the late C. W. Cope, R.A.; Mrs. A. Gilchrist, who died a few years ago; Mr. L. R. Valpy, a fervent admirer, for whom a noble series of Miltonic subjects were illustrated with the best of Palmer's art and spirit; two of Mr. Richmond's sons, and their sister, Julia; Mr. R. Seeley, Mr. John Giles, the Rev. J. P. Wright, Mr. T. H. Wright, and one or two more friends and acquaintances.

Each of these letters is, in style and finish, clearness and exactitude of expression, and in the aptitude of its illustrations, as fully marked with care and choiceness of phrase and thought as the writer could make it. Palmer's handwriting itself deserved the title of calligraphy, if neatness, compactness, regularity and frank forming of the letters could make it so; his penmanship is literally as 'plain as print,' so that it is always pleasant to read what he wrote. This clearness carried on in minor things that elegant aptitude and fitness which, even apart from their poetry, characterised Palmer's designs, and were allied to the studious gracefulness of his art. Wealthy as these letters are in pleasure-giving matter, and liberal as many careful owners have been in lending them for publication, there is no doubt that, apart from those that the biographer thought it needless to print, there must be many more in existence. The earliest of the collection is dated December 21, 1828; the latest, March 26, 1881. Samuel Palmer was born January 27, 1805, and died May 24, 1881. It is thus probable that—from one who gave free expression of himself in letter-writing, to whom the process was pleasant, and who, with many friends to keep in touch with, often wrote—there are a good many epistles of Palmer's still inedited. There is, besides, a considerable gap, from 1839 to 1848, in the chronological sequence of these documents. However this may be, it is certain that in the six score and seven letters before us are wealth of materials for studying the writer's character, moods, principles, and opinions; opportunities for profiting by his genial Christian wisdom, and his piety the most sincere and spontaneous—qualities which are manifest throughout any large body of communications never meant for the public eye, and therefore all the more welcome. At the same time it must be remembered that these letters are in no sense a biography: that the editor supplies, in one of the most careful, sympathetic, and complete texts of the kind I have met with. Of this something has yet to be said.

Meanwhile we may find in a few sentences some apt illustrations of the characteristics of the writer to which I alluded at the outsetting of this essay. Here, from Letter XCIV., are some somewhat unfashionable opinions of Palmer anent a modern philosopher, which exactly illustrate the writer's 'religious and reverent spirit' as opposed to the inquisitive unrest and scepticism of the present day.

'Our Reverend friend,' he wrote to Mr. T. H. Wright, 'has read me several passages from Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." These philosophers want to make our minds as acute as possible. Shortly after I was breeched I wanted to have my first penknife made as sharp as possible, but it was explained to me that it would do nothing but shave, and that, used for any other purpose, the edge would turn. Lord Bacon thought that even a lawyer's mind might be too acute, because "whatever sharpens, narrows." . . . . A more serious matter is this: to receive the teaching of these gentlemen we must *hypothetically*

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manship and was associated with coloration of an exceptionally exquisite order. These elements of design assort finely with so much that is voluptuous, but not sensual, as justifies the remark of the critic who said that, had he lived in Athens during the noblest age of her art, Calvert would have consecrated all he did to the Greek Venus. Over-fastidiousness, some quaint perversities, and a good deal of self-indulgence, were the bane of Calvert.

* This lady wrote that well-known and useful popular book, 'Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediaeval Christian Art,' 1852; 'Types and Figures of the Bible,' 1855; and other works concerning archaeology and of minor pretensions to the above-named. She was a clever amateur draughtswoman, and one of Palmer's numerous pupils in that respect.

deny Christianity; and is there not danger that he who watches to seize every opportunity for evil may try to make out of this hypothetical denial a real apostasy, and convey doubts into our minds which may cause us many agonies of remorse? They say the "absolute is unknowable." The Bible says — our Lord himself says, "And this is Life eternal, that they may *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." St. Paul says: "And even as they did not like to retain God in their *knowledge*, God gave them over," &c. . . . . Is it not perilous, even hypothetically, to entertain propositions which profess to lead upwards (?) through the physical sciences to a conviction that we can never know God? Moreover, this elaborate system of negation requires half a life to get together its scientific apparatus, which is to end in paralysis of doubt, dimming our best perceptions, and removing all the most stirring and noble incentives to labour.'

Students who have regarded the Bible's plain teachings as a 'neglectable quantity' will tremble with horror at the following irreverent reference to some modern economical prophets:—'I have been reading the life of John Stuart Mill, and have been struck with the result, after all their knowledge and thought, in an incapability for worthy *action*, nay, in imbecility on their own strong points, both in father and son [the Mills]. The father's political ultimatum was the widest possible representation [by means of the franchise] even with our present untaught constituencies. David Hume, treating of *morals*, treats the chastity of women as a mere fudge, except when it happens to be expedient.' Every 'advanced' philanthropist will turn with contempt from the man who dared to write thus:—'Now a labourer's son at a Sunday School who has been carefully catechised, and really is trying to do his duty to God and to his neighbours as set forth in the Catechism, is, I think, farther advanced in real education than a master of negations, though he may have learned languages, attended lectures, and walked hospitals, to elaborate in the most ingenious propositions his own and everybody else's nonentity.' From this it is clear that, whatever he might think of pianofortes in 'Board' and similar eleemosynary schools of workhouses and the like, Samuel Palmer's mind abhorred the vacuum of a system of negations. 'All this,' he added, 'is so much more demonstration (if more were needed) of the truth of God's words, "The world by wisdom knew not God." "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."' So much on Samuel Palmer's old-fashioned religious principles.

A CHURCHYARD YEW.

His love for nature was, like Milton's and Claude's, which he delighted in, broad, eclectic, elevated, and refined, and yet we read in the early part of his biography that he quite lost his way, and wasted months in the mere copying of unimportant minutiae, such as the very texture of a marble statue in the British Museum. Experience taught him otherwise, and in 1864 he wrote thus to a pupil: 'If you could paint a robin redbreast perched on a twig, and finish it so highly as that we could tell what o'clock it was by the reflection of the dial

of the village church in its eye, you would have done a work less noble and natural than Gaspar Poussin's in that small picture in the National Gallery, with the sheep coming forward in the shady lane. Such works lead you to detect large arrangements of light and shade in nature, and so to take hold of nature in its practicable moments.' What Mr. Ruskin would have said to this at the time he held up Gaspar Poussin to universal scorn it is not difficult to guess. Palmer, in another place, thus illustrates what the 'Oxford Graduate' aptly named 'formative imagination in landscape:' 'I am very glad to hear of your Hereford explorations, and the turning up of those old manor-houses which add to landscape a history and humanity. The finest greengrocery gets a lift when we imagine some of it gracing "King Alcinous' Feast." We rise thus from ordinary landscape to the bucolic and poetic, where "more is meant than meets the eye." With the poet, a single adjective has power to lengthen and dignify a river-course, suggest city and citadel at its estuary, and, farther up, disputed fords and foughten fields; then, upward still among the rocks and falls, the spirits of woods and streams, the fairies, and the good old river-god. As an instance out of many, we may take "That ANCIENT river the River Kishon."'

Now and then we get, from these letters, glimpses of defunct worthies and fine things; thus, in a freakish humour, Palmer wrote: 'Upon the whole, I think women (when not rebellious) better creatures than men—less irreligious, less selfish, and less self-indulgent; but their views of the sublime are peculiar. I remember that John Varley, whose lady pupils were legion (*angelic* legions you will understand), was dreadfully put out by this peculiarity. "Why, they think Salvator Rosa more sublime than Claude!" he used to say, and rub his face, and look as cross as he *could* look, for he was the soul of good nature.' Of a famous picture he tells us, 'Years ago Sir H. Callcott told me he remembered the magnificent *Bacchus and Ariadne* far different to what it was even *then*. When you add to this that the old rooms are vilely lighted, so that you cannot see what is in the pictures by any straining of the eyes, we shall find in a new sense of the words that "seeing is believing." The collection of Claudes [in the National Gallery] was wonderful. I have seen their gradual decay, and then the fearful cleaning which swept the dew, the light, the pearl, the golden influences, into the pail and committed them to the sewers.'

Mr. A. H. Palmer's biography, which is, he tells us, largely founded on his father's diaries and note-books—an extensive and numerous collection—is far superior, better finished, richer in matter, and incomparably more worth reading than that hasty one he published ten years ago. More deliberate judgments, new experiences, and closer researches, have enabled the son to perform a noble office to his father's memory. In this and in his works is Palmer's best monument.

F. G. STEPHENS.

DECEMBER 1.—A NEW flood of conjecture is being poured out upon the great Holbein in the National Gallery. To the 'Magazine of Art' for November, Mr. W. F. Dickes contributes the first of two papers in which he is to prove that the so-called ambassadors are the Counts Palatine Otto Henry (born 1502) and his brother Philip (born 1503). If Mr. Dickes's second paper is no more conclusive than his first, he will have proved nothing but his own unfitness to discuss such a question. First, as to his dealings with fact. He confuses Jacob Meier, of the Darmstadt *Madonna*, Holbein's early patron, with the very different Jacob Meier who was Burgomaster of Basle in 1538. He asserts that Holbein must have been in Germany in 1533, because all the portraits painted about that time are those of foreigners. Here he calmly ignores two inconvenient facts. To begin with, nearly all these portraits bear indications—such as the addresses of letters—of being those of German merchants resident in London. Secondly, at least one English portrait—that of Robert Cheseman, the Falconer, at the Hague—is dated 1533. Conclusive evidence could be brought forward, if need were, that other English portraits were painted in 1533. He says that 'conspicuously placed between' (the two 'ambassadors') 'there is a globe; but on this globe there is only one town marked, and that, with its name "Nuremberg" circling round it, occupies the centremost spot.' As a fact seven towns are marked: Paris, Lyons, Bayonne, Genoa, Rome, Nuremberg, and Policy. He says the inscription on the Bible near what he calls the 'Clergyman of high degree' is 'Aetatis suae 2 (?)'. It is, perfectly plainly and without a sign of having been tampered with, 'Aetatis suae 25.' In the case of a writer who can so deal with facts it is useless to weigh his deductions. These are brought out much in the style of those eccentric persons who indite pamphlets to prove that the world is flat, or that the English are the lost tribes of Israel, or that Rembrandt van Rhyn was Ferdinand Bol. He says, for instance, that as a lute and two books figure as the symbol of a treaty in Alciatus's 'Book of Emblems,' and a lute and two books occur in *The Ambassadors*, the 'combination, most clearly and, I think, incontestably, declares the subject of the picture to be *The Nuremberg Treaty of Religious Freedom between the Catholics and the Protestants*.' Another case of Lord Burleigh's nod! Unless Mr. Dickes has some surprise in store for us in his second article, his theory need scarcely be pigeonholed among our *mémoires pour servir*.

THE Exhibition now open in the galleries of the Institute touches a respectable level. Among the six hundred and thirty-four pictures on the walls the judicious critic will find a good many in which he can take pleasure. In the first room he will pause before Mr. David Murray's landscape, *The Rother at Pulborough*; before the excellent study of female beauty liberally displayed which Miss Henrietta Rae calls *Day Dreams*; before Mr. John R. Reid's portrait of a scene made famous by Constable in *The Valley Farm*, *The Hay Wain*, and many another picture besides (Mr. Reid calls his work *The Little Poacher*); before Mr. T. B. Kennington's *Mischief*; before Mr. Alfred East's *Dewy Morning*; before Mr. Collier's *Pythia*; and before the head and shoulders of an Icarus, perhaps, which Mr. Solomon is content to dub *A Study*. In the second room the best things are Mr. Mouat Loudan's *Five o'clock at the Temple Gardens*; Mr. Hamilton Macallum's *Landing on a Lea Shore*; Mr. Matthew Hale's very small but very smart production, *The Sea Wolf's Captive*; Mrs. Adrian Stokes's *The Goat Herd*; Sir James Linton's *The White Rabbit*; and *An Italian Backwater—Evening*, by Mr. Adrian Stokes. In the last room we may note *The Mill Stream—Autumn*, by Mr. F. G. Cotman; *Leah, Jacob, and Rachel*, by Mr. James Clark; *Fire Fancies*, a very clever treatment of an always difficult theme—the conflict of natural with artificial light—by Mr. Arthur Hacker; and a portrait, *Iva*, by Mr. Mouat Loudan. Like his *Temple Gardens* picture, this portrait is very unworthily treated. It is hung almost out of sight, while it deserves a place on the line more thoroughly than all but a very few of the things which actually find themselves in that comfortable position. Had we space we should be tempted to dwell, too, upon the contributions of Messrs. Thorne Waite, Edwin Hayes, R. A. Allan, Ernest Waterlow, Fulleylove, J. L. Pickering, and the late Thomas Collier. A word of welcome must be given to the splendid little bronze of Emmanuel Frémiet. It is a *George and the Dragon*, and shows the French master's vigour at its best. How pleasant it would be to have it in large and set up in London!

THE collection of little landscapes from the Riviera, which is now to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, has at least uncommonness to recommend it. The Riviera in early spring and the Riviera in winter have been painted often enough, but summer in those coast towns and the country behind them is a thing few of us have made acquaintance with on canvas. Mr. Logsdail is well suited with such a subject. His bread, somewhat literal, courageously downright manner, is seen at its best when the strong contrasts, both of tone and colour, of cities in sunlight, have to be treated. In three little studies—for they are scarcely more—he takes his courage in both hands, and tries to give us the sun at his worst, the sun beating upon the white walls and the unsheltered shore with all the remorselessness of a Provençal July. He succeeds, too; and succeeds no less completely with the cooler notes of his harmony—the pale greens of olive and cactus, or of walls in which age has substituted grey for yellow or red.

A COLLECTION of drawings by Mr. Thorne Waite now shares the hospitality of the Messrs. Dowdeswell with Mr. Herbert Schmalz's melodramatic *Return from Calvary*. Mr. Thorne Waite's art is so well known that all we need say about his show is that it is fairly representative. Mr. Schmalz wears the mantle of Doré and Edwin Long with sufficient grace. His picture has been painted for a public peculiar to England. In all likelihood it will answer its purpose.

AT Messrs. Buck & Reid's Gallery, those who have visited the farther parts of Norway will be able to renew their recollections with the help of a collection of drawings from the brush of Mr. W. W. May.—In the Hanover Gallery, several of Mr. Bierstadt's panoramic landscapes from the Far West are on view.—The British 'Old Masters' provide material for a particularly interesting little show at Mr. Shepherd's gallery in King Street, St. James's. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Old Crome, and others, are present in good examples, and some modern celebrities keep them company.

THE annual exhibition at the Royal Female School of Art, better known, perhaps, as Miss Gann's School, was held in November in the school building in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.—A new Art Gallery was opened at Wednesbury on the 5th ult.—A collection of works of art valued at 10,000*l*., has been presented to the Hastings Museum by Mr. J. W. Tottenham.—A competition has been set on foot, none too soon, for the building of a new *musée*, at Nantes. The building is to cost 60,000*l*. (1,500,000 francs), which will raise it nearly to the importance of our provincial museums of the first class. The competition is restricted to French architects.

THE Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours has just opened its annual exhibition, this time in its old quarters at Glasgow. Mr. Francis Powell, the President, and Mr. W. McTaggart, the Vice-President, both show up well, while among other capable exhibitors we may name Mr. Tom Scott—some of whose work has been illustrated in these pages; Mr. R. B. Nisbet, who enjoys such honour as a picture in the Chantry Fund collection implies; Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Arthur Melville, Mr. James Paterson, Mr. H. W. Kerr, and Mr. John Terriss.

AT the Japanese Gallery, 28 New Bond Street, an Exhibition of Drawings made in past years for 'THE PORTFOLIO' has just opened. It includes works by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. Albert Moore, A.R.A., Mr. Henry Moore, A.R.A., Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., M. Mesdag, M. Lhermitte, M. Lalanne, M. Brunet-Debaines, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and other artists. Mr. Herbert

Railton's drawings of Westminster Abbey also appear, and several water-colour drawings of 'Lord Tennyson's Country' by Mr. Edward Hull.

A MEMORIAL has been issued within the last few days by the University of Oxford which paves the way for an enterprise in which all lovers of art will take a deep interest. All the world knows that, in the 'Ashmolean,' Oxford possesses the oldest museum in Great Britain, and one of the oldest in the world. And many of us are aware that within the last few years this museum has been the object of much care on the part of the University, and that its collections have been greatly enriched, mainly through the generosity of Mr. Drury Fortnum. As a *comble* to his other benefactions, Mr. Fortnum now announces that he has bequeathed the rest of his collections to the University, with the proviso, or at least coupled with the request, that the scheme for a new museum of art and archaeology shall be proceeded with at once, and the whole of the collections put under a single governing body. Some time ago the University acquired land at the back of the existing picture-gallery in Beaumont Street, and the proposed extensions will no doubt be carried out on that site. When all these ideas have come to fruition, the old museum in Broad Street, the venerable successor of 'Tradescant's Ark,' will afford a much-needed outlet for the congested Bodleian. It is to be hoped that its connexion with Elias Ashmole will not be lost in a new baptism.

THE monument to Shelley upon which Mr. Onslow Ford has been occupied for many months is not, after all, to be erected in Rome, in the famous graveyard under the pyramid of Cestius. It appears that the ground on which it was to stand is claimed by Miss Trelawney, and that she objects to the overshadowing of her father's tomb even by a memorial to his famous friend. It is now proposed to set up the monument in Oxford, but the site is not yet determined.

THE Government has taken action with regard to the World's Fair at Chicago which is likely to lead to some friction, if to nothing worse. It has put the arrangements for the British section into the hands of the Society of Arts, the Council of that body being named a Royal Commission. As the Council includes no artists, it follows that art—the most attractive section of every exhibition—is either to be at the mercy of laymen, or to be managed by a sub-committee under the surveillance of laymen. Whether men like the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the 'Old Society,' and the 'Institute,' will consent to serve on such a committee is, perhaps, doubtful.

A COURSE of three lectures on engraving was brought to an end in November by Mr. Louis Fagan, of the British Museum. In these lectures, which were given in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Mr. Fagan gave a clear and interesting description of the technical side of the engraver's art, illustrating what he had to say with the magic lantern. The result was that a large audience took away with them some of that accurate knowledge on technical matters which is so rare even in the more cultured circles of English society. His example might well be followed for the arts of sculpture and architecture, and any others which lend themselves to illustration by similar means.

AMONG recent art books we may note the publication by Messrs. Virtue & Co., of Mr. Walter Armstrong's 'Life and Works of Mr. Birton Riviere, R.A.'; by Messrs Percival & Co, of Mr. W. M. Conway's 'The Dawn of Art in the Ancient World'; and of 'The Art Teaching of John Ruskin,' by W. G. Collingwood; and, by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., of Mr. Austin Dobson's 'William Hogarth.' We may also note the appearance of the second volume of Beraldi's 'Les Graveurs du dix-neuvième siècle.'

MR. CONWAY'S volume embodies the substance of lectures given in his capacity as Roscoe Professor, at Liverpool and elsewhere. He has a theory of his own as to the origin of art, or at least of that development of art which has its visible beginning in the Egypt of the early Pharaohs. He seems to believe that it had its root in Southern Asia, in the neighbourhood of what we call the Malay Peninsula, and that it came westwards with the fruits of an industry made possible by the presence of copper and tin in that Eastern Archipelago. The theory would have borne a more elaborate treatment than Mr. Conway gives it.

THE memoirs of our R.A.'s come treading on each other's heels. Mr. Frith and Mr. Cooper have themselves recounted their own performance; that of Mr. Redgrave has been set out by his daughter with the help of her father's diaries; and now Mr. Charles Cope, sometime curate to the Bishop of Truro, has published a volume dealing with his father's career. It would be untrue to say that this latest memoir equals its predecessors in interest. Mr. Charles West Cope was one of those people who, like certain nations, were happy in having no history. At the request of his children he nevertheless consented to pretend, and to supply matter out of which a bulky volume has been manufactured since his death. Cope was born at Leeds in 1811. The son of an artist who was himself *fanatico* for his calling, the boy met none of the usual opposition to his choice of a career. After a few years at school, he began his art education in Sass's Academy. The tide in his affairs was the cartoon competition at Westminster. The details of this part of his life are chiefly given from letters, note-books, and jottings by the artist himself—*lacunae* being filled in by his son. Although there is not, perhaps, much to justify the publication, its tone is so modest and unpretentious that it would be ungracious to criticise it too severely. The book is well got up, and pleasantly illustrated with facsimiles from some of Cope's studies.

THE Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who died in London on November 12th, was a brother of the present Lord Powerscourt, was born in London in 1842, and was educated at Eton and at Bonn. Among the countless *métiers* in which his versatile talents found scope, must be numbered those of artist, archæologist, and decorative designer. Of late years he had abandoned the more stirring pursuits of 'globe trotting' and war correspondence, to devote himself to the stage arrangement and 'dressing' of Skakespearian plays, a study in which his extensive knowledge of ancient costume and archaeological details made him sufficiently expert.

MR. GEORGE WALLIS, the Keeper of the Art Collections at South Kensington, had for many years distinguished himself as a workmanlike and intelligent official. Born at Wolverhampton in 1811, he was educated in his native town and at Manchester, and showing an early aptitude for decorative design and archæology, obtained in 1841 a post in the newly founded School of Design at Somerset House. After acting with credit and success for many years as master of various provincial art schools, he was transferred to South Kensington, and in 1863 was appointed to the office which he resigned only a few weeks before his death. Mr. Wallis was the exhibitor of a few pictures at the minor galleries of London.

MR. CORNELIUS PEARSON, who died on October 19th, in his eighty-third year, was an *aquarelliste* of the old school. A Bostonian by birth, he came to London as a lad, and was apprenticed to a copper-plate engraver, but soon abandoned the art of his boyhood for water-colour painting. He was for many years a constant exhibitor at the Suffolk Street Galleries.

THE deaths are also announced of the Italian painter, Nicolo Barabino; of Mons. Vincent Labouret, the architect of the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, the Hôtel du Louvre, and the Grand Hôtel, Paris; and of the Polish artist, Kwistkowski, the friend of Chopin. It was in the arms of Kwistkowski that Chopin died while listening to the singing of Madame Potocka.